

# P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

TALES, FABLES,  
ELEGIAC AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,  
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c. &c.

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By J. ROBERTSON. *R*

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THE THIRD EDITION,  
WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

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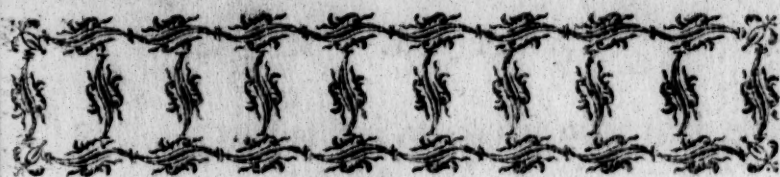
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# T A L E S.

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## The METAMORPHOSIS.

NEAR to where *Tyne* majestic flows,  
And *Plenty* all around bestows,  
While *Commerce* with her golden train  
Each tide wafts proudly from the main  
There liv'd a Monk, in days of yore,  
*Northumbria's* crown when *Ardulph* wore,  
Of life severe, and spotless fame,  
Good Father *Roger* was his name ;  
A truer Saint *Hibernia's* shore  
To grace her annals never bore ;  
*Hibernia* fam'd beyond the *Nile*,  
Of holy Saints the holy isle :  
This pious Monk, much giv'n to pray'r,  
Was greatly follow'd by the Fair,  
Who still on ev'ry slight transgression,  
To *Roger* flew to make confession ;  
His form athletic, yet as mild  
And harmless as a new-born child ;

A

The



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# T A L E S.

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## *The* METAMORPHOSIS.

 E A R to where *Tyne* majestic flows,  
And *Plenty* all around bestows,  
While *Commerce* with her golden train  
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This pious Monk, much giv'n to pray'r,  
Was greatly follow'd by the Fair,  
Who still on ev'ry slight transgression,  
To *Roger* flew to make confession ;  
His form athletic, yet as mild  
And harmless as a new-born child ;

The good man, somehow, had the art  
 To ease each tender female heart,  
 Whate'er his penance, still content,  
 They, all submission, underwent :

The lovely *Emma*, fairest seen  
 Of maids attending *Ardulph's* Queen,  
 Seem'd chief in his good graces blest,  
*Emma* each day her sins confest ;  
 " *Each day ?* " Yes, sir, each day ; — the maid  
 Thought shortest reckonings easiest paid,  
 She chose not, like your heedless folk,  
 To get o'er deep in *Satan's* book,  
 Lest the black bill should grow too large  
 For a poor maiden to discharge,  
 And bring *Old Nick*, spite of her honour,  
 To lay arresting hands upon her : —  
 Your *Maids of Honour* in those days  
 (So legends tell us) had strange ways ;  
 They put on queer religious airs,  
 Frequented church, and said their pray'rs ;  
 At least old writers thus record,  
 Tho' few I doubt will take their word,  
 Considering how politer far  
 Our modern *Maids of Honour* are : —  
 But *Satan*, that ill-natur'd sprite,  
 Who owes your godly folks a spite,  
 Had manag'd matters so, that *Emma*  
 Was brought into an odd dilemma ;  
 The Monk's instructions — strange to tell ! —  
 Began to make the *Maiden* swell ;  
 Her health was turn'd quite turvey-topsey,  
 She seem'd far gone in Nature's dropsy.      That



That *Love's the Paradise of Fools*,  
Is an old axiom in the schools;  
A Paradise, in which is plac'd  
A tree bewitching to the taste,  
(The *Tree of Knowledge*) which produces  
A fruit replete with pois'nous juices;  
This tempts poor maidens to their cost;  
They pluck—and—*Paradise is lost*;  
No longer happiness dwells there,  
'Tis all repentance!—all despair!

St *Dunstan* once, as story goes,  
Took his black Worship by the nose  
With tongs red-hot, and made him prance  
Like opéra-dancer come from *France*;  
No wonder then that Saints like these,  
Who nose-lead Devils when they please,  
Should nose-lead all the world beside,  
And at their will both sexes ride.

Poor *Emma's* tell-tale looks betray  
*Emma's* compos'd of yielding clay;  
The Queen enrag'd, insists on knowing  
To what this strange misfortune's owing;  
While *Emma*, almost drown'd in tears,  
With penitential look declares,  
(The more to fix her resolution,  
*Roger* had promis'd absolution)  
"That Father *Bede*, who long had strove  
"By thousand arts to win her love,  
"As on her couch one day she slept,  
"Stole in, and"—here, poor soul! she wept,

Nor more could say; each *Maid of Honour*  
 Disdainfully look'd down upon her;  
 For virtuous dames in this agree,  
 No crime's like loss of chastity;  
 That gone, as a struck deer they fly her,  
 And think it dangerous to come nigh her.

“ But who's this *Bede*,” the reader cries,  
 “ The butt of these same horrid lies?”  
 A *Secular*, and one of those  
 Whom Monks avow'd Religion's foes;  
 And who, tho' hitherto unwed,  
 Stranger to joys of marriage-bed,  
 Yet held it neither sin nor shame  
 For Priests to take a wedded dame;  
 While Monks, for self-denial fam'd,  
 Against such sensual crimes exclaim'd,  
 With holy candle, book, and bell,  
 Plunging all married Priests to hell;  
 Priests, who the papal pow'r deny'd too,  
 For which *Old Nick* would thrash their hide too.\*

No wonder Monks shou'd think it good  
 To shed so vile a sinner's blood;  
 If just the consequence desir'd,  
 No matter by what means acquir'd.

Altho' the Monks to *Satan* gave him,  
 And swore not all the Saints cou'd save him,

Yet

\* It was not till some centuries after, that the Pope's authority was established in England, and Celibacy enjoined the Clergy in general.

# T A L E S.

Yet with the body of the nation  
*Bede* stood aloft in reputation;  
 He taught the natives to explore  
 The sea for fish, the land for ore;  
 By him the secret first was found  
 Of digging fuel from the ground;  
 Hence riches, trade, and many a blessing  
 Their children's children now possessing:  
 He taught them with a magic net  
 The luscious salmon to beset,  
 With many other useful arts,  
 Which justly won the people's hearts.

But all his merit was forgot,  
 And hid by this unlucky blot;  
 A *Maid of Honour* to deslower!  
 'Twas an affront to sov'reign power;  
 The Queen declar'd, "She did not know  
 "How far his impudence might go,  
 "And thought it was *immensely* hard  
 "To take a Lady off her guard:  
 "Had she herself been sleeping caught,  
 "(She trembles at the very thought)  
 "Ev'n Majesty she was not sure  
 "In such a case would be secure."  
 Thus prejudic'd, to her good King  
 She so describ'd this *odious* thing,  
 That he, in justice bound, decreed  
 The culprit ravisher should bleed:  
 "What die?"—as bad; may Heav'n forefend,  
 And guard us all from such an end!  
 The blushing Muse cannot for shame,  
 In words direct the thing proclaim;



It was, in fine, the punishment  
*Heloise's* lover underwent.

Such was the Monarch's resolution,  
 The time too fix'd for execution,  
 The storm was loud, the waves ran high,  
 The charge direct, vain all reply.

Of Honour's gem although bereft,  
*Emma* had still some goodness left;  
 'Tis true, Logicians often paint  
 Each Woman either Fiend or Saint,  
 Whereas with them, Man is a creature  
 Of a mix'd het'rogenous nature;  
 But all these cobweb airy fancies  
 Are little better than romances,  
 For Woman, like mere Man, is still  
 Neither completely good nor ill;  
 A hodge-podge, olio, a podrade  
 Of many various compounds made;  
 A mixture form'd of cold and hot,  
 Of sweet and sour — in short — what not: —  
 Some strong ingredient, 'tis confess'd,  
 Still to the palate gives a zest,  
 Yet not so powerful, but we find  
 Other ingredients are combin'd.

We often feel that flesh and spirit  
 Quite different appetites inherit:  
 And tho' we read in many a sermon,  
 That flesh is spirit's cousin-german,

Like

Like terriers coupled, still we see,  
They're wond'rous apt to disagree.

There is not in all Nature's plan:  
So strange a paradox as Man,  
With *Self* eternally he jars,  
Waging unnatural civil wars ;  
Now Reason,——Passion now presides,  
While different limbs take different sides :  
Against the monarch Head, we find  
Beneath the girdle what's consign'd,  
In bold rebellion often rises,  
And the wise sovereign's power despises ;  
For *Amphisbæna*-like, 'tis said,  
We've then at either end a head ; \*  
When that's the case, we seldom know  
To which head we should homage show,  
And therefore follow that of course  
Which pulls us with the greater force :  
Poor *Emma*, when she first was sinner,  
Had *Amphisbæna* struggling in her.

I know digressions often tease,  
But still they give the writer ease ;  
Wherefore that writer surely wise is,  
Who pelts you with each thought that rises.

Nor vice nor virtue, 'tis most plain,  
In *Emma* held despotic reign ;  
At first she wore a specious face,  
And told her tale with artful grace,

But

\* *Amphisbæna* is a serpent said to have a head at each end.

But Conscience soon—unmanner'd guest !  
 Rais'd a wild bustle in her breast,  
 Filling both waking thoughts and dreams  
 With brimstone, hell, and burning flames ;  
 With forked prongs, by horned fiends  
 Apply'd to sinners' hinder ends,  
 (A frightful case !—No Lady, sure,  
 Such application cou'd endure)  
 And all that horrid apparatus  
 With which, some say, the Devil treats us,  
 When we to visit him think fit,  
 And take up lodgings in his pit.

No wonder guilt-bred fumes like these  
 Shou'd pull down Madam on her knees,  
 To count her beads in woeful plight,  
 And cross herself from morn till night : —  
 In one of those despairing strains,  
 When fear quite oversets the brains,  
 And sprites at midnight hour prepare  
 To frolic in the open air,  
 As on her marrow-bones she prest,  
 Weeping, and beating her white breast,  
 A Lady Crow, whose gutt'ral note  
 Croak'd roughly rumbling thro' her throat,  
 By Chance or Providence convey'd,  
 To Madam's chamber witless stray'd,  
 Where snug as thief, beneath the bed  
 The bird conceal'd its negro head ;  
 And instant, when the trembling dame  
 (Her thoughts brimful of fire and flame)

Address'd



Address'd her patron Saint of wood,  
 Out pops the Crow, and croaking stood :  
 " Have mercy, Heav'n !—What's this I view ?  
 " 'Tis *Satan's* self !—'tis *Satan's* hue !  
 " Guard me from pitchforks and from hell !"  
*Croak*, quo' the Crow—the scream'd—the fell :  
 Her servants fly, and on the ground  
 Speechless the frightened fair was found ;  
 Reviv'd, she raves—" Protect and save me,  
 " Let not yon ugly *Satan* have me ;  
 " His saucer eyes !—his frightful tone !"—  
 Another *croak*—and down she's gone.  
 The servants see the droll mistake,  
 And quick to life their Lady wake ;  
 She straightway calls out for a Priest,  
 To whom her sins are soon confess'd,  
 On *Roger's* wiles throws all the blame,  
 Of all her crimes and all her shame,  
 And hopes it is not yet too late  
 To hinder *Bede's* unhappy fate.

The Queen, of this great change inform'd,  
 Against the Monk now loudly storm'd ;  
 The king in justice too decreed,  
 That *Bede* thou'd instantly be freed,  
 And what for him was erst design'd,  
 To culprit *Roger* be assign'd.

No sooner order'd than 'twas done,  
 And—whip—his sanctity is gone ;  
 For after being *Abelarded*;  
 From court, too, shamefully discarded,

His

His crime appear'd so very black,  
 Each dame, now scornful, turn'd her back :—  
 From father Confessor disiected,  
 Small comfort sure can be expected.

When birds fly, or when vessels sail,  
 They're always guided from the tail,  
 And casuists say, this is the case  
 In general with the human race ;  
 The rudder lost, what follows then ?  
 Ruin to ships, to birds, and men.

No longer now dame Fortune's sport,  
 In triumph *Bede* was brought to court,  
 Where having humbly on his knee  
 Due homage paid to Majesty,  
 He then, in gratitude as bound,  
 'To Heav'n fell prostrate on the ground,  
 That graciously had heard his prayers,  
 And rescu'd him from monkish snares ;  
 Nor was his croaking friend forgot,  
 A leading actress in the plot,  
 Who, at her Majesty's request,  
 Shew'd her fine shapes among the rest :  
 " May Heav'n's best benison," he cries,  
 (While tears of rapture fill his eyes)  
 " For ever and for ever fall  
 " On King, Queen, *Emma*—Crow—and all."

He said ; when, wonderful !——but hold,  
 By reverend Santons we are told,

That

That miracles in every page  
 Mark the blest annals of that age;  
 Tho' now-a-days, I know not why,  
 Nor miracles nor saints we spy:  
 In short, a miracle uncommon!  
 Up starts the Crow—a lovely Woman;  
 Young, blooming, handsome, debonnaire,  
 And what's still stranger, wond'rous fair:  
 To please *Pygmalion*, 'tis said  
 A marble melted to a maid;  
 And surely if a Heaven cou'd  
 Inspire a stone with flesh and blood,  
 We need show little admiration  
 At Madam *Creaker's* transformation.

With wonder struck, while all around  
 In silence gaz'd, a voice profound,  
 Melodious as a Seraph-sound,  
 Was heard: ———

“ Accept, O *Bede*, the gift Heav'n sends,  
 “ The best of wives, and best of friends;  
 “ Of every female charm possesst,  
 “ With every social virtue blest;  
 “ Nor yet despise her for her birth,  
 “ What are ye all but Sons of Earth?  
 “ That origin cannot be mean,  
 “ Where Heaven's *immediate* hand is seen;  
 “ And that the miracle now shown,  
 “ To times remote be handed down,  
 “ A lasting monument of favour,  
 “ Your offspring to distinguish ever,

“ A



" A *spice* of Mother's *gutt'ral* tone,  
 " Throughout the land in future known  
 " By name of B<sup>URR</sup>,\* shall mark their tongue,  
 " And proudly trumpet whence they sprung;  
 " A rough, bold accent, free from art,  
 " True emblem of an *honest heart*,  
 " A mark by which mankind shall trace  
 " Your numerous, warlike, envied race;  
 " Whose martial deeds their fame shall spread,  
 " And *Britain's* foes their valour dread."

The Priest with rapture Heaven obey'd,  
 And wed the new-created maid;  
 The Monarch, generous and kind,  
 To *Bede* and to his heirs consign'd  
 That fertile track which *Tyne* surveys,  
 His broad stream as he proud displays;  
 Here first he plann'd that envy'd seat,  
 By Industry now form'd so great,  
 Where Freedom's generous sons reside,  
 Where riches flow with every tide,  
 Where hospitality still reigns,  
 And plenty glads the neighbouring plains,  
 Far-fam'd *Newcastle*!—Here the Priest  
 Liv'd long rever'd, below'd, and blest  
 With his *fair* spouse; and 'tis agreed,  
 She brought the Parson such a breed  
 Of little *Bedes*, that all around  
 His wond'rous prowess made resound.

'Tis

\* The guttural accent, peculiar to the inhabitants of Newcastle and adjacent country.

'Tis thought this same prolific power  
Remains among them to this hour,  
A numerous race, who still inherit  
Their Mother's BURR, and Father's *Merit*,  
And which distinguishes the breed  
Of Mother CROW and Father BEDE\*.

\* *Bede* mentioned in the above is not the same with the  
Venerable *Bede*, who lived rather earlier than the Hero of our  
Fable.



*The* G H O S T S.

SOME Spirits, happily set free  
 From shackles of mortality,  
 All furnish'd with credentials meet,  
 Travell'd tow'rds *Zion's* blissful seat;  
 After the usual comps. to show  
 Their taste and breeding while below,  
 They drop'd into an easy chat,  
 Traveller-like, of this and that,  
 What they had seen and known on earth,  
 From cradle to their second birth;  
 Pleas'd and quite happy with each other,  
 'Twas ev'ry word, "*Dear Friend, or Brother,*"  
 'Till *Discord*, in *Religion's* mien  
 And garb disguis'd, revers'd the scene;  
 Happening to touch that awkward string,  
 Peace, Love, and Harmony took wing,  
 They argued, squabbled, and to blows  
 (*Zeal's ratio ultima*) arose;  
 But Ghosts, however good their will,  
 Can neither bruise, break limbs, nor kill.

Thus on they went, in warm debate,  
 'Till they arriv'd at Heaven's high gate,  
 Where snug, to let in souls immortal,  
 Saint *Peter* sits within the portal;  
 A triple crown his Saintship wore,  
 Of massy gold a key he bore,  
 And downward flowing to his waist  
 An ample beard his rev'rence grac'd:

Beardless



Beardless philosophers or saints  
 Nor bard, nor limner ever paints,  
 And by the length of beard we guess  
 Their wisdom or their holiness.

The *rap-a-tap* when given, straight  
 The porter-saint unlocks the gate :  
 " Your passport, friend;—Well! What are you?"  
 " *Why good your Worship, I'm a Jew;*"  
 " A *Jew!*—That's your appointed road,  
 " It leads to *Abraham's* abode,  
 " For different sectaries and religions  
 " Have here their different divisions,  
 " Or we shou'd ne'er be free from riot,  
 " Nor, tho' in Heav'n, know peace nor quiet:"—  
 That shade dispatch'd, thus to another;  
 " Of what religion are you, brother?"  
 " *Why good Saint PETER,*" cries the Ghost,  
 " *ROME's Faith Infallible I boast,*  
 " *That Church which on a rock*"—" Hold friend,  
 " Nor thus thy breath in trifles spend;  
 " Man's actions, not his faith, must prove  
 " Passport to happiness above :  
 " This path is yours; 'twill to the spot  
 " Conduct, that's destin'd for your lot;  
 " Some popes and bishops there you'll view,  
 " And stranger!—some few Jesuits too:"—  
 A PURITAN then shou'd his pass;  
 " That road leads onward to your class,  
 " You'll there find *Calvin*, who had ne'er  
 " Set foot within this happy sphere,

" Had not *Servetus*' intercession  
 " Wip'd off his murderer's transgression,  
 " For which your founder when he meets him,  
 " With conscious blushes always greets him:—  
 " Well, friend, what's your religion, pray?"  
 " *I'm a MAHOMETAN:*" " That way;  
 " A pretty black-ey'd *Houris* straight  
 " Shall lead you to your Proppher's gate:—  
 " Whose turn is next?—Your look and dress  
 " The *QUAKER*'s buckram tribe confess;  
 " Here, shew this favourite of the spirit  
 " Where Christians unbaptis'd inherit:—  
 " Now, good Sir, with that solemn face,  
 " Whence your pretensions to this place?"  
 " *I'm a NEWBORN, a chosen pet,*  
 " *One of the Methodistic Set;*"  
 " Conduct that sprite with expedition  
 " To *Georgy Whitfield*'s new division;  
 " A single hedge of formal yew  
 " Parts *Calvin*'s from your *chosen* crew;  
 " But prithee, for the love of grace,  
 " Assume an open, chearful face,  
 " That dismal look, and downcast air,  
 " Best suit the Regions of Despair."

All these dispatch'd, with several more,  
 Saint *Peter* thought his hurry o'er;  
 (Jews, Christians, Pagans, Turks, and Tartars  
 Dispos'd of in their different quarters,  
 And in proportion happy made,  
 Their virtues as on earth display'd)

When

When, with a modest air, a shade

Appearance at the portal made:

“ Well, friend, what faith do you profess?

“ Say, whence your claim to Happiness?”

“ To ONE ALONE, the Ghost replies,

“ All good, just, merciful, and wise,

“ Our Sire, Creator, Ruler, Friend,

“ From whom all benefits descend,

“ I, while on earth, with reverence bow’d,

“ And wish’d, far as weak Nature cou’d,

“ To shew obedience to his will,

“ By doing good, and shunning ill;

“ But to no church a livery’d slave,

“ ALL were my brethren to the grave.”

Saint Peter, with a visage bland,

Straight took the Spirit by the hand,

And with a chearful shake—“ My friend,

“ Your honest freedom I commend:—

“ Since, while on earth you always thought

“ And liv’d as reason’s votary ought,

“ From narrow prejudices free,

“ Disdaining mental slavery,

“ To no one spot of bliss confin’d,

“ Range wheresoever you’re inclin’d;

“ You’ll meet with worthies, who like you

“ Heaven’s joys unlimited pursue,

“ Confucius, Socrates, and others,

“ Ancients and moderns, all sworn brothers,

“ With whom (Heaven’s countless wonders known)

“ Unbounded bliss shall be your own.



“ And should you once amid your joy,  
“ A random thought on me employ,  
“ And to my humble lodgment come,  
“ (You’ll find me constantly at home)  
“ A friendly welcome still you’ll meet,  
“ Proud such an honour’d guest to greet.”



*The PEER and COACHMAN\*.*

IN that sad clime where horned fiends  
 Thrust prongs up sinners' nether ends,  
 And then by way of pastime throw  
 The sprawling wretches to and fro,  
 A *British* Peer, whom common fame  
 Had blazon'd with a spotless name,  
 Was doom'd, for want of saving grace,  
 To visit this *Vesuvian* place;  
 Where after some few capers taken,  
 By way of seasoning his bacon,  
 They let him breathe; for ev'n below  
 Your culprit souls a respite know,  
 To pain they else wou'd prove quite callous,  
 Nor dread hell more than thieves dread gallows.

    Casting his eyes around the place,  
 (An aukward lodging for his grace)  
 Who shou'd he spy mid Hell's *Canaille*,  
 Gnashing his teeth, all ghastly, pale,  
 But honest *Thomas*, who above  
 Had long his grace's chariot drove.  
 "What, *Thomas*!" (loud exclaims the Peer)  
 The well-known voice strikes *Jehu's* ear;  
 He star'd, he scarce believ'd his eyes,  
 But soon convinc'd they told no lies,  
 With wild amazement in his look,  
 His *quendam* Lord he thus bespoke.

\* CONNOISSEUR, No. 132.

" My

" My good Lord Duke! who could have thought  
 " To see your honour hither brought?  
 " With Beggars, Pick-pockets, and Punks,  
 " Attorneys, Players, Sharpers, Monks,  
 " And such low rubbish, doom'd to dwell  
 " Here, in the meanest spot of Hell!  
 " You! who on earth have always stood  
 " In men's esteem so wise and good!  
 " A patriot!—yet at court approv'd,  
 " Honour'd abroad, at home belov'd;  
 " And in religion so devout,  
 " None could your Orthodoxy doubt!  
 " May I presume, my Lord, what crime  
 " Cou'd bring you to this sulph'rous clime?"

" Why, *Thomas*," cries the hapless Peer,  
 " Justice, I own, has plung'd me here;  
 " A slave to vile duplicity,  
 " My life was one continued lie;  
 " Tho' patriot deem'd throughout the land,  
 " I sold my country underhand;  
 " Religion's mask I impious wore,  
 " Yet was an infidel at core;  
 " Orphans I plunder'd without shame,  
 " Riches and pow'r my only aim;  
 " All which, tho' veil'd with artful guise  
 " On earth, was seen above the skies:  
 " In short, you view me here undone,  
 " And all to aggrandize a son,  
 " Whose worthless actions now disgrace  
 " His ancestry and noble race.

" But



" But now, friend *Thomas*, let me know  
" What dire mischance brings You below ?  
" So sober ! so religious too !  
" And one of *Whitfield's* chosen crew !  
" What horrid crime have you committed,  
" In *Belzy's* den to be thus pitted ?"

" My Lord, cries *Thomas*, with a sigh,  
" I'm doom'd——'twere folly now to lie——  
" For 'getting that ungracious elf,  
" For whom your lordship damn'd yourself."

Of boasted lineage who are proud,  
*Lyons*-like embrace a cloud,  
For coachman *Thomas*, by the bye,  
Oft has a finger in the pye.



*The MONK and JEW.*

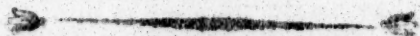
**T**O make new converts truly blest,  
A recipe,—*probatum est.*

Stern *Winter* clad in frost and snow,  
Had now forbid the streams to flow,  
And skaited peasants swiftly glide  
Like swallows, o'er the slippery tide;  
When *Mordecai* (upon whose face  
The synagogue you plain might trace)  
Fortune with smiles deceitful bore  
To where the stream was late skinn'd o'er;  
Down plumps the *Jew*, but in a trice  
Rising, he caught the friendly ice;  
He gasp'd, he yell'd a hideous cry,  
No helping hand, alas, was nigh,  
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran  
To snatch from death the drowning man;  
But when the holy Father saw  
A limb of the *Mosaic* law,  
His hand outstretch'd he quick withdrew,  
“*For Heav'n's sake help*——exclaims the *Jew*;  
“*Turn Christian first*,” the Father cries,  
“*I'm froze to death*,” the *Jew* replies;  
“*Froze!* quo' the Monk—too soon you'll know  
“*There's fire enough for Jews below*;  
“*Renounce your unbelieving crew*,  
“*And help is near*”——“*I do—I do:*”  
“*Damn all your brethren, great and small,*”  
“*With all my heart—Oh, damn 'em all:*

“*Now*

"*Now take me out.*"——There's something more,  
"Salute this cross, and *Christ* adore;"  
"*There, there—I Christ adore.*"——"Tis well,  
"Thus arm'd, defiance bid to Hell;  
"And yet another thing remains  
"To guard against eternal pains;  
"Do you our Papal Father hold  
"Heaven's Vicar, and believe all told  
"By Holy Church?——*I do, by G—d,*  
"*One moment more I'm food for cod;—*  
"*Drag, drag me out,——I freeze, I die;"*  
"Your peace, my friend, is made on high;  
"Full absolution here I give,  
"Saint *Peter* will your soul receive;  
"Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,  
"New converts always go to Heaven;  
"No hour for death so fit as this,  
"Thus—thus—I launch you into bliss."

So said,——the Father in a trice  
His Convert launch'd beneath the ice.





## The CONNOISSEUR.

IN that fam'd room where artists strive  
 True taste and genius to revive\*,  
 Where modern *Guidos* put in claim,  
 Contending for the wreath of Fame,  
 And *Virtù's* sons, with great precision,  
 Their knowledge prove by wise decision;  
 A judge allow'd, a *Connoisseur*,  
 With buckram gait and phiz demure,  
 Noting a piece, on which the *Crowd*  
 Unusual compliments bestow'd,  
 His glass first peeps thro' with an air,  
 (True *Connoisseurs* short-sighted are)  
 The painting carelessly survey'd,  
 And, when inform'd 'twas *English* made,  
 Thus to an elbow friend, with look  
 Oracularly cynic, spoke:

" Sure never was performance seen  
 " More gothic, tasteless, lifeless, mean:  
 " Painting!—'Tis canvass spoil'd—Oh, gad!  
 " 'Tis daubing!—Execrable!—Sad!  
 " No colouring! keeping!—Such strange *Clare*—  
 " *Obscure!*—*Tout Englife!*—*Tout Barbare!*  
 " Then how unnaturally shows  
 " That horrid fly on that vile rose!  
 " A fly! 'tis no more like"—When quick  
 Pointing toward the fly his stick,  
 To prove his criticism true,  
 Away the little insect flew.

\* The Exhibition-Room in the Strand.

## The FEMALE CLAIM.

LET women their own causes plead,  
 'Tis ten to one but they succeed.

For many years with conquering sword  
*Tebald* the brave, *Spoletto's* Lord,  
 His prowess on the *Greeks* made known,  
 And shook Imperial *Leo's* throne;  
 Yet tho' with foes he strew'd the plain,  
 His Hydra foes start up again;  
 Surpriz'd, the more he slew, he found  
 The more his enemies abound:  
 In order to their diminution,  
 He form'd the strangest resolution,  
 " That every *Grecian* captive taken,  
 " Shou'd for the future be *castraten*,  
 (A kind of punishment, ye fair,  
 Poor *Abelard* was doom'd to bear)  
 " And in that order kindly sent,  
 " By way of friendly compliment,  
 " To *Leo*, in whose royal grace  
 " *Castratoes* held a foremost place:"  
 This *Tebald* boasted in his mirth,  
 Was killing foes before their birth;  
 The axe applying to a root,  
 Which cut, again wou'd never shoot;  
 " Oxen were harmless beasts, he swore,  
 " But bulls enrag'd, wou'd tofs and gore;  
 " And *Greeks* when of the *neutral* kind,  
 " No Hydra foes could leave behind,

C

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 " And *Greeks* when of the *neutral* kind,  
 " No Hydra foes could leave behind,

C

" Nor

“ Nor with that holy text comply,  
 “ Which bids—*Increase and multiply.*”

Affairs for some time thus went on,  
 And many a captive was *undone*;  
 When *Tebald*, seated in his tent,  
 Relax'd in social merriment  
 Among his chiefs, (to sooth their cares  
 Young *Bacchus* oft to camps repairs)  
 A *Grecian* dame, whose mate that day  
 Had by his scouts been made their prey,  
 Into the presence wildly broke,  
 And, kneeling, thus the Prince bespoke:

“ Is *Tebald's* glory sunk so far,  
 “ Against weak woman to make war?  
 “ And shall that sword, which in the field  
 “ Has ever made its rivals yield,  
 “ Which not by man can be withstood,  
 “ Be poorly stain'd with woman's blood?  
 “ Heroes (and *Tebald* sure is one)  
 “ To us have still protection shown:  
 “ The cock counts all his brethren foes,  
 “ But hens among, he peaceful crows;  
 “ Tho' bull gores bull, yet still he scorns  
 “ To plunge within the cow his horns;  
 “ Have mercy then, most potent Lord,  
 “ Nor with our blood debase your sword.”

The Prince amaz'd, accosts the dame;  
 “ Why brand'st thou undeserv'd my name?  
 “ Where? at what time can it be said,  
 “ That female blood by me was shed?

“ Or,

" Or since the *Amazonian* race,  
 " Of your soft sex the foul disgrace,  
 " Can it with justice be averr'd,  
 " That war with woman was declar'd ?"  
  
 " What war more cruel, cries the fair,  
 " Can *Tebald* 'gainst our sex declare ?  
 " You rob our mates of what kind heaven  
 " Has for our health and comfort given ;  
 " It brings us children, joy, and pleasure,  
 " 'Tis ours,—our property, our treasure ;  
 " To that, my Lord, each wedded dame  
 " Pleads an *exclusive* lawful claim ;  
 " And mutilating Nature's stem,  
 " Is mutilating *Us*, not *THEM* :  
 " For loss of goods I never griev'd,  
 " Cattle and goods may be retriev'd ;  
 " But woman,—once that blessing gone,  
 " Is irretrievably undone :  
 " For mercy let us then implore,  
 " Nor lay our murders at your door."

Th' admiring chiefs, with loud applause  
 Back her request, and plead her cause ;  
 Ev'n *Tebald's* princess, with each look  
 A feeling approbation spoke ;  
 For shou'd the chance of war, she thinks,  
 (And at the thought collected, shrinks)  
 Throw *Tebald* in the captive's place,  
 Alas ! how piteous her own case !

" Your pray'r, quo' *Tebald*, should I grant,  
 " With all and every thing you want,



" If on the hostile bloody plain,  
" Once more your husband wears my chain,  
" Say, woman, what are you content  
" Shou'd be the ingrate's punishment ?

" My Lord, the honest dame replies,  
" My husband has—legs, arms, and eyes ;  
" These are his own, but if ingrate,  
" Again he shou'd provoke his fate,  
" They're your's in right of victory ;  
" *Take them, my Lord, but rob not me.*"

Tebald convinc'd, admits her prayer,  
Nor longer *mutilates the fair* ;  
The army with a loud acclaim,  
Hails the plain-spoken honest dame :—  
The chiefs with presents large reward her,  
And thro' the camp in safety guard her ;  
Which done——with her beloved spouse  
She arm in arm regains her house,  
Not banish'd totally her fright,  
"Till well *convinc'd* that *all was right*.



*The* P O L I T I C S Q U I R E.

A Country Squire, of large estate,  
 Less fam'd for wit than noise and prate,  
 At home a tyrant,——in the town,  
 A patriot railer at the crown,  
 Lounging at *Arthur's*, 'mid a crew  
 Who like himself had nought to do,  
 And poring o'er a Gazetteer,  
 Exclaims with self-sufficient sneer;  
 "Fine fellows these to rule the nation! ——  
 "Were *I* in *Rockingham's* high station,  
 "I'd make *Great-Britain* the world's wonder,  
 "Both *France* and *Spain* shou'd soon knock under,  
 "And then at home,——I'd let 'em see,  
 "What a prime Minister *shou'd* be:  
 "No damn'd four shillings in the pound,  
 "No beggar placemen shou'd be found;  
 "Such vermin to *Old Nick* I'd send,  
 "To party broils I'd put an end,  
 "And all our grievances *amend*."

A wily genius, who sat by,  
 Glancing a cool *Cervantic* eye;  
 "In *mending* if so great your skill, sir,  
 "I wish you'd *mend*——(don't take it ill, sir,  
 "Upon my word it looks quite shocking)  
 "That ugly hole in your black stocking."

*The MILL.*

IN fam'd *Ierne's* fertile isle,  
 Where *Phœbus* rays his parting smile,  
 When sinking into *Thetis's* arms,  
 He nightly revels on her charms,  
 There liv'd a Knight, whose Nabob-store  
 Gain'd him respect,—his goodness, more;  
 The peasants all his name rever'd,  
 And knaves alone his presence fear'd.

The tenants to Sir *John* complain,  
 "The miller purloins half their grain:"  
 What's to be done?—One mill alone  
 Throughout his large estate is known,  
 To which by tenure all are bound  
 To bring what's destin'd to be ground:  
 With shame the pilferer's disgrac'd,  
 And in his room another plac'd,  
 Of fame unstain'd; by all agreed  
 A man right worthy to succeed.

Temptations numberless assail,  
 This miller like the last proves frail;  
 Again the tenants beg relief,  
 Facts numberless confirm him thief;  
 Sir *John's* convinc'd;—"I've been deceiv'd,  
 "No man more honest I believ'd;

"A



“ A miller choose yourselves,” he cry’d,  
“ On whom we all may safe confide,  
“ But first his merits closely scan ;  
“ To me ’tis equal who’s the man.”

After much tedious altercation,  
They come to a determination ;  
A miller’s fix’d on, one whose name  
Challeng’d the loudest blast of Fame ;  
The tenants all in this agree,  
“ If there’s an honest man, ’tis he.”

For some time no complaint was heard,  
A month or longer, ’tis averr’d :  
At length,—alas ! too true, tho’ strange,  
This *Paragon* began to change ;  
Suspicion, as if half afraid,  
In doubtful grumbling hints convey’d ;  
These grumblings every day increas’d,  
Till all the Miller glares confess’d :  
“ The toll too large—the corn when ground,  
“ Proves on return nor fair nor sound ;  
“ Their flour all mix’d ;—scarce half their due ;  
“ The greatest rogue they ever knew.”

Once more to good Sir *John* they fly,  
Sir *John* thus coolly makes reply :

“ No farther change I’ll now admit,  
“ The choice your own, you must submit ;  
“ The miller whom you thus upbraid  
“ Was honest till a miller made,

“ And

" And honest had continu'd still,  
 " But for the air of that vile mill :  
 " Change as ye list, 'twill be the same,  
 " The mill and not the man's to blame."

*Let no sarcastic scribbler draw  
 A semblance 'twixt the Mill and Court,  
 Nor with the holy Church or Law,  
 Presume licentiously to sport.*

*Such low-bred impotence and spite,  
 Like chaff must harmless fall to ground,  
 While in the virtuous Tripartite  
 Such droves of honest men are found.*



*The PATRIOTS.*

IN seventeen hundred forty-five,  
 When gaunt Rebellion was alive,  
 And with devouring stride came forth  
 From her bleak den the stormy North,  
 Jack, who by creditors unkind  
 Had long in prison been confin'd,  
 At window bars, half starv'd, half bare,  
 Standing to breathe the wholesome air,  
 Who shou'd pass by in martial geer  
 But swaggering Tom the grenadier:  
 "Hollo!—now Thomas, what's the crack?"  
 "Why worse than bad enough, friend Jack;  
 "They say (damn him!) the young Pretender  
 "Bids fair to be our Faith's Defender;  
 "And Rebels now are brim with hope,  
 "To bring in Charley and the Pope."  
 Quo' Jack, with lengthen'd rueful face,  
 "Good Heav'n forbid! If that's the case,  
 "Our Liberty's for ever gone,  
 "And poor Old England quite undone:"  
 "Our Liberty!" cries Tom,—"*what's worse,*  
 "*A thousand times a greater curse,*  
 "Should the Pretender rule the roast,  
 "Damme! our dear Religion's lost."

Thus Jack in jail exclaims and fears  
 Freedom will be abolish'd;  
 While swaggering Tom devoutly swears,  
 The Church will be demolish'd.

M E A-



MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

**I**N *Old Castile*, some ages flown,  
 When good *Alphonso* fill'd the throne,  
 When Ignorance, with fable cloud,  
 Enwrapt the world as in a shroud,  
 E'er Learning wak'd, when all was dark,  
 And bishops scarce could write their mark,  
 A holy Priest, chaste, humble, good,  
 Was charg'd with shedding Christian blood;  
 No rank the slaughter'd fellow bore,  
 One of the low *plebeian* corps,  
 A reptile shoemaker!—"Twas said,  
 The Priest had grac'd *Crispino's* head,  
 And, taken in the fact, had further  
 To lewd adultery added murder;  
 Absurd! to think a Churchman cou'd  
 In such a cause spill Christian blood.

When Priests in our forefathers' times  
 By Laymen were accus'd of crimes,  
 Such causes were by Churchmen try'd,  
 (Who else such causes shou'd decide?)  
 And Justice on Cathedral bench,  
 Must *certes* prove a spotless wench:  
 Thrice happy days! when canon law,  
 Unrival'd, kept the world in awe;  
 But now, alas, the case is alter'd,  
 And Priests by common law are halter'd;

Whence

Whence Gownsmen learnedly maintain,  
This impious age is *Satan's* reign.

By virtue of Church absolution,  
That wond'rous chymical solution,  
Priests have the sole exclusive power  
Men's souls from *Satan's* rust to scour,  
To free 'em from corroding sin,  
And make 'em bright as new-made pin:  
Shall those, who by a patent-spell  
Can ope the gates of heaven and hell,  
(A pow'r to Kings as much superior  
As earth to heaven is inferior)  
Shall those to whom such power's assign'd,  
No deference from meer mortals find?  
Pay Churchmen little veneration,  
You sap the Church's best foundation;  
And shou'd the Church once tumble, Hell  
With joy wou'd ring the world's great knell.

Ambassadors, at this late hour,  
Defy the law's inferior power,  
Equally free to all intent  
With those great Kings they represent;  
And Priests from holy writings show,  
They're Heav'n's *Ambassadors* below;  
From whence this inference they draw,  
“Priests are above the Common Law.”

The holy man as culprit stood,  
Charg'd with the shedding Christian blood;  
At bar arraign'd, proofs follow'd thick,  
Inspir'd by that old rebel *Nick*,

And

And tho' the Priest in his defence,  
 Loudly *avow'd* his innocence,  
 Yet was he *guilty* found :—And here  
 Stop, Reader, and prepare a tear ;  
 That one in rank so highly plac'd,  
 With Heaven's own sacred livery grac'd,  
 Shou'd for a *venial* accident  
 Incur so dread a punishment !  
 But Mother Church has still been known  
 Severely rigid to her own ;  
 A noble lesson to mankind,  
 That Justice ever shou'd be blind.  
 The culprit first prescrib'd repentance,  
 The court pronounc'd this dreadful sentence :

“ *The fact so plainly prov'd, the Church decrees,  
 To terrify her sons from crimes like these,  
 That from your holy office as a Priest,  
 You be suspended One whole year at least.*”

Justice thus satisfy'd, 'twas thought  
 The affair wou'd shortly be forgot ;  
 But fell revenge, conceal'd with art,  
 Oft lurks within the villain's heart :  
*Crispino's* son, in spleenful mood,  
 Determines to have blood for blood ;  
 Some months *perdue*, like savage beast  
 (Vengeance still rankling at his breast)  
 He waits, ere Fortune brings his prey,  
 The hapless Priest, within his way,  
 When thro' his heart, with strength convey'd,  
 He drives the dagger's ruthless blade ;

The



The priest expires, the murderer's seiz'd,  
Revenge thus got, to die well-pleas'd.

Can crimes like this unmark'd pass by !  
No angry token from the sky !  
No well-tim'd earthquake to enclose  
(Churchmen all sav'd) the church's foes !  
No thunder to proclaim to earth,  
That priests are of celestial birth !  
But heaven-sent miracles of late,  
Are grown, alas, quite out of date.

Tho' churchmen are in general tender,  
They vow'd strict justice on the offender ;  
To court they fly, and strait demand  
The murderer yielded to their hand :  
" A brother kill'd ! Oh, impious deed !  
" Ev'n kings themselves had better bleed :"  
They fix the murderer's dreadful doom,  
Both here and in the world to come.

His majesty, quite cool and grave,  
To their demand this answer gave :

" A priest a layman kills :—The cause  
" Was try'd by holy churchmen's laws :—  
" A layman kills a priest :—This time  
" Our civil law shall judge the crime."

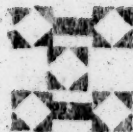
The hour will come, do all you can, Sir,  
Satan shall trim you for this answer.

" Oh, Becket, Dunstan, Hildebrand !  
" Ye saints, whose names distinguish'd stand  
D " I'll

“ Ith’ holy calendar ! Look down,  
“ Avenge our cause, for ’tis your own.”

The trial comes ; the murderer cast,  
The king, as judge, this sentence pass’d :

“ *The fact so plainly prov’d, the court decrees,*  
“ *To terrify the world from crimes like these,*  
“ *That for a year the privilege you lose*  
“ *Of making or of mending boots and shoes.*”



## FEMALE CURIOSITY.

I N days of yore, the world when young  
 Ere *Troy* was built, or *Orpheus* sung,  
 By *Jove* commission'd from above,  
 Straitway to earth flew *Death* and *Love*,  
 As mutual benefits design'd,  
 To shed their blessings on mankind;  
*Love* like a fair *Adonis* shone,  
 Nor *Death* appear'd that skeleton  
 Which modern Painters falsely show him,  
 To judge from them, you'd scarcely know him:  
 His face, tho' somewhat pale and thin,  
 Was smiling, and devoid of grin,  
 In air, shape, manner, voice, and feature,  
 A decent unforbidding creature.

In city, country, all around  
 A kind reception still they found;  
*Death* was commission'd to set free  
 Old palsied Age from Misery,  
 And *Love* his arrows to employ  
 In dealing that enchanting joy,  
 Without which heav'n would tasteless prove,  
 Not heav'n were heav'n unblest by *Love*:—  
*Love's* power the young and fair obey  
 While age hail'd *Death's* obliging sway;  
 Each courted as man's guardian friend,  
 Tho' widely different their end.

For some time matters smoothly went,  
 Happy the young,—the old content



When *Death* and *Love* trav'ling together,  
 The ev'ning dark, stormy the weather,  
 Quick to a neighb'ring farm they sped,  
 For shelter craving, and a bed ;  
 The honest farmer and his dame,  
 He *Garnus* call'd—*Demea* her name,  
 With hospitality sincere,  
 A welcome gave, and wholesome cheer :  
 The guests to entertain the peasant,  
 Crack'd jokes, and tales related pleasant,  
 Drank, chatted, toasted, laugh'd till tir'd,  
 Shook hands, and then to bed were squir'd.

But our good dame, who, by the bye,  
 Had some small curiosity,  
 Observ'd the quivers which each guest  
 With care conceal'd beneath his vest ;  
 She wonder'd what they cou'd contain,  
 She thought, re-thought,—she rack'd her brain,  
 And when her guests, all weary, slept,  
 Into their chamber snugly crept,  
 Their quivers seiz'd, and straight withdrew,  
 Impatient the contents to view ;  
 She empty'd 'em upon the floor,  
 Eagerly turn'd them o'er and o'er,  
 The variegated feathers eyes  
 With admiration and surprize ;  
 But fearing lest her guests should wake,  
 And umbrage at her peeping take,  
 Poor *Demea* (hurrying) so commix'd 'em,  
 When in the quivers she refix'd 'em,

That

That many of *Love's* darts convey'd,  
Into *Death's* fatal quiver stray'd;  
And, *vice versa*, *Death's* were found  
Among *Love's* arrows to abound;  
Which prov'd the source of such mistakes,  
Such unaccountable strange freaks,  
That by this alteration scurvy,  
Nature appear'd quite topsey-turvey:  
*Death's* arrows twang'd from *Cupid's* bow,  
Now breathless laid *Love's* vot'ries low;  
And *Cupid's* darts, from *Death's* fell quiver,  
Now for the first time pierc'd the liver  
Of ill-starr'd age, who loud complains  
Of fires shot thro' his shrivell'd veins:  
Hence we behold the wrinkled dame  
With youthful airs avow her flame;  
Or square-toes like a coxcomb cry,  
"If *Cloe* proves unkind, I die."——  
In short, from this curs'd blundering era,  
Man's happiness is all chimera.

Oh, *Female Curiosity*!  
Great source of man's felicity!  
How very much to thee we owe,  
Let mother *Eve* and *Demea* show:—  
What endless blessings flow from thee,  
Oh, *Female Curiosity*!

*The* I N F L U E N Z A.

**A** Learned sage,—but when or where  
 Nor records old nor new declare,  
 The fate of empires who as well  
 As *Moore* or *Partridge* cou'd foretel,  
 Their rise, their changes, and their doom,  
 And peep in 'Time's prolific womb,  
 Saw in Heaven's vast star-letter'd book,  
 On which whole nights he'd eager look,  
 "The limpid stream, whose bounteous tide  
 "With bev'rage meet his town supply'd,  
 "Wou'd, e'er 'twas long, so change its nature,  
 "That (so will'd Fate) each human creature  
 "Who thereof tasted, wou'd commence  
 "Bankrupt in judgment, wit, and sense,  
 "Half fool, half madman, —nor recover  
 "His former self, twelve moons till over;  
 "Due to a planet's pois'nous bane,  
 "Whose *Influenza* then wou'd reign."

The honest sage with warmth avow'd  
 Their danger to the listening crowd;  
 But they with scorn his caution laugh at,  
 Determin'd their lov'd stream to quaff at;  
 While he, in thought at least, more wise,  
 From other sources hoards supplies,  
 The magic draught resolv'd to shun,  
 The baleful planet's course till run,  
 And spend the destin'd time in mirth,  
 To which their follies must give birth;



As he, of all his brother cits,  
Alone should keep unhurt his wits.

The planet rul'd—and *Folly* join'd  
With *Madness*, govern'd ev'ry mind;  
Throughout the town you nought cou'd spy,  
But *outré* flights of lunacy;  
*Folly* proclaim'd her motley fair,  
And *Fashion* masqueraded there;  
*Truth*, *Judgment*, *Wit*, and *Reason* fled,  
While *Nature* danc'd upon her head.

Here *antique maids* of sixty-three  
Drest out lamb-fashion you might see:—  
Here *youthful belles*, whose studied pride  
Was Nature's loveliest gifts to hide,  
With *Babel* towers of hair as high  
As if they meant to kiss the sky,  
On which, as on a main-mast head,  
Their streamers to the wind were spread;  
When seen behind, to your surprise,  
They mov'd a *Patagonian* size,  
When view'd before, their heads seem'd plac'd  
Midway, where Nature gives the waist;\*  
So whimsical their drefs and *ton*,  
You'd swear they'd tumbled from the moon,  
Or rather flown, for plumes they bore,  
That spoke them beings given to soar:—  
Here *politicians*, whose wise sway  
Would make a prostrate world obey,

\* This preposterous fashion, so general some few years since, is now no more, and it is to be hoped, will ever remain so.

Yet

Yet ask these *Solons* if they knew  
 Or east or westward lay *Peru*,  
 Or whether *France* and *Spain* were isles,  
 They knew no more than *John o' Stiles* :—  
*Physicians*, whose amazing knowledge  
 Despis'd the paltry aid of college ;  
 From drawing teeth in barbers' shops,  
 And recipes of old wives' fops,  
 To make poor patients sh—t and sp—w,  
 Who all their art and knowledge drew ;  
 Yet who from chariots, as from *rostrums*,  
 Harangued, and dealt their pois'nous *Nostrums*—  
 Here leather-apron'd gospel-teachers,  
 Bedlam-apostles, *damning* preachers,  
 The gift of tongues so far from boasting,  
 Their mother-tongue they were quite lost in,  
 Yet as ambassadors from heaven,  
 Boasted alone credentials given,  
 The turnpike-gate of *Zion* hill  
 To open, or to shut at will ;  
 And what's more strange, you might behold  
 Myriads who swallow'd what they told.

These, and a thousand whimsies more,  
 Strong proofs of *Influenza* bore.

At first each drole excentric whim  
 From folly sprung, delighted him ;  
 But folly's of that trifling kind,  
 It cannot long amuse the mind ;  
 Its flimsy pleasures soon blew o'er,  
 Life's social blessings now no more,

Were

Were to our learned *Bias* known,  
 Amid a crowd he liv'd alone ;  
 To fools he seem'd not overwise,  
 His dress, phrase, manners they despise,  
 From theirs so different, that he found  
 Himself quite bury'd above ground ;  
 In short, they talk'd with serious air  
 (Rating him madder than *March* hare)  
 Of shutting him in some dark cell,  
 With straw-crown'd emperors to dwell ;  
 Which made him almost mad as those  
 Who daily drank th' enchanted dose.

What's to be done ? what course pursu'd ?  
 His brethren he with envy view'd,  
 All with their own sweet persons pleas'd,  
 Nor diffidence nor knowledge teas'd ;  
 For tho' in wisdom's lore deficient.  
 Each thought his own great store sufficient.

Tir'd with his solitary state,  
 He found, alas, tho' somewhat late,  
 " Who *Wisdom* sow 'mid *Folly's* train,  
 " For all their soil reap nought but pain ;"  
 To the enchanted stream he flew,  
 To wisdom gladly bad adieu ;  
 Drank free,—grew foolish like the rest,  
 And like his brother fools was blest.

*If thro' the crowd unnotic'd you'd pass by,  
 With fashion's follies modestly comply ;  
 For singularity's a mark of pride,  
 Which genuine wisdom ever must deride.*

The



## The NEWBORN.\*

**A**N honest Buck, high flush'd with wine,  
 To pay his vows at *Venus'* shrine,  
 And *keep it up*, as Bucks shou'd do,  
 To Mother *Douglas'* bagnio flew;  
 A *fille de joie* must needs attend,  
 Life's death without a female friend;  
 Kitty appears, a girl well known,  
 A white-legg'd pullet of the town,  
 But—wond'rous change! no more a sinner,  
 She felt the Spirit strong within her,  
 A *Newborn* now, a *chosen* Pet,  
 By *Whitfield* snatch'd from *Belzy's* net:—  
 The Buck, who frequent intimation  
 Had heard of *Kitty's* reformation,  
 Not dreaming, in a bagnio's round,  
 That Miss again would dare be found,  
 Laughing exclaims,—“Why, zounds, my *Kate*,  
 “They say you've had a Call of late,  
 “And Doctor *Squintum's* CHOSEN Few  
 “Dubb'd you a member of their crew:—”  
 “'Tis true,” cries *Kitty*, with a sigh,  
 “My thoughts are solely bent on high;  
 “Like you, I once was diabolic,  
 “And scoff'd at doctrine apostolic,  
 “Cou'd sing lewd songs, and with an air  
 “Unrighteous, laugh, dance, drink, and swear;  
 Frequent

\* The writer, far from attempting to ridicule Religion, only wishes to ridicule the ridiculers of it.

“ Frequent the playhouse, where poor souls  
“ Are caught in *Satan's* net by shoals ;  
“ Or worse, (if worse can be !) would play  
“ At cards upon the Sabbath-day :—  
“ But now, blest change ! to Faith *newborn*,  
“ I hold my former self in scorn,  
“ A conscience pure and milk-white boast,  
“ Nor fear all Hell's united host.

“ 'Twas in the Tabernacle's wall,  
“ That charitable hospital,  
“ Where pregnant souls, when lying-in,  
“ Get physic'd, cupp'd, and cleans'd from sin,  
“ Where grunts, and groans, and tremblings show  
“ Each spiritual child-bed throe,  
“ I felt a heavenly piercing dart  
“ Strike thro' my liver, lights, and heart ;  
“ There *Whitfield*, first of Saints on earth,  
“ Possess'd me with a heavenly birth ;  
“ There, adept in the midwife trade,  
“ The ripen'd fruit when struggling laid ;  
“ And now within that blessed place,  
“ I'm daily fed with pap of grace ;  
“ While *Wesley's* hymns, those lays divine,  
“ My infant soul to rest incline,  
“ Upon my *newborn* senses creep,  
“ And lullaby 'em fast asleep :—  
“ Ah, *Ned*, had you a *Call* to taste  
“ One *spiritual* love-repast,  
“ Such as the *chosen* lambkins know,  
“ All other love feasts you'd forego.”

The

The Buck, with bursts of laughter, swore  
He never heard such cant before ;  
“ A love feast, child !—’Twas with that view  
“ I hither came to feast on You ;  
“ This very night I’ll fowl a plate,  
“ On Tabernacle food, my *Kate* :  
“ But why such sanctity pretend ?  
“ You still, I see, oblige a friend ;  
“ To your *New Birth* and milk-white conscience,  
“ How can you reconcile such nonsense ?”

*Kate*, turning up a pious eye,  
Groan’d, shook her head, and made reply ;  
“ Virtue I scorn, ’tis *Faith* alone,  
“ By which true Babes of Grace are known :  
“ My *Body*’s care no thought employs,  
“ Who highest bids, the Whim enjoys,  
“ A worldly tenement at best,  
“ To entertain a passing guest ;  
“ Such low concerns I now despise,  
“ My *Soul* since wedded to the skies,  
“ Where now, secure of Zion’s hill,  
“ My *Body* may—do what it will.”

The parley ended, they retir’d ;  
*Kate* got a guinea,—*Ned* got ———.



*The LADIES of GHENT.*

LONG time, with much expence of blood,  
 Had *Ghent* the *French* attacks withstood;  
 A breach at length compleat, the foe  
 Nor terms would grant, nor mercy show;  
 A storm expected every hour,  
 To plunder, ravish, and deflower:  
 In this dilemma certain fair  
 To *Laura's* Coterie repair;  
*Laura*, a widow in full bloom,  
 Her spouse scarce settled in his tomb,  
 And tho' of tears a flood she shed,  
 Too weak her tears to raise the dead;  
 With her they plan, how best to scape  
 That dreadful punishment, a Rape.

When met, each fair her different sense  
 Deliver'd with vast eloquence;  
 Such flow of words not *Cicero*  
 Nor fam'd *Demosthenes* cou'd show;  
 Nor *H—tl—y*, fam'd for speeches long,  
 So glibly wags the pliant tongue,  
 Nor boasts with them an equal worth,  
 Or to conceive, or to bring forth;  
 But my poor pencil's far too faint  
 Such glowing eloquence to paint,  
 In short-hand phrase I'll therefore tell  
 What from each lovely speaker fell.

One said, " Since o'er each female head  
 Despair suspended by a thread,

E

Add

And since those filthy soldiers claim  
The Ladies as their lawful game,  
Soon as the foe appear'd in town,  
Into the cellar she'd slip down,  
'There she was sure they would not seek her,  
Soldiers are never fond of liquor :"—  
Another thought, "The money chest  
Of hiding-places far the best,  
At such a time they'd not have leisure  
To waste a single thought on treasure :"—  
"The pantry some preferr'd :"—Some said,  
"The snuggest place of all was bed ;  
For let the very worst betide,  
Beneath the bed-cloaths they could hide :"—  
One of the pious, praying kind,  
Declar'd,—"To Heav'n she'd be resign'd,  
Content to bear whate'er was sent,  
And undergo the punishment :"—  
To this reply was made,—"Tho' true,  
Submission to Heaven's Will be due,  
Yet when with means they were supply'd  
To waft misfortune's shafts aside,  
'Twere sure the best and wisest way  
To turn their backs, and run away :"—  
'Gainst turning backs the rest exclaim,  
To run wou'd brand the sex with shame ;  
"If fall we must, let's bravely show  
We're not afraid to face the foe."

Different opinions each declar'd,  
All talk'd, but none distinctly heard ;

Like geese upon a Common gabbling,  
 Or members at St *Stephen's* squabbling,  
 When *Laura* rose, and with a look  
 That won attention, thus she spoke : \*

“ Ladies, if one whose heart o'erflows  
 With grief for complicated woes ;  
 First, for a spouse I lov'd far more  
 Than ever spouse was lov'd before ;  
 My country next demands my care,  
 A loss in which we all must share ;  
 And now, what most on earth I prize,  
 My threaten'd *Honor* trembling lies,  
 That *Honor* ! from th' insidious foe  
 Still purer kept than unsmelt snow :—  
 Shou'd I the hair-breadth 'scapes relate  
 Encounter'd by my froward fate,  
 You'd own, that widow, maid, or wife,  
 Mine has not been an idle life :  
 Sometimes I've been besieg'd in form,  
 Sometimes repell'd the vigorous storm ;  
 Sometimes the foe by sap proceeded,  
 Nor sap, nor mine, nor storm succeeded ;  
 Nay more, tho' frequently bombarded,  
 My *Honor* safe I always guarded,  
 Fresh laurels gain'd from each attack,  
 Yet never flinch'd, nor turn'd my back ;  
 But now shou'd fickle Fortune frown,  
 And tumble *Honor's* fortress down,

E 2

*Lucretia.*

\* As the following speech contains the advice approved of and followed by the rest of the *Coterie*, 'tis necessary to give it less in the short-hand phrase than any of the preceding.

*Lucretia*-like I'll bravely die,  
 And ne'er survive lost chastity :—  
 If such a one may speak her mind,  
 I hope she'll some indulgence find.

“ Full many a time I've heard it said  
 By those in knowledge deepest read,  
 A power to Us that gracious Heaven  
 To rule mankind has wisely given,  
 If we the proper means but take  
 To win this wonder-working stake ;  
 Yet tho' the Heavens have done their part,  
 'Tis ours to use some little art,  
 For all those blessings which we boast,  
 Unnotic'd wou'd become, or lost,  
 Were there not added to the rest  
 Something to give a crowning zest.

“ Let women blaze in all that show  
 Which taste, wealth, fancy can bestow,  
 With beauty, wit and sense sufficient,  
 (In which, thank Heav'n, we're not deficient)  
 While in our looks, our words, our mien,  
 A graceful dignity is seen,  
 The men in every clime and nation  
 Will pay us downright adoration ;  
 Nor to dispute our power presume,  
 While we have charms to strike them dumb.  
 Some Ladies, in a rich undress,  
*Strike* most, I've heard the men confess ;  
 In me to dictate were presuming,  
 Each fair best knows what's most becoming ;

But



But such a one I mean to wear,  
It gives a more resistless air,  
To beauty lends a vast assistance  
And makes rude fellows keep their distance.

“ Heroes have always homage paid,  
As if to injure us afraid :  
When *Antony* at *Tarsus* saw  
Fair *Cleopatra*, struck with awe  
He gaz’d, was conquer’d, lowly bow’d,  
And (all submission) Love avow’d ;  
He came to judge her, but he soon,  
Instead of granting, beg’d a boon ;—  
From *Thais’* eyes, that great commander  
And mighty conqueror, *Alexander*,  
Felt darts more powerful than his sword,  
Which forc’d mankind to hail him Lord ;  
And what were *Herc’les’* club and arms  
Compar’d to *Dejanira’s* charms ?  
Poor soul ! his club she soon made dwindle  
Into a distaff and a spindle ;  
And when to please his lovely bride,  
His lion’s skin was thrown aside ;  
Her brawny Lover, tall and bony,  
She dress’d like half-sex’d *Maccaroni*.

“ Those Ladies all, as Bards confess,  
Were perfect Connoisseurs in dress.

“ Examples sacred and profane  
Our charms and influence ascertain ;

*Sampson* and *Dalilah* can prove  
 That strength is weakness weigh'd with Love;  
 Ev'n Wisdom's self like folly shows,  
 To Wisdom when we charms oppose,  
 As *Solomon*, with many more  
 Have verified in days of yore.

“ By all mankind it is agreed  
*En Politesse* that *Frenchmen* lead;  
 Yet o'er their counsels we preside,  
 And peace or war despotic guide;  
 To us since in obedience bred,  
 Such ravishers we need not dread;  
 Then home, assume your favourite graces,  
 Adorn your heads, and rouge your faces,  
 And blazing in your best attire,  
 Brow-beat them, and they'll soon retire.”——

Ended her speech, the *Coterie*  
 In thanks to *Laura* all agree,  
 Fully determin'd the next day  
 Their charms and finery to display,  
 The creatures *tete a tete* to meet,  
 And give them an assur'd defeat;  
 “ At all events, sooner to die,  
 “ Than with their odious wills comply.”

But one *Lucretia Rome* cou'd boast,  
*Ghent* (happier far) contain'd an host;  
 From confessors what blessings rise!  
 The women chaste! the men all wise!

The *Coterie* broke up, the Fair  
For the eventful morn prepare;  
The morning dawn'd; strange shouts arose  
From numerous, vaunting, conquering foes:  
The city storm'd, what cou'd a few  
Defendants 'gainst such myriads do!  
Rous'd from a dream, which to her thought  
Strange scenes of ravishing had brought,  
Poor *Laura* starts; from bed she hies,  
And to the window hurrying flies,  
Some busy folk are apt to say,  
Her glass she stop'd at by the way,  
To set her cap and smoothe her hair,  
Unmindful of her bosom bare;  
But who cou'd think in such a fright,  
Of decency, or what was right?

The fast thrown up, just passing by,  
A young *French* captain caught her eye,  
Tall, handsome, well-made, active, strong,  
Driving some citizens along;  
Quite terrified, she gave a squawl,  
"No hopes! poor *Laura's* doom'd to fall!"  
With body half outstretch'd to view,  
She calls aloud, (but what scarce knew)—  
"Sir! Captain! dear Sir! sweet Sir! stop,  
"And with your sword your fury drop!  
"Can it be certain that the Fair  
"By law of arms are doom'd to bear  
"Foul Ravishment?—That odious word  
"Pierces my bosom like a sword;

"If

“ If so, hither, dear Captain, come,  
“ Oh, save me from that hateful doom,  
“ By all the blessed saints above,  
“ I’ll in return most grateful prove :—  
“ Fly, *Bridget*, ope the door :—Blest Maid !  
“ Holy Saint *Agnes*, lend thy aid,  
“ My *Honor* but protect !”——She said,  
And straightway hid herself——in bed.

The Captain mov’d with her distress,  
And partly *struck* by her *undress*,  
The door when open’d, in he flew,  
Alas, what cou’d poor *Laura* do !—  
Whate’er her fate (thus trumpets Fame)  
The *Coterie* all met the same.



T I R E.



## T I R E S I A S.

A S with his sister wife in chat  
 Over a bowl, Heaven's monarch sat,  
 A strange dispute between 'em rose,  
 As *Ovid. Met. Lib. tertio* shows,  
 "Whether or men or women most  
 "In love's soft dalliance pleasure boast;"  
*Juno* averr'd, nay swore it too,  
 That men the greatest pleasure knew,  
 While *Jove*, with due submission, prov'd  
 Women were happiest when they lov'd;  
 They wrangled, laugh'd, and long disputed,  
 Nor he nor she *would* be confuted:  
 After much eloquence display'd,  
 Two flowing bowls of wine were laid  
 (Not such as *France* or *Spain* produces,  
 But nectar, prime of heav'nly juices)  
 On either side, for even gods  
 Can sport, and give or take the odds;  
 Tho' *Jove* this wise precaution takes,  
 His statesmen ne'er are gambling rakes,  
 Nor was his treasurer ever known  
 To cards, or dice, or racing prone.

This altercation so facetious,  
 Who's to determine!—Old *Tiresias*;  
 An honest priest of *Delphos'* shrine,  
 Belov'd by *Phæbus* and the *Nine*;  
*Tiresias* had, by strange fatality,  
 Figur'd away in either quality,

And

And had, by turns, in days of yore,  
 Both petticoats and breeches wore,  
 With each peculiar bagatelle  
 Annex'd to Sir or Mademoiselle;  
 Then who so sitting to decide,  
 Since, snail-like, sexes both he try'd? \*  
 And that philosophy is best,  
 Which boasts *experimental* test.

Rais'd to *Olymp.* alarm'd and scar'd,  
*Tiresias*, like a ninny star'd,  
 Nor cou'd a syllable deliver,  
 Struck with amazement thro' his liver,  
 'Till madam *Juno*, to relieve him,  
 A glass of sparkling nectar gave him,  
 Clear as the lymph of *Hypocrene*,  
 A certain nostrum for the spleen,  
 Which in a moment bronz'd each feature,  
 And made him quite a different creature:  
 "Come, t'other bumper," *Juno* cries,  
 "I see it sparkling in your eyes;  
 "And now, my good *Tiresias*, tell us,  
 "Whether we ladies or the fellows  
 "Quaff of love's joys the greatest potion,  
 "When at his shrine we pay devotion?  
 "Two bowls are wag'd on either side,  
 "Which you as umpire must decide,  
 "For *Jove*, more obstinate than mule,  
 "In every thing forsooth must rule,

\* It may perhaps be thought needless to inform the Reader that each *Snail* is androgeneous, or of both sexes.

And deaf to all that I can say,  
Will have it his own foolish way;  
But thus shou'd goddesses be sped,  
Who like poor silly mortals wed:—  
For smiling shrugg'd and look'd askew,  
As other prudent husbands do.

When double-charg'd, with great precision  
*Tirphias* utter'd his opinion;  
Tho' somewhat circumstantial rather,  
Like a true orthodox-bred father.

“ With all due reverence may it please  
Your high and sacred majesties,  
Tho' odd the question you propose,  
These lips shall nought but truth disclose:  
You wish to know, if right my guess is,  
Which sex the greatest bliss possesses,  
When frolic *Love* to amorous play  
Inspires, and frolic souls obey;  
And which, were I my choice to win,  
I should prefer to figure in.

“ A word or two may I presume,  
Ere to the grand affair I come.

“ Some years ago—perhaps a score,—  
It may be less—it may be more,—  
Within *Citheron's* sacred grove  
(My fav'rite scene when wont to rove)  
Two beauteous snakes I chanc'd to find,  
With venom'd rage in combat join'd;

I, with my staff—this same I hold—  
 Forc'd 'em to quit their deadly fold,  
 When lo! the heav'n, which erst was veil'd  
 With gloom, an azure smile reveal'd;  
 A something like electric flame  
 Shot instant thro' my quicken'd frame,  
 And to my great surprize—lud, blest me!  
 I found a wond'rous change possess me;  
 My spirits fluttering seem'd to fly,  
 As just awak'd, beyond the sky;  
 No longer now a humdrum Ninny,  
 I thought Old *Nick* had got (within me,  
 Nor cou'd I at the reason guess,  
 Till bed-time, going to undress,  
 The secret open'd full in view;  
 By *instinct* to the glass I flew,  
 There ev'ry female mark and grace  
 Star'd me reflected in the face;  
 I found—what yet had hap'd to no man,  
 I found myself transform'd to woman.

“ New-moulded in the mint of Nature,  
 I now became a different creature;  
 Intenser every passion mov'd,  
 But chiefly more intense I lov'd;  
 A brother priest my heart beguil'd,  
 My sex was frail, I prov'd with child,  
 For your assistance loudly bawl'd,  
 You kindly came, and master squawl'd;  
 A sweeter moppet ne'er drew air,  
 As like its dad as it cou'd stare:  
 The rogue still lives, and often shames me,  
 For to this hour *mamma* he names me;

And



And when th'affair was public known,  
They laugh'd, and christen'd me Pope *Joan*.\*

“ To guard from farther defamation,  
I fix'd with priestesses my station,  
And there ! what various scenes beset,  
Not twenty years would serve to tell !  
Such plotting ! such romantic schemes !  
Such holy mock'ry !—such wild dreams !  
And man, dear man, the only game,  
At which we one and all took aim,  
Not ev'n your Majesties, who know  
All things above, and most below,  
With all your knowledge could find out,  
So quickly whirrs the vane about.

“ Years seven complete, just to a day,  
On pleasure's wings flew fast away ;  
Three children in the time I bore,  
(I shou'd have mention'd that before)  
When in the grove I chanc'd to spy  
Two snakes in sportive dalliance lie,  
Those very snakes, I vow 'tis true,  
To whom my former change was due ;  
So close they twisted, writh'd, and shot,  
They pourtray'd a true lover's knot :  
I thoughtlessly, to spoil their wooing,  
(Not as I wou'd be done to, doing)  
Oh, hapless moment !—Fatal blunder !  
Unrighteously forc'd 'em asunder ;

F

When

\* *En Burlesque admissible.*

BOUR.

When lo! the winds began to growl,  
 The sky to lour, the thunder roll,  
 And in a moment's fleeting span,  
 I felt myself re-chang'd to man;  
 From fluttering in the air I found  
 My spirits crawling on the ground;  
 What cou'd I do? I curst my fate,  
 And wish'd—but ah, 'twas now too late:—  
 Back to the sisterhood I went,  
 Where after some weeks strangely spent,  
 Quite cloy'd and jaded with my feast,  
 I chang'd my garb, and figur'd priest.

“ More matter with less art, good friend,  
 “ And of your preachment make an end,  
 “ Cries *Juno*,—those same bowls of wine,  
 “ Whose are they? *Jupiter*'s or mine?”

“ But one word more indulge me, Madam,  
 I'll be as mute as now is *Adam*;  
 We speakers, to prevent confusion,  
 Move step by step to a conclusion,  
 Dissect and wire-draw common sense,  
 Ere we *bring forth* our inference.

“ The question is—-which sex can most  
 In *Love* the greatest pleasure boast?  
 Dear Sir and Madam, I'm a *Saracen*,  
 If there admits the least comparison:

Women in twenty years live more  
 Than bearded mortals in threescore,  
 And earthly Being ne'er should boast  
 Who longest lives, but who lives most ;  
 Man's life is but a wintry day,  
 Woman's a blue-sky'd first of *May*;  
 Up to the moon their spirits fly,  
 To feast on joys of lunacy ;  
 But man, too phlegmatic and sad,  
 Wants sense sufficient to run mad.

“ The female heart may be compar'd  
 To a sweet violin, prepar'd  
 And ready tun'd, for *passion's* hand  
 To bow and finger at command ;  
 Each fibre is a trembling string,  
 Whence music floats on feeling wing ;  
 Variety in wanton strains,  
 There ever new and changeful reigns,  
 While roving Fancy still essays  
 Her flight in *voluntary* lays ;  
 Whereas, like Belfry-chimes, man's heart  
 Can but a few dull strains impart.

“ Woman has ever been defin'd  
 The porcelain clay of human kind,  
 And in that porcelain, 'tis suppos'd,  
 A soul superior is inclos'd ;  
 But man, as records all declare,  
 Is form'd of coarsest earthen ware :  
 This truth admitted, where's the wonder  
 Our sex to women shou'd knock under ?



For Heav'n, all-wise, fit lodgment suits  
 To souls of women, men, and brutes :  
 But this, great rulers of the sky,  
 You know, at least, as well as I."

" Thou chatt'ring wretch! thou meer old woman!  
 " Thou heteroclite thing! thou no man!  
 " For surely such a gossip-tale  
 " Cou'd never come from tongue of male,"  
 Exclaims the goddess,—(from beginning  
 She smook'd the odds were 'gainst her winning)  
 " Zounds! blockhead, cease your tedious lecture,  
 " And say at once—Whose is the nectar?"

Amaz'd and terrify'd to hear  
 Heav'n's empress swear like grenadier,  
*Tiresias* bowing, vow'd repentance,  
 Then stroak'd his beard, and thus gave sentence:

" Since you abide by my opinion,  
 Justice unwarp'd shall give decision ;  
 Unknowing how the wager's laid,  
 I hope that neither will upbraid,  
 And thus pronounce ;—tho' sooth to say,  
 Were you to change your sex one day,  
 Were *Juno* *Jove*, and *Jove* but *Juno*,  
 As much as I can tell you'd soon know :  
 But in a word—(for *entre nous*,  
 I hate two words when one will do)  
 By *Jove*, and *Phœbus*' shrine I swear,  
 Our phlegm-soul'd sex can ne'er compare  
 In *Love's Deliciæ* with the fair ;  
 Nor can——"

" Foul



" Foul offspring of a lying race,"  
 Cries *Juno*, dashing in his face  
 A glass of nectar—By the bye  
 Madam had almost bung'd her eye—  
 " Take that, and henceforth blind as mole,  
 " Throughout the world like beggar strole;  
 " Your lying verdict makes me lose  
 " Two bowls of most delicious booze:  
 " Thou fool!—in matrimonial strife  
 " To back a husband 'gainst his wife!  
 " Remember, blockhead, the old song,  
 " *A wife is never in the wrong.*"

More she had said, but drowsy grown,  
 Fast as a dormouse she dropt down:—  
 How pettish! cruel! how unlike  
 A sovereign goddess! thus to strike  
 With blindness an old country rector!  
 Because, forsooth, she lost her nectar;  
 But contradiction!—there's the thing!  
 Fix'd in her heart the bearded sting.

Poor *Jove*, rejoic'd to find her quiet,  
 Nor further danger of a riot,  
 Thus to *Tiresias*, whispering, spake,  
 Lest Madam with the noise should wake;  
 " Oh! 'tis a vixen!—and *her* thunder,  
 " Spite of my teeth makes *mine* knock under;  
 " This might teach mortals, had they wit,  
 " To their wives' logic to submit;  
 " For *Junos* cast in mortal mold,  
 " Can sometimes drink, and sometimes scold.

" No god can alter or revoke  
 " A sentence by another spoke,  
 " So *Fate* ordains ; to *Fate's* decree  
 " Ev'n deities must bend the knee ;  
 " Yet tho' in body you are blind,  
 " Doubly illum'd shall be your mind,  
 " And whatsoe'er on earth below  
 " *Fate* pre-ordains, you shall foreknow :—  
 " By every widow, wife or maid,  
 " To you due reverence shall be paid,  
 " Who more intent to know their doom,  
 " On this, than t'other side the tomb,  
 " Will *Juno's* shrines neglect, to follow  
 " The fortune-teller of *Apollo* ;\*  
 " This will give Madam a damn'd rub,  
 " For she's as proud as *Beelzebub* ;  
 " *Envy* will gore with venom'd stings,  
 " 'Twill fret her guts to fiddle-strings ;  
 " And here by *Styx*' infernal lake  
 " (An oath not *Juno's* self dare break)  
 " I swear,—she shall not from this hour,  
 " To spite you have the smallest power."

*Tiresias* to the earth convey'd,  
 Set up the fortune-telling trade ;  
 From every corner of the land,  
 'To know their doom and cross his hand,  
 The Fair, to knowledge ever true,  
 In crowding bevvies eager flew ;  
 While *Juno's* altars, erst so gay,  
 Abandon'd and forsaken lay :—

The

\* *Juno* was goddess of marriage, and patroness of women in general.

The priest was happy, soon grew rich,  
And bade proud madam kiss his br—ch.

Tho' with *Tiresias* dy'd the patent  
Of prying into wonders latent ;  
Yet from that æra to this time,  
Pretenders swarm in every clime,  
To whom the Fair, all eager, fly  
On wings of curiosity ;  
They think there can be no great hurt in  
Taking a peep behind Fate's curtain,  
To see what spouses, and how many,  
(A single one's not worth a penny)  
What riches and how large a breed  
By gracious heaven are decreed :  
On this each modern fly *Tiresias*,  
With jargon laughable, tho' specious,  
A mist before them snugly throws,  
Then blinds and leads them by the nose,  
Squeezes their purses, and in lieu  
The rainbow *Hope* presents to view ;  
Pleas'd with the phantom, they pursue it,  
Till, gudgeon-like, too late they rue it.

All this, if chronicles say true,  
To *Juno's* drunken pranks is due.

F A-



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F A B L E S.

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*The* P O E T   *and*   S T R A W.

**O**N *Richmond* Hill, with doublet bare,  
A hungry Poet takes the air;  
The air on *Richmond* Hill, tho' good  
And excellent camelion-food,  
Is rather of too thin a nature  
For a beef-loving, two legg'd creature;  
Our Poet stops, he looks around,  
And murmurs thus in doleful sound:

“ While plenty o’er the landscape reigns,  
“ Shall Bards alone feel meagre pains?  
“ Ah, what avails, if in the town  
“ My madrigals acquir’d renown,  
“ If, stranger to all-powerful coin,  
“ I seldom taste the rich sirloin,  
“ And for the produce of my brain,  
“ From money’d asses meet disdain;  
“ In vain my brows the laurel crowns,  
“ While Fortune on my pocket frowns:

“ Of



“ Of bay or laurel where the uses ?  
“ Nor bay nor laurel fruit produces :  
“ I’ve *Fame* pursu’d, and now I’ve caught her,  
“ She proves—mere moonshine in the water.  
“ How happy the unletter’d glutton,  
“ Who can indulge on beef and mutton !  
“ How curst each servant of the Nine !  
“ ’Twere better be a fool and dine.”

He said, and to his great surprize  
Beneath his feet a Straw replies :

“ Ah, hapless Bard, look down and see  
“ Thy striking emblem here in me ;  
“ Despis’d by those, to whom my head  
“ Furnish’d the staff of living, bread :  
“ That gain’d, behold me here cast down,  
“ Trod on by ev’ry fordid clown :  
“ Just so the Bard, who, from his brain,  
“ The hungry mind can entertain,  
“ Is soon neglected and forgot,  
“ A barren praise his hapless lot ;  
“ To *Fame* becomes an empty bubble,  
“ Trod on by fools like straw or stubble.”



## The TOASTS.

2

**S**ATAN one day, (one night I mean,  
 For days in Hell are seldom seen)  
 At *Pandemonium* in state  
 Among his Peers carousing fat,  
 To celebrate our Parents' fall,  
 In draughts of liquid fire and gall;  
 The toasts in Bumpers flew around,  
 The palace roofs the toasts resound,  
 And all was noise, yet all unite  
 To aim at Heaven their blunted spite:  
*Beelzebub* gave his harlot PRIDE,  
 To match whose charms he Hell defy'd;  
 ENVY by *Baal* then was given,  
 Foe to herself, to Earth and Heaven;  
 AVARICE was *Mammon's* toast,—a Vice  
 Wou'd make a Hell of Paradise:  
 My toast, cries *Ashtaroth*, shall be  
 That *Janus* prude, HYPOCRISY;  
 And mine, quo' *Belial*, IDLENESS,  
 Whose charms, both fiends and men confess,  
 Dear Idleness! to whom we owe  
 Myriads on myriads here below;  
*Dagon* gave FALSHOOD, a mean pest,  
 Still mask'd, and cloath'd in rainbow vest,  
 A Will o'th' Wisp, that leads astray,  
 A coward vice that dreads the day:

*Molech*

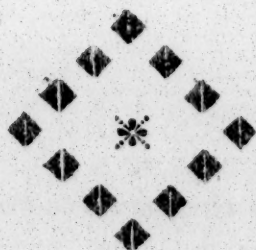
*Moloch* gave blood-stain'd CRUELTY,  
And *Thammuz* INFIDELITY;  
But to that toast they all objected,  
As one no Demon recollected,  
(For tho' such weeds on earth may grow,  
Infidel ne'er was seen below);  
*Thammuz* on this,—since change he must—  
Gave that sweet creature, Madam LUST:  
In short, each Demon in his toast  
Avow'd the *Fair* he honour'd most.

The turn at length to *Satan* came,  
To bumper round his darling flame;  
“ I own that all your toasts,” he cry'd,  
“ Are beauties long approv'd and try'd;  
“ But I'll give one, in whom alone  
“ The *Quintessence* of Hell is shown,  
“ INGRATITUDE!—*of Vices First*,  
“ *Most infamous, and most accurs'd*;  
“ That fiend in grain! that hydra pest!  
“ Behold her image on my breast!  
“ To her hell's empire owes its birth,  
“ To her I owe those swarms from earth:  
“ When other vices rule the mind,  
“ VIRTUE, by fits, may entrance find,  
“ But let INGRATITUDE bear sway,  
“ Not VIRTUE's shade dare cross her way;  
“ Ev'n Hell itself, when she appears,  
“ A more than double darkness wears;

“ Then

“ Then in full Bumpers toast the *Belle*,  
“ As *Premier* beauty here in Hell.”

The fiends aloud the toast proclaim,  
And Hell re-thunders with her name;  
“ INGRATITUDE!—of *Vices First*,  
“ *Most infamous, and most accurs’d.*”





*The TRAVELLER and RAINBOW.*

A Gaudy Rainbow, vivid, gay,  
 Resplendent with the various ray,  
 Arrests a Traveller's raptur'd gaze,  
 While thus he cries with wild amaze ;  
 " Heav'n's ! what a sight ! how rich a glow !  
 " Can Art a scene thus lovely show ?  
 " The pallat this emboss'd with tints,  
 " That Nature uses when she paints ;  
 " And such an Arch !—It sure supports  
 " *Olympus*, and the Thunderer's courts ;  
 " The hemisphere bestriding wide,  
 " Magnificent, from side to side :  
 " Wou'd *Jove* but mount me to yon sphere,  
 " Where I might view this wonder near,  
 " Where all its glories I might trace,  
 " Which distance greatly must efface ;  
 " Wou'd *Jove* but grant me this request,  
 " How thankful shou'd I be !—how blest !"

No sooner said, than quick as thought  
 Aloft in distant air he's caught,  
 Mid floating oceans chill'd to death,  
 Mid fogs almost depriv'd of breath ;  
 When words like these, in accents clear,  
 Strike the affrighted Traveller's ear :  
 " What late your admiration drew,  
 " In genuine colours here you view ;  
 " Moer earth-born vapours, mist and rain,  
 " Rais'd by the sun to float amain,

G

" Which,

“ Which, gilded by his beams, appear  
“ Thus glittering to your lower sphere,  
“ To dazzle wondering eyes, and show  
“ What outside ornaments can do ;  
“ Learn hence with caution to decide  
“ On objects at a distance spy’d,  
“ Nor think that Fortune’s smiles impart  
“ Contentment to the garter’d heart :  
“ The gaudiest flowers oft contain  
“ Within their core a cankerous bane;  
“ And for a truth this axiom hold,  
“ *What glitters is not always gold.*

“ Learn too, that men, who often show  
“ When distant, like the dazzling bow,  
“ If nearer search’d, prove fogs at best,  
“ By an illusive sun-beam drest.”

Ended the voice, the Traveller found  
Himself replac’d upon dry ground



*The* TWO KINGS.

CROSSING the river *Styx*, with shoals  
 Of new-departed motley souls,  
 Old *Charon* look'd confounded black,  
 Left with the load his boat shou'd crack ;  
 Tho' souls, as souls, are lightsome freight,  
 Their sins oft prove a deadly weight,  
 And shou'd their floating carriage fail 'em,  
 Not ev'n cork-jackets wou'd avail 'em :  
 His boat chuck-full, such screaming rose  
 From nurfes, misses, ladies, beaux,  
 That *Charon* rais'd his voice and swore,  
 While Echo answer'd from the shore,  
 " If they continued their damn'd tricks,  
 " He'd soufe them every one in *Styx* ; "  
 And ask'd them with a phiz most grim,  
 If they had ever learnt to swim ?  
 In short, he soon becalm'd the riot,  
 And made them tolerably quiet :  
 He trim'd his boat, and with a frown  
 Threatening, oblig'd them to sit down.

Order observ'd in some degree,  
 A Ghost of high pomposity,  
 With courtly air and scornful look,  
 Thus to his brother shadows spoke :  
 " Hence ! reptiles, hence ! your distance know ;  
 " Due homage to a monarch show ;  
 " Shall one of my illustrious birth,  
 " A King—a Deity on earth,



- " Be crowded thus with the *Canaille*,  
 " Fellows who stink of beef and ale ?  
 " You, *Charon*, with that dirty face,  
 " Depend on't, you shall lose your place ;  
 " My brother Sovereign *Pluto* soon  
 " Shall make you smart for what you've done  
 " Reptiles, avaunt !——at distance tend ;  
 " Your touch, look, manners, all offend."

Old *Charon* grumbling in his maw,  
 Damn'd him, and bid him *hold his jaw* ;  
 When one who, living, from the stage,  
 Had often entertain'd the age,  
 With whim *Cervantic* in his face,  
 First bowing, thus address'd his grace :  
 " All hail—great King, great Monarch, hail !  
 " Frown not, I'm not of the *Canaille* ;  
 " In me your brother *Brentford* view,  
 " I've been a King as well as you ;  
 " Like you have worn the pageant crown,  
 " And aw'd the millions with a frown,  
 " Like you too, brother *Phyl.* resign'd,  
 " And left my pageant crown behind ;  
 " But now——(good Sir, be not offended)  
 " The curtain dropt, the farce is ended :  
 " Tho' Fortune for the stage equipt us,  
 " Our wardrobe-keeper Death has stript us,  
 " And those rich robes on earth possess'd,  
 " Lie folded in the grave at rest :  
 " Maugre the rank we living bore,  
 " Like these we're shadows now—no more ;

" All,



“ All, brothers all,—at least in this,  
“ We’re but *Personæ Dramatis* ;  
“ Like them we’re bound to Critic-hall,  
“ By critic rules to rise or fall ;  
“ Where kings, lords, beggars, all must stand,  
“ And undistinguish’d hold the hand,  
“ While Justice *Minos* and his Jury  
“ (’Tis true, good brother, I assure you)  
“ Will hiss or clap, just as they find  
“ We’ve play’d the characters assign’d ;  
“ Where birth and rank pass unregarded,  
“ And merit only is rewarded.”

He spoke ;—the Monarch, sighing swore,  
“ He never heard such truths before.”



*The* PATRIOT SHEPHERD

**I**N days of yore, when beasts cou'd speak,  
 As fluently as pigs now squeak,  
 A flock of sheep, high-wool'd, rich, free,  
 Enthusiasts to Liberty,  
 Who claim'd a right, time immemorial,  
 Like other sheep-boroughs corporeal,  
 To chuse a Shepherd to attend 'em,  
 And from blood-thirsty wolves defend 'em,  
 Met on the downs in grave debate,  
 A Patriot Shepherd to create;  
 The sheep in those times, you're to note,  
 Like citizens cou'd give a vote:  
 Among the peasants who laid claim  
 To Patriot, that high-honour'd name,  
 One peasant far above the rest,  
 Of tinsel virtues was possess'd;  
 For Liberty he bellow'd loud,  
 He tickled up the sheepish croud;  
 Like them he baa'd, and always strove  
 By sheepish tricks to shew his love:  
 The lady sheep he oft caress'd,  
 To please the ladies, laugh'd and dress'd;  
 (Cou'd he but win the ewes, he thought  
 The rams might easily be caught,)  
 Of flattery lavish; sheep, like men,  
 Can swallow flattery,—now and then;  
 And more, to shew his generous mind,  
 His gold was scatter'd like the wind;

“ The

“ Tho’ ev’ry favour, ev’ry treat is  
“ (He scorns to bribe) still given *gratis* ;”  
So popular, none dare oppose,  
He soon was *chair’d*, and Shepherd chose.

Too true the axiom we find,  
*Preferment warps the human mind* ;  
No longer now with patriot zeal  
He baa’d aloud for Common-weal ;  
The fish was caught, the net thrown by,  
Wove by that demon *Bribery* :  
He talk’d of nothing but obedience,  
Of shepherd’s pow’r, and sheep’s allegiance ;  
He fleece’d ’em without rhyme or reason,  
Regardless of or time or season ;  
Drove them to market, and there fold  
His free-born sheep for king-stamp’d gold ;  
And when of grievances they spoke,  
He answer’d thus with sneering look :

“ Those fools who sell themselves for gain,  
“ Of slavery never shou’d complain :  
“ And give me leave, good sheep, to tell ye,  
“ I bought ye, and by G—d I’ll sell ye.”

The moral, Sir ?——I’m not inclin’d  
To hold a mirror to the blind.

RIGHT.

RIGHT-HAND *and* LEFT.

**T**HE Right-Hand,—'twas but t'other day,  
 Thus to the Left was heard to say ;  
 " If some folks knew themselves 'twere well,  
 " Give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell ;  
 " 'Twould be with manners more consistent,  
 " If, Sir, you keep a little distant ;  
 " Because forsooth I condescend  
 " Sometimes to use you as a friend,  
 " Kindly to clasp, embrace, and shake you,  
 " When frosty seasons chilly make you,  
 " You think, tho' so much underbred,  
 " Equal with me to hold your head ;  
 " A poor low Ignorant ! while I  
 " The noblest scenes of art supply :  
 " By me his wonders Genius shows,  
 " By me the mimic canvas glows ;  
 " 'Tis I who Wisdom's truths explain,  
 " I'm premier midwife to the brain,  
 " And what the Sisters nine indite,  
 " Wou'd perish, Sir, did I not write ;  
 " Lovers by me their pains reveal,  
 " The cards I shuffle, cut, and deal :  
 " But what's superior to the rest,  
 " (Of merit the undoubted test)  
 " The Fair I'm licens'd to approach,  
 " To lead them to their chair or coach ;

" Thus



" Thus blest, 'tis I, Sir, can impart  
" Raptures most trilling to the heart;  
" While You, with aukwardness disguis'd,  
" Are to a proverb ev'n despis'd:  
" So, good *Sinifler*, judge the sequel,  
" You're not to think yourself my equal."

*Sinifler*, cool and free from passion,  
Thus answer'd *Dexter* his relation:

" Good brother!—say whate'er you will,  
" You're only my twin-brother still;  
" What's all this mighty fuss about?  
" You quite forget yourself, I doubt;  
" In every thing you undertake,  
" What a strange figure wou'd you make  
" By me unaided, worthy Sir!  
" You'd look as drole as one-ear'd cur:  
" You know in quibbling I delight,  
" You're sometimes *wrong*, tho' always *right*:  
" In every monument of art  
" I never fail to bear a part;  
" The *Muses'* business I cou'd do  
" Upon a pinch, as well as you;  
" And with the Fair, the hand that gives  
" The heart, and mutually receives,  
" Or Right or Left, 'tis all the same,  
" Such trifles burning hearts disclaim:  
" In dancing too—nay, never stare,  
" Right-hand and Left my worth declare;  
" And *Hoyle* himself, without my aid,  
" Wou'd find quadrille an aukward trade.  
" Those

“ Those great advantages you boast,  
“ Are accidental at the most ;  
“ To education they are due,  
“ Not to intrinsic worth in you ;  
“ With equal talents born, had I  
“ Been *taught* my talents to apply,  
“ You had not call’d me your inferior,  
“ But, envious, found me your superior ;  
“ For envy in that breast must dwell,  
“ That with Pride’s meanness thus can swell.

“ What’s your’s, chance might have made another’s,  
“ Tho’ Right and Left, we still are Brothers.”

When pedant clerks with scornful eye,  
Unletter’d Ignorants decry,  
Like Turkey-cocks the *Things* survey,  
As form’d of an inferior clay,  
Aloud they to the world proclaim,  
Learning and Sense are not the same :  
His brow tho’ wreath’d in learning’s prize,  
A man may not be over wise ;  
For tho’ with education join’d,  
Sense brighter glows and more refin’d,  
In wisdom’s volume ’tis a rule,  
*Learning but magnifies the Fool.*

## The P E T.

MAMMA's sole comfort, all her joy,  
Was center'd in one darling boy;  
She doated on her petted *Willy*,  
Yet never cub more pert or filly;  
He ne'er was suffer'd to be chid,  
And all was right that *Willy* did:  
The little bird-eggs, plac'd in rows  
High-strung, his many thefts disclose;  
In drowning kittens, torturing flies,  
Destroying nests, with cruelties  
Of a like wanton barbarous sort,  
Were master *Willy's* favourite sport.  
To humour him, Mamma intent,  
Gave to each wish encouragement;  
Whate'er he ask'd was got to please him,  
She cou'd not bear to fret and teaze him.

One day young *Willy* truant play'd,  
(An adept *Willy* in that trade)  
At noon no darling came to bless  
Mamma, and claim the fond carefs;  
Alarm'd, she sent the village round,—  
No master *Willy* to be found,—  
At length impatient, out she went,  
To chide and lecture fully bent;  
She sought and sought, but all in vain,  
A thousand fears distract her brain,

When



When lo ! a distant crowd espying,  
 As thither she was anxious hying,  
 A neighbour met her with a look  
 That strongly some disaster spoke :  
 He told her that her son was drown'd,  
 His body in the river found ;  
 That old *Cathartic* passing by  
 Had mark'd it with a careful eye,  
 And, after much observance, said,  
 " The boy was positively dead."—  
 Mamma turn'd pale, she ran, she flew,  
 She found her neighbour's tidings true ;  
 She beat her bosom, tore her hair,  
 She rail'd at Heav'n, she scream'd despair,  
 When from a yew-tree near the road,  
 That in th' adjacent church-yard stood,  
 A little Linnet, fore oppress'd,  
 The wailing mother thus addrest :

" Thou wretch ! tho' to another's moan  
 " Thy heart more obdurate than stone,  
 " You now for your own child can show  
 " A mother's wild extreme of woe ;  
 " How many little ones of mine  
 " To please that savage brat of thine  
 " Have been tormented, rack'd, and torn !  
 " (Alas ! that ever I was born !)  
 " For which just Heav'n thro' him has sent  
 " Your long-deserved punishment.

" His murderous searchings to elude,  
 " And save my little unfledg'd brood,

" Deep



“ Deep in a tree that form’d a shade  
 “ Over the stream, my nest I made;  
 “ ’Twas all in vain, his prying eye  
 “ Caught my sequester’d privacy;  
 “ But in th’ attempt *my* peace to wound,  
 “ His own too lenient death he found:  
 “ Had he surviv’d to plague the earth,  
 “ You wou’d have curs’d his hour of birth:  
 “ Filial Ingratitude, that Pest,  
 “ Had plung’d a dagger in your breast:—  
 “ Hence! fly! and on your knees thank Heaven  
 “ That such a kindly exit’s giv’n;  
 “ His days prolong’d to man’s estate,  
 “ A halter must have prov’d his fate.

“ Had you, when Reason’s dawn began,  
 “ To goodness form’d the future man,  
 “ The weeds of Vice pluck’d by the root,  
 “ The moment when observ’d to shoot,  
 “ And by example mark’d the road  
 “ That leads to Virtue’s bright abode,  
 “ He then had prov’d a different creature,  
 “ For custom gives a Second Nature.

“ You are his murd’rer:—’Tis to you  
 “ His crimes and death are chiefly due.”



*The* RUSSETING and RED-STREAK CRAB.

“ **B**ETSEY, (cries fond Mamma) come here,

“ And taste this *Russeting*, my dear;

“ Its flavour exquisitely sweet,

“ Indulge, and thank me for my treat.”

*Betsey* a *Red-streak Crab* espying,

Near *Russeting* on table lying,

With nose turn'd up, the little elf

Exclaims, “ I'll cater for myself;

“ This pretty *Red-streak* shall be mine,

“ It looks so tempting, gay and fine;

“ The *Russet* give to sister *Nancy*,

“ Such fruit may suit her vulgar fancy,

“ 'Tis frightful!—horrid!—I detest

“ Or Man or Apple meanly drest.”

In vain Mamma wou'd *Betsey* govern,

*Betsey's* too selfish, proud, and stubborn;

And tho' she hears Mamma alledge

*Red-streak* wou'd set her teeth on edge;

Ev'n tho' Mamma lays strict command

That she wou'd stop her eager hand,

Yet still our little *Eve*, with eyes

Devouring, views the tempting prize,

Snatches *Beau Crab*, and flies away,

O'erjoy'd to get her wish'd-for prey.

Most females this opinion hold,

Be they or young, or be they old,

E'er since an apple first was eat,

That fruit *forbidden* is most sweet.

The *Red-streak* seiz'd, poor *Betsy* finds  
There's no dependence upon rinds :  
'Tis crabbed,—hard,—and what of late  
She long'd for, now provokes her hate :  
Her looks a mind chagrin'd display,  
She throws the treacherous fruit away,  
And, sighing, wishes with a tear,  
To kind Mamma she'd lent an ear.

Her sister, who as Misses shou'd,  
Honour'd her parents, and was good,  
The *Russet* takes with thankful glee,  
And, smiling, feasts deliciously.

My pretty Misses, pray be wise,  
And trust not wholly to your eyes,  
Nor parents' tenderness abuse,  
They best know how your fruit to chuse :  
At least this compliment is due  
From You to Them, from Them to You ;  
Parents shou'd ne'er with tyrant will  
*Force* down your throat the bitter pill ;  
Nor you ungratefully *deceive*,  
And *snatch* the fruit without their leave.





## St CATHARINE.

**A** Reverend Monk and honest Clown  
 Journeying towards a market-town,  
 The way lay thro' a public road,  
 Where good St *Catharine's* Image stood;  
 The pious Monk obeisance made,  
 Th' unheeding Clown nor bow'd nor pray'd,  
 But onward pass'd; struck with surprize,  
 "What! are you blind? (the Father cries)  
 "Behold where good St *Catharine* stands,  
 "The Saint your reverence demands;  
 "Quick on your knees atonement make,  
 "Lest Heaven's high wrath in thunder break  
 "O'er your devoted head:" The Clown  
 Regardless of the Father's frown,  
 Laughing reply'd: "What there you view  
 "Within my home-sted lately grew;  
 "And that fine form which now it shows,  
 "To neighbour *Mudge* the carver owes:  
 "Shall I in reverence bend the knee  
 "To an old stunt crab-apple tree?  
 "If that grim Lady is a Saint,  
 "That piece of wood bedaub'd with paint,  
 "My home-sted must be *Holy Ground*,  
 "Where Saint Crab-apple trees abound."

"A tree I own it was, or rather  
 "A downright log," replies the Father,  
 "Till Church by holy Ordination  
 "(A kind of Transubstantiation)  
 "Gave *quondam* Log a new creation:



" A Saint 'tis now in every sense,  
 " Therefore atone for your offence ;  
 " Beg good St *Catharine's* intercession  
 " To cleanse you from your foul transgression,  
 " Or *Satan*, with his brimstone pickle,  
 " Your carbonaded hide will tickle."

The frighted Peasant knelt and pray'd,  
 Then rising, shrugg'd, and sighing said,  
 " That she's a Saint I'll not dispute,  
 " The Church commands, and I am mute ;  
 " And yet,—shall I my weakness own ?  
 " To Me she seems a *wooden* one :  
 " Ev'n at the instant I adore,  
 " I'm thinking of the *Crabs* she bore."

How many *titled* things we find  
 Set up as Idols to mankind !  
 Who, when their value's understood,  
 Are meer St *Catharines*, *gilded Sticks of Wood*."



*The* B E A R *and* G A R D E N E R.

**I**N the days of old *Pilpay* there flourish'd a Bear,  
 Good-natur'd, free, gentle, and quite debonnaire;  
 Tho' shaggy his form, yet his soul was polite,  
 And to live among men was Sir *Bruin's* delight:  
 This Bear had a heart that to friendship inclin'd,  
 In *Adam* he found a warm friend to his mind;  
*Orestes* and *Pylades* were not more kind:  
 A Gard'ner was *Adam*, extremely well known  
 For friendship with *Bruin*, in country and town;  
 Whenever friend *Adam* was seen, you might swear  
 His four-legged brother wou'd shortly appear;  
 Or if good Sir *Bruin* you any time spy'd,  
 The Gard'ner was always observ'd by his side;  
 They fed at one table,—may further, 'tis said,  
 ('Tho' that's somewhat doubtful) both lay in one bed.  
 With toiling o'ercome, in the shade as one day  
 Poor *Adam* a snoring most happily lay,  
 Friend *Bruin* sat squat on his bum to attend him,  
 Lest during his sleep man or beast shou'd offend him.  
 Not long had our centinel watch'd, when in from  
 A monstrous huge flesh-fly came sounding his horn,  
 In circles round *Adam* he eagerly flew,  
 And lur'd by rich vapours that rose like a dew,  
 On *Adam's* moist forehead he settled,—and then,  
 When beat off he flew—to his forehead again;  
 He buzz'd so, and teaz'd so, and still was so loud,  
 That *Bruin* in vengeance destruction avow'd;  
 At length, slyly watching, he saw him alight  
 To feast on the lips of his friend as in spite:

“ Oh,

“ Oh, ho, (quo’ Sir Bruin) I have you, my dear,  
 “ You soundly shall pay, by the lord, for your cheer;”  
 When sending full-drive a large stone at the foe,  
 He crush’d him at once with a death-dealing blow;  
 And just as he shouted to see the fly dead,  
 He saw all poor Adam’s teeth drop from his head.

*Admit it as a certain Rule,  
 Friendship is dangerous from a Fool.*

---

### PLUMB-PUDDING.

TWO Boys at Christmas dinner seated,  
 With pudding richly plumb’d were treated;  
 Their plates well heap’d they gladly view’d,  
 But each a different plan pursu’d;  
 Jack, greedy of the luscious fare,  
 Pick’d out the plumbs with wond’rous care,  
 And eating, vow’d——“ ’Twas special good:”  
 His plumbs devour’d, the remnant food  
 Quite plain, now prov’d a worthless store,  
 He tasted, but cou’d eat no more;  
 The sweets had spoil’d his relish quite,  
 (Pudding unplumb’d gives no delight)  
 And to acquire more plumbs unable,  
 Hungry, he crying left the table.

With



With much more caution *Dick* proceeds,  
And on the plumbless portion feeds ;  
His meal determin'd to conclude  
With plumbs, that rich delicious food :  
But when the plain was swallow'd, *Dick*  
Found himself belly'd like a tick ;  
His appetite, alas, was flown,  
Even for plumbs his relish gone ;  
Like *Tantalus* he view'd his store,  
Unhappy he cou'd hold no more,  
And what was sav'd with miser care,  
A better appetite must heir.

He who his plumbs unmix'd destroys,  
Will soon regret his short-liv'd joys ;  
While he who keeps 'em for the last,  
Too late will mourn a blunted taste :  
Then let us take the plain with sweet,  
And like good boys our pudding eat,  
Just as 'tis cut us from above,  
Nor prodigals nor misers prove.





## MISS NANCY.

THE fondling parents teaze and fret,  
Lest Death shou'd snatch their little pet ;  
Miss Nancy, by devouring sweets,  
Was grown the colour of her sheets ;  
Have them she wou'd, what heart so cruel  
To contradict so sweet a Jewel !  
For tho' a prodigy of wit,  
Miss scarce had seen four twelve-months yet :—  
What's to be done ? 'Twas time Sir *Mentor*,  
Their old physician, shou'd be sent for ;  
He came, he felt her pulse ;—when brib'd,  
Bitters and gruel were prescrib'd ;  
But how, alas, shall Miss be brought  
To swallow such a nauseous draught ?

Tho' very young, *Nancy* observ'd  
Mamma with tea was duly serv'd,  
And often whimpering cry'd, " 'Twas hard  
" *Nancy* from tea shou'd be debarr'd :"  
The hint Mamma with prudence takes,  
In tea-pot the prescription makes,  
The healthful viand serves to *Nancy*,  
This straightway tickles Miss's fancy,  
Proud to be thought a Woman grown,  
The bitter draught goes kindly down ;  
And tho' her face she sometimes screw'd,  
She vow'd, " it was *immensely* good :"

Milk

Milk too, tho' sugar'd, henceforth scorning,  
 She drank her med'cine every morning,  
 And took it with a seeming glee,  
 Because Mamma furnam'd it *Tea*.

*Let not grown Wisdom with a smile,  
 Miss Nancy's childish folly blame;  
 For few now breathe in Albion's Isle,  
 Who are not cheated by a Name.*

---

*The* SWINE and ERMINE.

“ **T**HOU filthy beast, thou worse than vermin,  
 “ (Thus to a Swine exclaims an Ermine)  
 “ Avaunt! at proper distance know  
 “ The difference 'twixt a clown and beau;  
 “ A Swine! There is not in all Nature  
 “ So dirty, under-bred a creature:  
 “ How can mankind such neighbours bear?  
 “ You poison and pollute the air.”

“ Thou gaudy *Trifle!*” with disdain  
 Retorts the Swine, “ thy pride restrain;  
 “ Such finikin spruce *Things* as you  
 “ With just contempt and scorn I view:  
 “ Let Man our different worth decide,  
 “ His judgment soon will quell your pride;

“ We

“ We and our numerous tasteful breed,  
“ ‘Thoufands and thoufands daily feed ;  
“ And what to Man’s more quicken’d fenfe  
“ Wou’d otherwife give great offence,  
“ By Us of coarfer palates taken  
“ As food, becomes good pork and bacon ;  
“ Concocted thro’ our chymic veins,  
“ It yields both nourifhment and gains,  
“ And every Swine may boast, good Sir,  
“ He’s *Nature’s* useful *Scavenger* ;  
“ The holy Priest will take our part,  
“ Sir *Hugh* loves Tithe-pig from his heart ;  
“ Riches we give and fufenance,  
“ While all *your* boasted excellence  
“ Is, with that worthlefs skin of thine,  
“ To make your brother coxcombs fhine.”

*Judge not of worth by outward fhew,  
A Clown’s more useful than a Beau.*



## The TWO PAPER KITES.

*(Addressed to a Young Gentleman at School.)*

**T**WO Paper Kites suspended high,  
 With flaming lanthorns grac'd the sky,  
 While crowds below admire the glare,  
 And think each light a blazing star :  
 Cries one of these night birds with pride,  
 (The other fluttering by his side)  
 " Left to ourselves, with ease we might  
 " To yonder regions wing our flight,  
 " Spurn those poor earth-encircling skies,  
 " And to the lunar world uprise ;  
 " But these vile cords by which we're bound  
 " Genius and worth like ours confound ;  
 " One struggle, spirited, might free  
 " And give us both our liberty ;  
 " Uncurb'd we safely then might rove,  
 " And laugh at earth-worms from above."

" Hold, not so fast," replies the other,  
 " Think, think a little, my good brother :  
 " To these restraints you so despise,  
 " We owe the very power to rise ;  
 " Without their help, we might remain  
 " Unnotic'd Nothings on the plain ;  
 " Or worse,—on furious tempests borne,  
 " Be whirled, hurried, dash'd, and torn :  
 " Tho' paper kites were made to fly,  
 " Cords were design'd to hold them by,  
 " And those by whom we're guided, know  
 " How far with safety we may go ;



"Balanc'd by them, we thus aspire,  
"While wond'ring crowds our blaze admire."

The self-sufficient Kite, with sneer  
Laugh'd at his fellow-flutterer's fear,  
When instant, a brisk gale arising,  
His friends intreaties too despising,  
With one smart jerk his hold he broke,  
And flew before the wind like smoke ;  
Now here—now there—hurried and tost,  
He falls to earth, torn, shatter'd, lost ;  
While his more wise and happy friend  
A different fate and praise attend ;  
By Prudence held, secure he flies,  
A meteor to admiring eyes.

If, *Carlos*, you consider right,  
You're little better than a Kite ;  
Quite volatile, and by the bye,  
A shandy tenant of the sky :  
Those happy talents now you boast,  
May smother'd be, perhaps quite lost ;  
Or worse, may prove your direst bane,  
If left to frolic without rein :  
Shou'd you your tutor's guidance scorn,  
By Passion's furious tempest borne,  
Hurry'd and lost, on Folly's shore  
You'll fall,—alas !—to rise no more ;  
But guided by his skilful hand,  
May soar an honour to the land ;  
Beam blessings from your high-born station,  
And shine the star of an applauding nation.

*The* POOL and BROOK.

WITH frog-spawn, weeds, and mud-stain'd  
creffes,

A stagnate Pool was mantled o'er,  
And thus a neighb'ring Brook addresses,  
While flinks eoz'd plenteous from each pore.

- " Lord! what a slavish life you lead,  
" Still on the gallop, at high speed!  
" You toil and labour like a horse;  
" A life like yours is death,—'tis worse;  
" If a poor pebble cross your way,  
" You brawl and bicker all the day;  
" A stranger to the honey'd pleasure  
" Of indolence and yawning leisure:  
" Example take from Me,—be wise,—  
" In Idleness true pleasure lies;  
" Who wou'd a life of toil digest,  
" Cou'd they like me perpetual rest?"

He said, and yawn'd:—The sprightly Brook  
Stop'd not, but thus *en passant* spoke:

- " Indeed, good Signior *Stagnoso*,  
" Th' advice you give me is but so so;  
" However onward as I go,  
" I'll in return a word bestow:  
" You doze a lazy life away!  
" What are the consequences, pray?"

" Frogs,

" Frogs, lizards, toads within you-breed,  
" And on your muddy entrails feed ;  
" Such savoury odour from you flows !  
" (Excuse me if I stop my nose)  
" Your steams the very air pollute ;  
" You're scorn'd by man, you're shunn'd by brute !  
" While I, by Exercise kept clear,  
" The speckled trout and gudgeon bear ;  
" Can furnish a delicious feast,  
" With bev'rage meet for man and beast.

" For all her offspring up to man,  
" Nature design'd an active plan,  
" But shou'd they once resemble you,  
" Ruin eternal must ensue :  
" A life like yours is out of Nature,  
" Zounds ! rouse, and be an active creature."

He ceas'd, and as he tripp'd along,  
Chearfully wimp'd forth a song.

The Squire o'erheard this short debate,  
The Pool was drain'd, and met its fate ;  
The Brook increas'd in his esteem,  
Nor weeds were suffer'd near the stream.

## H A B I T.

STEPHEN, a youth of *Eton* school,  
 Somewhat inclin'd to ridicule,  
 Had great delight in *Taking off*,  
 And making stuttering *Jack* his scoff:  
*Jack* when oblig'd, poor lad, to speak  
 Sesquipedalian heathen Greek,  
 In *Stephen* pitiless, unkind,  
 Was sure a mocking bird to find,  
 That with a most sarcastic glee  
 Echo'd his class-mate to a T,  
 While laughter from the school-boy train,  
 Made *Stephen* not a little vain.

In Oratory tho' deficient,  
*Jack* had of Wisdom share sufficient,  
 And to the *Taker off* thus spoke,—  
 " Too long, good Sir, I've been your joke  
 " Henceforth my ev'ry nerve I'll strain,  
 " To mimic *you* and chatter plain;  
 " 'Twill then be tit for tat, good *Stephen*,  
 " And scores paid off, we shall be even."

Firm to his point, *Jack* perseveres,  
 And maugre *Stephen's* jokes and sneers,  
 His words, which erst like crowds too thick  
 In narrow passage us'd to stick,  
 He wisely now makes one by one,  
 Unelbow'd, gently to move on:

Watch-



Watchful of every thing he says,  
 Each syllable he careful weighs,  
 And finds among his axioms plenty,  
 None equal to *festina lente* :  
*Fabius*, he knew, by wise delay  
 To conquest pay'd the certain way,  
 And *Dann* by following the same rule  
 Made *Prussia's* monarch look like fool ;  
 Each phrase, when by himself, repeats  
 A thousand times, and toils and sweats  
 Till *Habit* gives an unhitch'd ease ;  
 The task grows lighter by degrees,  
 And *Jack* now speaks with pliant tongue,  
 Free as *Miss Kitty* all-day long ;  
 While *Stephen* to his sorrow finds,  
 That *Use* like second Nature binds,  
 And by long aping wiser *Jack*,  
 Stutters whene'er he opes his clack.

To *Habit* since so much is due,  
 Good Reader, or in me or you.  
 With caution let us point its course,  
 Ere it acquire too great a force :  
 At first, when of a pigmy size,  
 Its stealing influence we despise,  
 But shortly to a giant grown,  
 It fills, despotic, Nature's throne.

*Both soul and body own its reign ;  
 We may be virtuous, or speak plain.*

## B U T.

**E**NVY, a Spectre, frightful, thin;  
 The darling progeny of sin,  
 (Her Sire, as ancient poets tell,  
 The lowest, meanest Fiend in Hell)  
 A blear-ey'd Hag; her only food  
 Men's hearts; her bev'rage human blood;  
 And in her mouth, instead of tongue,  
 A thousand poison'd arrows hung,  
 Had long with unremitting spite  
 Peopled the realms of pain and night.

The infernal monarch, as in duty  
 Bound to her goodness and her beauty,  
 Pour'd favours multiplied upon her,  
 Pension'd, and dubb'd her *Maid of Honour*,  
 Commanding *Pride*, his *King at Arms*,  
 (No stranger to Miss *Envy's* charms)  
 'To make her out an ancestry  
 Long as a *Welchman's* pedigree,  
 And spite of Truth and Virtue prove,  
 If possible, she sprung from *Jove*:  
 This, herald-like, *Pride* soon effected,  
 Nor was her Coat of Arms neglected:  
 The shield was fable, the device  
 Two toads, two snakes, and ditto lice;  
 Three vipers gnawing at a breast  
 Serv'd Madam *Envy* for her crest;

In short, the blaze, crest, shield and coat,  
 The fair one's mighty worth denote; ¶  
 The fair one! Let not that perplex,  
 Females are all of the fair sex,  
 And be they olive, dingy, brown,  
 They're *Fair Ones* call'd throughout the town.

The arms made out, some small dispute  
 Arose, what motto best wou'd suit;  
 Quoth *Envy*, grinning out a smile  
 That spoke her spleen and eke her guile,  
 " My motto, Signior *Pride*, shall be  
 " Three favourite Letters, *B, U, T* :  
 " By Hell and all the fiends below,  
 " To *But*, that syllable, I owe  
 " More hellish joys—nay stare not, *Pride*,—  
 " Than all the verbal class beside;  
 " Search the whole dictionary round,  
 " No word so envious can be found;  
 " Aided by *But*, I dare commend,  
 " And stab beneath the veil of friend :  
 " With praise suspicion I disarm,  
 " Then comes dear *But* with hellish charm,  
 " And rankles in the very core,  
 " Blasting the praise was giv'n before;  
 " Thus poison's best in sweets conceal'd,  
 " Thus falshood's hid beneath Truth's shield.

" No word like *But* my spite conveys,  
 " *But* be my motto—*But* my praise."



*The* TWO CANDLES.

**T**WO Candles, burning in a hall,  
 The one Large-wick, the other Small,  
 While Large-wick shone, all chearful, bright,  
 The other scarce gave any light,  
 But in a corner on a shelf,  
 Just glimmer'd like a half-starv'd elf;  
 Cries Small-wick, sneering, to the other,  
 " You blaze away, my showy brother,  
 " But that superior light you boast,  
 " Must soon, so quick you burn, be lost,  
 " While, to self-preservation true,  
 " I shall outlive three such as you."—  
 Large-wick, directed by the sound,  
 His dim-ey'd neighbour quickly found,  
 Who else must have unnotic'd been,  
 A worthless *Nothing* overseen,  
 And thus reply'd:—" Thou gloomy aid  
 " To *Grip*'s starv'd and starving trade,  
 " Thou *darkness visible*, scarce seen,  
 " Thou fit companion for the spleen,  
 " From thy poor Gasconade desist,  
 " Yours is not Life,—you but *exist*;  
 " While I, the few short hours I know,  
 " In doing good my time bestow:  
 " Candles are destin'd to supply  
 " The want of *Phæbus* in the sky,  
 " Like supplemental Suns, to light  
 " And gild with chearfulness the night;



" To lengthen life, and kindly shower  
 " That first of blessings, visual power :  
 " This, my few hours, I joyous do,  
 " While such poor selfish things as you  
 " Who hugger-mugger spend your rays,  
 " And have not souls to give a blaze,  
 " Are still unnotic'd by mankind,  
 " But when you leave a stink behind."

The contest ended, *Susan* took  
 Small-wick from his sequester'd nook,  
 And thrust him in a new-laid fire,  
 There, unregarded, to expire ;  
 While, 'mid surrounding beauties plac'd,  
 Large-wick, within the parlour grac'd,  
 A bright enlivening lustre throws,  
 And to the last his spirit shows.

Souls are like Candle-wicks ; when small,  
 They scarce give any light at all ;  
 When large, they're public blessings found,  
 Beaming their happy blaze around ;  
 And if our lives, as fages show,  
 Are measur'd by the good we do,  
 And not by days and months,—I fear  
 Too many Small-wicks will appear,  
 Whose lives, their palsied heads tho' grey,  
 Are shorter than a Winter's day ;—  
 Who may be said, with truth's consistence,  
 Barely to know the *Twilight of Existence*.

FIRE,

FIRE, EARTH, *and* WATER.

**Y**OU ask me, *Jack*, without disguise,  
 (First hinting I am wond'rous wise)  
 What are my thoughts of *Nan*, while she  
 The same requests concerning thee :—  
 My thoughts if honestly I paint,  
 Nor You nor Madam shines a faint ;  
 To wedlock both I know inclin'd,  
 Yet both, I know, are passion-blind :  
 That you're a miser, *Jack*, she knows not,  
 That she's extravagant she shows not ;  
 That you're ill-tongu'd she don't behold,  
 Nor you, that she's an arrant scold ;  
 She dreams not you'll be soon in jail,  
 Nor you, that Miss is—somewhat frail :  
 In short, the match, if match it prove,  
 Will be a match of Hate, not Love :—  
 Where passions, humours, age agree,  
 Wedlock's celestial harmony ;  
 Where these are wanting, 'tis a curse,  
 'Tis Hell ; if possible, 'tis worse :  
 You ask me for advice, I give it,  
 And yet I know you'll not receive it ;  
 I know what here I write you'll show her ;  
 I know your weakness won't forego her ;  
 I know full well you'll both unite,  
 To pelt me with your keenest spite :  
 Yet ere you make your dread attack,  
 List to a Fable, simple *Jack*.

*Fire,*

*Fire, Earth, and Water*, neighbours three,  
Had liv'd some time in amity;  
You're to observe tho', by the bye,  
That *Earth* had most prudentially  
Twixt *Fire* and *Water* fix'd his station,  
To guard 'gainst future altercation,  
And by his wisdom and great care,  
Had kept his neighbours on the square;  
For tho' in temper differing wide,  
They liv'd in peace, while *Earth* was guide,  
Till Love, who warms the coldest heart,  
Pierc'd fair *Miss Water* with a dart,  
And breathing strong on *Fire* his sighs,  
Blew the youth's flame above the skies.  
To *Earth* the lovers both apply,  
(They held his prudence wond'rous high)  
In *Hymen's* bonds if 'twere not right  
Like virtuous lovers to unite?  
*Earth*, all amazement and surprize,  
Thus to the Bedlam pair replies:  
"You're sure distracted, or 'tis plain,  
"The thought cou'd ne'er infect your brain;  
"Shou'd you in union ever meet,  
"Your mutual ruin were compleat:  
"Between you fix'd my situation,  
"Thus long has prov'd your preservation:  
"But if you wed, sure as a gun  
"You'll both be utterly undone:  
"You might as well,—'tis all a jest,  
"Think of uniting east and west."

This



This sage advice the lovers heard,  
But, lovers-like, their own preferr'd;  
Prudential bars they now despise,  
Nor longer hold their neighbour wife;  
By passion fool'd, they wed, they kiss,  
Ruin takes place of fancy'd blifs;  
Such chaos, uproar, and vexation,  
All Hell seem'd broke from its foundation;  
Not *Phaeton*, from chariot tumbling,  
The world on fire, the gods all grumbling,  
Made greater tintemar and rattling,  
Than this new-wedded pair in battling;  
She boil'd with rage, he roar'd with pain,  
She quench'd, he roar'd, she quench'd again;  
No friendly *Earth* to heal their strife,  
('Tis dangerous parting man and wife)  
Till pitying Death with kindly stroke,  
Finish'd their Beings in a Smoke.





## The L A R K and M A G P I E S.

*(On hearing a Friend decry'd by some Wou'd-be's.)*

A MONG the brilliants of mankind,  
 How many Wou'd-be Wits we find !  
 Pert, dull, and loud, to censure prone,  
 With no ideas of their own ?  
 Without a smile who *Sterne* read o'er,  
 At *Miller's* jests yet loudly roar ;  
 Unfeeling of true *Attic* glee,  
 Who think all sociability  
 Consists in noise and ribaldry. }

A Lark whose trillings were inspir'd,  
 By every bird of taste admir'd,  
 Who oft his visits to *Parnass*  
 Upwing'd, a pleasing hour to pass,  
 Where in *Castalia's* magic rill  
 He sometimes dipt his little bill,  
 And then in sweet *Arcadian* strains,  
 Warbled of hills, dales, groves and plains,  
 Was by the million little known,  
 Because, retir'd, he liv'd alone.

A corps of Magpies who had plac'd  
 Themselves upon the throne of taste,  
 Sent Signior Lark an invitation,  
 " To join them at a slight collation,  
 " Where none but Magpies blithe and hearty,  
 " The *Cream of Wits*, shou'd grace the party."

K

He

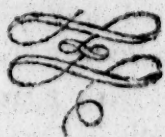
He came—he hail'd the Wou'd-be crew,  
Around the room loud nonsense flew;  
'They dully jest, they dully laugh,  
Their wit, not wit in grain, but chaff:  
The Lark, a modest well-bred bird,  
Cou'd scarce thrust in a single word;  
Whene'er he spoke no ear inclin'd,  
His wit was rather too refin'd;  
'The *choicest spirit* he, who most  
Cou'd drink, or give the lewdest toast,  
And murdering female reputation,  
Appear'd their favourite recreation:  
Some bellow'd out a witless song;  
Some, gossip tales made wond'rous long;  
While some their prowess loud resound,  
Wielding their airy fauchions round;  
Thus bully cravens bear, 'tis said,  
The largest cock's-combs on their head.

As arbiters of sense and song,  
Some analys'd the feather'd throng;  
With them, "The Linnet's note's too low,  
"The Finch a trifling tuneless beau,  
"The Thrush a downright noisy screamer,  
"The Red-breast a dull sleepy dreamer,  
"The Nightingale, a bird whose lay  
"Wou'd pass unnotic'd in the day:"  
"In short, no fowl that wings the air,  
'They said, "with Magpies cou'd compare;"  
They drank, disputed, chatter'd, swore,  
*And brainless Folly kept the door.*

The Lark, with indignation fir'd,  
Soon made his *Congé*, and retir'd.

With critic shrug and scornful eye,  
When gone, the *Mags* their guest decry;  
"What! this a songster!—Ev'n the Owl  
"Seems not a more insipid fowl;  
"Amid our humour, mirth, and wit,  
"How humdrum did the *being* sit!  
"To cradle since I bade adieu,  
"So dull a bird I never knew;  
"Nay, what completely mark'd him dunce,  
"He pass'd the bottle more than once;  
"And then for music!—may I die  
"If there's one note of melody;  
"He makes a furious noise, 'tis true,  
"So does the Thrush and Blackbird too:  
"Critics I hate, who cur-like bark,  
"But——Heav'n be prais'd! I'm not a Lark."

*A Wit 'mong fools will ever pass  
(Fools still are purblind) for an ass.*





## MISS CRAMBO.

**M**ISS *Crambo*, a pert chattering Maid,  
 One of the ballad-singing trade,  
 Born in the *North*, a Monk her Sire,  
 A poor sub-chaunter in a choir,  
 Her Mother a low cottage Lads,  
 Unknown at *Athens* or *Parnass*;  
 As on a certain time she sped,  
 Jingling her bells across the mead,  
 Still chaunted, as she tripp'd along,  
 Some sprightly tale or pleasing song.

The Muse, whom Fortune brought that way,  
 Hearing Miss *Crambo*'s various lay,  
 (MARGARET'S GHOST, DAN *Prior*'s LADLE,  
 With others—sonnet, tale, and fable)  
 Attentive stop'd, and by her look  
 A smiling approbation spoke;  
 Miss saw her, and with lowly mien  
 Approaching, thus address'd the Queen:

“ Inspirer of the human mind,  
 “ Thou first of blessings to mankind,  
 “ Who to thy votaries gives to know  
 “ All that *Elysium* can bestow,  
 “ A gracious ear in mercy lend,  
 “ And oh! a suppliant's prayer attend,  
 “ Whose darling wish is, in your train  
 “ A place, however low, to gain;  
 “ Of this vast honour once possess,  
 “ Poor *Crambo* 'll be supremely blest.”

With



With look that spoke benignity,  
The muse rais'd *Grambo* from her knee ;  
“ I grant (she cry'd) what you petition,  
“ But on the following condition ;  
“ That mindful of your lowly birth,  
“ You never quit your native earth,  
“ Where the employment I allot,  
“ Shall be some pretty fringe to knot,  
“ Which, when dispos'd to take the air,  
“ If pleasing, I perchance may wear ;  
“ Or in an undress, when I deign  
“ To frolic on the verdant plain ;  
“ This, with some favourite song or tale,  
“ You're at my bidding not to fail ;  
“ But never dare to intermingle  
“ With eagle-soarings your light jingle,  
“ Nor, vanity-impell'd, presume  
“ To interrupt me when I *plume* ;  
“ Your ornaments, however gay,  
“ Wou'd but retard me on my way ;  
“ Like fetters prove to bar my flight,  
“ And keep me from that azure height,  
“ With some *few* favourite beings, where  
“ I feast on blifs not dreamt of here ;  
“ Raptures to all unfelt, unknown,  
“ But souls congenial to my own.”

Miss *Grambo* curtsy'd, and with speed  
To every article agreed ;  
The Muse's *livery* put on,  
She with the queen a favourite shone,

In all her *Sparrow* flights attended,  
Nor to the Eagle's azure sphere pretended.

As cobbler methodistic teacher,  
Is parson call'd and *gifted* preacher,  
Or country scraper stil'd musician,  
Or village tooth-drawer physician;  
Thus modern poets, fring'd with rhyme,  
Are often rank'd as bards sublime;  
Your short-wing'd sparrow flights may show  
How far plume-fetter'd Wits can go,  
Who, jingling Crambos, from their birth  
Are doom'd to the purlicus of earth;  
But nobler spirits, free as air,  
Beyond *Olympus'* summit dare,  
Nor stoop but at celestial game,  
Not *courting*—but *commanding* Fame.

Rhiming's a *knack*; 'tis *your's*, 'tis *mine*,  
But POETRY's a *gift Divine*;  
Yet even where that *Blessing's* given,  
Crambo admitted, bars its flight to Heaven.





# E L E G I A C.

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BASIL and PHŒBE.

**P**HŒBE the brightest nymph of Beauty's train,  
With tenderest vows by *Basil* was address'd;  
But pride, of happiness and love the bane,  
Forbad her tongue the language of her breast.

Slighted his vows, poor *Basil* inly pin'd,  
No gleam of comfort opening to his view,  
While Pride and Love contend in *Phæbe*'s mind;—  
Ah, what has Pride with meek-ey'd Love to do!

Soon as the lark's first warblings float on air,  
The neighb'ring grove knows *Basil* for its guest,  
There *Echo* sighing, mocks his sad despair,  
And every feeling doubly is confest.

Upon a bank jutting the river's side,  
Musing on *Basil*, *Phæbe* lay repos'd;  
The treacherous earth gave way, the amorous tide  
Enfolds the maid, and o'er her beauties clos'd.



A shriek, and thunder from the whitening flood  
 Arous'd the swain, and echo'd danger nigh;  
 With folded arms he long had pensive stood,  
 Nor, but in thought alone, did *Phæbe* spy.

Eager he flew the drowning wretch to save,  
 Like lightning plung'd amid the watery roar,  
 And, *Jason*-like, from forth the liquid grave  
 The more than golden fleece exulting bore.

But in the speechless fair one when he saw,  
 Stretch'd on the grass, his *Phæbe* pale and cold,  
 Who can the Chaos in his bosom draw!  
 Lovers may guess, but words can ne'er unfold.

Frantic he homeward bore the hapless maid;  
 His faltering tongue could ill the tale relate,  
 But Heaven in pity sent reviving aid,  
 She wak'd, and *Basil* bless'd his happy fate.

Again her beauties glad the wondering plains,  
 Her cheeks the lily and the rose display;  
 While fever riots thro' poor *Basil*'s veins,  
 And Death with greedy maw o'erhangs his prey.

The nymph alarm'd, to *Basil* straightway flies,  
 And trembling, at his feet herself she cast;  
 "To save ungrateful *Phæbe*, *Basil* dies;  
 "The hour that knells for *Basil* marks my last.

"My *Basil*, my preserver! here—ah—view  
 "A maid unworthy such exalted truth;  
 "Had



“ Had I the world’s heap’d treasures—all were due  
“ To worth like yours:—He hears me not, dear  
“ youth!

“ How to his plainings cou’d I close my ear?  
“ How to his virtues cou’d I prove unkind?  
“ To my own heart how prove so insincere?  
“ But curst Pride had warp’d and stain’d my  
“ mind.

“ Tho’ flocks more numerous and richer meads  
“ I boast, than generous *Basil*’s scanty store,  
“ Merit like his Wealth’s futile boast exceeds;  
“ *Basil* is rich, and pride-stain’d *Phæbe* poor.

“ A stranger from this hour to peace or rest,  
“ Ne’er will repentant *Phæbe* quit the room,  
“ Till Heav’n in *Basil*’s safety makes me blest,  
“ Or gives us both devoted to one tomb.”

Close to his pillow watchful now she sits,  
Her throbbing bosom pierc’d with anguish keen,  
Nor for a moment her dear *Basil* quits;  
A nurse so young, so fair, is seldom seen.

No med’cine save from *Phæbe*’s hand he knows,  
Her care a quick return of health ensures,  
With Love’s sweet balm each healing cup o’erflows;  
Tho’ Love can wound, his balm as certain cures.

*Basil* restor’d, Love smiling leads the way,  
The wish’d-for knot is at the altar ty’d,  
And nymphs and shepherds bless the happy day,  
When Love triumphant banish’d hateful Pride,

## WILLIAM and FANNY.

BRIGHT was the morn, the landscape gay,  
 When onward *William* rode,  
 The aged spire rejoic'd to view  
 Near *Fanny's* lov'd abode.

Unlike his former self he came,  
 In sure disguise array'd;  
 With unlook'd joy intent to bless  
 His dear, his constant maid.

In warblings sweet from every spray,  
 The feather'd choir combine,  
 While Love and Hope in *William's* breast,  
 The happy concert join.

The village opening to his view,  
 His fluttering pulse beat high,  
 And tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,  
 Beam'd sparkling in his eye.

" Soon shall these eyes again, thank Heaven,  
 " Her angel form behold;  
 " Soon shall these wishing arms again  
 " My lovely maid enfold."

He said; when lo! in sable guise,  
 From forth the church-yard way,  
 A silent train with downcast eyes,  
 Death's banners wide display.

The slow-tongu'd bell, with solemn toll,  
A sad adieu exprest ;  
On ev'ry face a genuine grief  
Full deeply was imprest.

Fierce as the eagle *William* dar'd,  
When Pride her crest uprear'd ;  
Yet melting *William* as the dove,  
Whene'er distress appear'd.

" To what kind soul are these sad rites  
" With mournful rev'rence paid ?"  
A grey-hair'd peasant rais'd his eyes,  
And, sighing, thus he said :

" If e'er you've known Love's wond'rous power,  
" The pitying tear prepare,  
" Your grave contains the sweetest flower,  
" E'er nipt by cold Despair.

" Not sportive lambkin on the down  
" More lively was than she ;  
" Not lambkin ever cropt the green,  
" From guileful thoughts more free.

" Not apple-blossoms in the spring,  
" With *Fanny's* charms cou'd vie,  
" Her form was graceful, temper sweet,  
" Sense sparkled in her eye.

" Tho' soft her bosom, yet untouch'd  
" By Love's all-powerful flame,

" Of



- " Of peerless merit when a youth,  
" From yon blue Uplands came.
- " The pride of swains sweet *William* was,  
" Thus shepherds all agree ;  
" Manly, yet handsome ; mild, tho' brave ;  
" His like I ne'er shall see.
- " Each nymph beheld him with delight,  
" Each swain with envious eyes ;  
" Ev'n Envy's self might stand excus'd,  
" When *Fanny* was the prize,
- " They saw, they lov'd :—So sweet a pair  
" Ne'er grac'd our wondering plain,  
" He seem'd by heaven for her design'd,  
" She for her Upland swain.
- " Their kindred all with one accord  
" Upon their passion smil'd ;  
" Hope painted many years of bliss,  
" But Hope, alas, beguil'd.
- " Ah ! what is Happiness ?—A fly  
" With tinsel'd wings so gay ;  
" Sure of the prize, we stretch our hands,  
" 'Tis gone——'Tis lost for aye !
- " Heading the needy highland clans,  
" Onward, in threatening mood  
" Giant Rebellion came, to drench  
" Our peaceful fields in blood.



- “ To save their country, Freedom’s sons  
“ With generous ardor flew ;  
“ Never again, oh, may these eyes  
“ Such scenes of horror view !—
- “ Young *William’s* Lord, to whom both love  
“ And gratitude were bound,  
“ With *William*, foremost in his train,  
“ In Freedom’s ranks were found.
- “ Conquest with laurels *William* crowns,  
“ His worth ev’n foes approve ;  
“ But, ah ! tho’ conquest crowns his arms,  
“ Despair awaits his love.
- “ A Squire, for large possessions fam’d,  
“ Saw *Fanny* and ador’d ;  
“ For charms like her’s might captivate  
“ The heart—ev’n of a Lord.
- “ He saw, and vows of ardent love  
“ Impatiently he prest ;  
“ Poor *Fanny* had no heart to give,  
“ ’Twas lodg’d in *William’s* breast.
- “ But cursed Avarice, age’s bane,  
“ Had froze her father’s mind ;  
“ She wept, she pray’d ;—nor pray’rs nor tears,  
“ Alas ! cou’d pity find.
- “ To feeling deaf, by riches lur’d,  
“ He laid his strict command ;

“ Led her to church, and cruel ! forc’d  
“ Her cold, her *heartless* hand.

“ Wealth ! what is wealth of peace depriv’d !  
“ A glittering pois’nous toy ;  
“ The night-shade’s jetty shining fruit  
“ Allures, but to destroy.

“ Scarce seven days gone, since *Fanny* wore  
“ The hated marriage-chain ;  
“ Scarce two days flown, a broken heart  
“ Freed *Fanny* from her pain.

“ But, stranger, sure those looks of yours  
“ Unusual feelings speak ;  
“ The bridle quits your trembling hands,  
“ The blood forsakes your cheek.”

Down dropt poor *William* like a corse,  
Upon the green-sward laid ;  
By peasants known, to friendly roof  
He instant was convey’d.

Reviv’d, heart-rending sighs and groans  
A fix’d despair confess,  
Till madness—sad relief !—arrives,  
To lighten his distress.

When midnight came, from bed escap’d,  
To *Fanny*’s grave he flew ;  
There stretch’d, he *Fanny* call’d,—and soon  
To misery bade adieu,

Cold as the lovely Fair within,  
Next morn was *William* found ;  
Weeping, the village saw 'em laid  
In the same hallow'd ground.

There nymphs and shepherds often meet,  
To plight their vows so true,  
And from a sympathy of soul,  
Their grave with tears bedew.



HENRY and SOPHY.

HENRY and Fortune now are friends,  
 His many sorrows all are past ;  
 Fortune, to make him full amends,  
 Gives to his wishing arms at last

The long-lov'd *Sophy*, fairest maid  
 That ever caus'd or felt Love's smart ;  
 In her most richly were display'd  
 An angel-form and dove-like heart.

Long had their friends with souls severe,  
 Oppos'd the Lovers' happy fate ;  
 But chang'd, they smiling now appear,  
 And *with* them at the altar wait.

Deep in the maiden's roseate bloom  
 Grief's canker-worm had wasteful fed ;  
 To snatch his *Sophy* from her tomb,  
 On wings of rapture *Henry* sped.

The holy priest pronounc'd aloud  
 The Gordian wonder-working spell ;  
 While *Love* and *Hymen* both avow'd,  
 " Shrin'd in their breasts they'd ever dwell."

" And art thou mine," the Bridegroom cry'd,  
 " With all thy wond'rous truth and charms ?"  
 She smil'd,—she *wou'd* have spoke,—she sigh'd,  
 And strait expir'd within his arms.



Too weak to bear joy's rushing flow,  
Her tender frame resigns its breath;  
This moment in Love's arms,—and now,  
Enfolded in the arms of Death.

In vain, in vain you fly for aid,  
Life shall no more that form relume;  
The marriage bed, ill-fated maid!  
For thee ordain'd's a dreary tomb.

While floods of tears and piteous moan  
A genuine sorrow testify,  
Silent poor *Henry's* seen alone,  
No tear bedews poor *Henry's* eye.

Homeward his *Sophy's* corpse he tends,  
Frantic his *Sophy* he enfolds;  
That friendly night his sorrow ends,  
One grave the new-wed Lovers holds.

We grasp at joys within our reach,  
We grasp, and catch a watry bow;  
Lessons like these, alas! shou'd teach,  
"True joy exists not here below."

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## DELIA and the GOLDFINCH.

"**M**ercy, dear Hawk!--the little flutterer spare,"  
Cries *Delia*, on a cowslip bank reclin'd,

"The pretty Innocent, oh! do not scare,

"Nor thus pursue him with blood-hunger'd mind:

"See, how the tyrant downward aims the blow;

"And see! the songster 'scapes by sidelong flight!

"Now, now he's lost! Now he eludes the foe!

"And now the murd'rer darts with all his might."

She said, when lo! the destin'd Finch she spies

Exhausted, by despair and danger prest,

Drop in the hospitable vale that lies

Between the hillocks of her milky breast.

Nestling, his little bosom fluttering beats

With the wild throbbings of tumultuous fear;

*Her* pulse responsive throb for throb repeats,

And pity mixt with joy calls forth a tear.

"Here, sweet Musician, safe may'st thou remain,

"In me a friendly kind protector view;

"This bosom cruelty ne'er mark'd with stain,

"To Love and gentlest pity ever true.

"Here, sweet Musician, in this warm retreat

"Securely dwell, till danger's far away;

"Then instant shall your wishes freedom meet,

"To greet thy partner with thy tenderest lay.

"Like

“ Like this poor bird, my distant Lord may want  
“ From savage cruelty a sheltering wing;  
“ Good Heav’n, in mercy that protection grant!  
“ And to these arms restor’d my Hero bring.

“ Ah, why wou’d *Celadon* for wars alarms  
“ And honour’s bubble, from his *Delia* rove?  
“ Ah, why forsake these ever-faithful arms?  
“ What’s wealth? what’s honour, when compar’d to Love?

“ Fly, little Warbler: To some lonely mate  
“ A *Celadon* belov’d *thou* haply art:  
“ Fly, little Warbler, fly, ere yet too late,  
“ And with thy song revive her drooping heart.”

The Goldfinch freed, all gratitude, repays  
Each morn and eve her kindness with a song;  
The hills and groves resound fair *Delia*’s praise;  
*Delia*! now Goddess of the feather’d throng.



## AMINTOR and ANNA.

**R**ACK'D with an over-feeling mind,  
 The good *Amintor* lay,  
 Within a gloomy jail confin'd,  
 And sigh'd his hours away.

To save a friend of means bereft,  
*Amintor* enter'd bail;  
 Friends oft prove false,——*Amintor's* left  
 To languish in a jail.

Where now those smooth Professors?——Where?  
 Your summer days cou'd boast!  
 Like insects, lo! they disappear,  
 Kill'd by a wintry frost.

No friend, save one, now anxious came  
 To heal misfortune's wound;  
 That friend, true to his peace and fame,  
 Was in his *Anna* found.

*Hymen* and *Cupid* wove the chain,  
 That link'd her to his heart;  
 With her he half forgot his pain,  
 Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho' all the charms that beauty knows  
 Were in her form express'd,



Yet faint her outward charms to those  
That lodg'd within her breast.

Her words (sweet as when peace is given  
To a departing soul  
By angel-comforters from Heaven)  
In soothing accents stole.

" Cease, cease these unavailing sighs,  
" Let Hope your brow unbend ;  
" Goodness supreme our patience tries,  
" It strikes, but to amend.

" Affliction's cloud once overblown,  
" Joy doubly joy appears ;  
" The morn o'ercast, the noontide sun  
" A brighter lustre wears

" While conscious truth and virtue reign  
" In my *Aminor*'s breast,  
" Our fate with courage we'll sustain,  
" And leave to Heaven the rest."

*Aminor* present, in her eyes  
The cherub *Hope* appears ;  
But, ah, her heart *Hope*'s balm denies,  
Stabb'd with a thousand fears.

Their loves one darling babe had crown'd,  
His parents' fond delight ;  
The only comfort *Anna* found  
To soothe each widow'd night.

Like

Like *Magdalen*, all radiant grace,  
The smiler at her breast,  
She oft with bended eye wou'd trace  
*Amintor's* self impress;

Then,—eager clasp, and gaze, and weep,  
And pour the honey'd kifs,  
While sad remembrance pierc'd full deep,  
With scenes of bury'd blifs.

Soon as the lark salutes the day,  
Each morning *Anna* flies,  
To chase corroding spleen away,  
And blefs *Amintor's* eyes.

A long, long day!—no *Anna's* seen!  
Her absence causes dread;  
When smother'd, Grief cuts doubly keen,  
She presses a sick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,  
“ Oh wretch accurst! for thee,  
“ For thee the faithful *Anna* dies,  
“ Her hapless end I see.

“ 'Tis thy accursed hand that throws  
“ The deadly murderous dart,  
“ Thou art the cause of all her woes;  
“ Thou, Thou hast broke her heart.”

No more, *Amintor*, now complain,  
Thy *Anna's* amply blest,

Of Fortune and her glittering train  
To utmost wish possest ;

A kinsman Carle, whose griping hand,  
When living was unkind,  
Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,  
Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From her forsaken couch she springs,  
And low enraptur'd bends ;  
While on rejoicing angels' wings  
Her gratitude ascends :

" Thanks, thanks, all-gracious Heav'n ! Oh, grant,  
" This rush of joy I bear !

" Thy goodness sends me all I want,  
" And banishes despair.

" Is *Anna* then ordain'd to give  
" *Amintor* Liberty !

" For his lov'd sake I wish to live,  
" For him well pleas'd wou'd die.

" Thou too, sweet babe, with us shalt raise

" Thy little hands to Heaven,

" In cherub smiles to give Him praise,

" To whom all praise be given."

To Providence the grateful tear  
Bursts from her uprais'd eyes ;  
Not hecatombs to Heav'n appear  
Such pleasing sacrifice.

With

With transport wild, she eager flew  
To make *Amintor* blest;  
She saw *Amintor*—thrilling view!  
In shrouded garment drest.

Frantic that morn he rav'd, "I ne'er  
" Shall *Anna* see again;"  
He falls a prey to black despair;  
His heart-strings burst in twain.

The weakness which from Virtue grows,  
Can Justice faulty deem?  
Such weakness Virtue only knows,  
When *Virtue's in Extreme*.

Let callous bosoms moralise,  
And frigid rules lay down,  
They feel not who are over wise,  
Or dart the *Stoic* frown.

Like *Niobe* a while she stands,  
Then sinks upon the floor;  
She lifts her eyes,—she wrings her hands,  
And never rises more.

One such example here below,  
(In Heav'n let Virtue trust)  
Does an Hereafter plainly show;  
*God cannot be unjust.*



On a ROBIN's Singing over FIDELIA's Grave,  
in Marygate Church-yard, York.

STILL be the air: Unmov'd e'en Zephyr's wings,  
While the sweet songster warbles forth his lays;  
And hark!—*Fidelia's* dirge he plaintive sings,  
The sacred pile re-echoing her praise.\*

That praise she well deserves:—All good and kind,  
A soul devoid of cruelty and pride;  
Not ev'n the Babes by You to fame consign'd,  
More spotless liv'd, or less repining dy'd.†

Hither the Warbler eyes with cautious gaze,  
Oh, let not fear suspend your grateful song;  
Like you I wish to sing *Fidelia's* praise,  
Who lov'd *Fidelia* ne'er can do you wrong.

To see the feather'd tribe incag'd, her sighs  
Wou'd often heave, the tear humane wou'd start;  
The pitying soul plead thro' her speaking eyes,  
For Pity's dwelling was *Fidelia's* heart.

Hark! now again he swells his tuneful throat,  
His sympathising soul with grief o'erflows,  
Pity and love are warbled in each note;  
Such melody's the soothing nurse of woes.

\* The Ruins of the Abbey adjoining the Church-yard.

† The Babes of the Wood.

Sing on, nor snare nor ruthless school-boy fear,  
 Her sacred reliques will from danger save;  
 Nor blasting Witch nor Goblin dare appear,  
 To shed their venom o'er *Fidelia's* grave.

Oft when the western sun has downward sped,  
 To your soul-melting Lay wou'd she attend;  
 And when stern Winter threaten'd, constant fed,  
 To red-breast mourners still a faithful friend.

Sweet tho' your song, (why swells my throbbing  
 breast?)

Why heaves the sigh? Why drops the heart-  
 sprung tear?)

Her song than yours yet sweeter was confess'd,  
 Th' enchanting sound still vibrates on my ear.

Oh, may thy tuneful dirge, sweet Bird, each eve  
 With soothing kind my anguish'd bosom move;  
 So may *thy* heart ne'er know like mine to grieve,  
 Nor may'st thou mourn like me, a widow'd love.

Each flow'r, each sweet, cull'd with thy nicest skill  
 Strew o'er her grave; no baleful weed be seen;  
 But weeping Eve her richest dews distill,  
 And may the hallow'd turf be ever green.

And when, lov'd shade, this pulse no more shall bear,  
 When all life's powers their functions shall decline,  
 Oh! may—(the flatt'ring hope how soothing sweet!)  
 Oh! may my ashes be intomb'd with thine.

## TULLIA.

SWOOPING from high, a Vulture keen,  
 Snatches a lambkin far away,  
 As by its dam upon the green  
 It frisk'd around in wanton play.

When *Tullia*, with heart-rending sighs,  
 Exclaims from forth a neighbouring dale,  
 "Do not, poor Sheep, with lifted eyes  
 "And mournful bleatings, fondly wail;

"How small *your* loss to mine compar'd!  
 "Your Lambkin ne'er in smiles express  
 "Its anxious love, nor e'er was heard  
 "With songs to soothe its dam to rest,

"A few sad hours o'erblown, again  
 "Your pulse with wonted glee will beat,  
 "Again you'll cheerful crop the plain,  
 "Again with artless music bleat.

"You have no *Celia* to lament,  
 "No poor betray'd and murder'd child,  
 "Whose heart, tho' pure, by shame was rent,  
 "By Man, than vulture worse, beguil'd.

"Fair as the Summer's orient beam,  
 "That speaks the rising *Phæbus* nigh,  
 "Modest as violets o'er the stream,  
 "That humbly bend with timid eye;

"Unsoiled as the virgin snow,  
 "Sequester'd on the clefted hill,



- " As melting too, when Pity's glow  
 " Bade thro' her eyes her soul distill;  
 " Yet lively as the bounding fawn,  
 " Fearless of hunter's snare or gun,  
 " That sports around the flow'ry lawn,  
 " And licks the hand, which wife, 'twou'd flun;  
 " Such was my *Celia*!—All the day  
 " She cheer'd me with her angel-voice;  
 " At night when wrapt in sleep I lay,  
 " She made in dreams my soul rejoice.  
 " Till *Derville*, like a Dæmon fell,  
 " Conceal'd in flattery's rainbow guise,  
 " Came with alluring magic spell,  
 " And made her virgin soul his prize.  
 " My door still hail'd him as a friend,  
 " My table as a favour'd guest,  
 " While in return the smiling fiend  
 " A dagger plung'd within my breast.  
 " Poor *Celia* (guileless was her heart)  
 " Each specious sigh, each vow believ'd,  
 " And stranger to insidious art,  
 " From her own feeling was deceiv'd.  
 " In Lust's fell policy complete,  
 " The hour unguarded when he came,  
 " He ruin'd,—and as lightning fleet,  
 " Bore her to infamy and shame.  
 " Ah! where were then a mother's cries,  
 " To pierce the more than savage foe?  
 " But



- “ But can a mother’s tears and sighs  
“ The Vulture make his prey forego !
- “ In vain I flew the country round,  
“ In vain did weep and wildly rave,  
“ Nor my poor hapless Lambkin found,  
“ Till I beheld her recent grave.
- “ Grief, like a canker-worm at heart,  
“ Had ravag’d from his inmost cell ;  
“ Despair had pierc’d her with his dart,  
“ And Hope had sigh’d a last farewell.
- “ Weary’d with tears and ceaseless moan,  
“ *Derville*—(May Heaven the fiend repay !)  
“ Left her betray’d, despis’d, undone,  
“ To black Remorse a dying prey.
- “ She, who from wondering gaze was wont,  
“ Blushing, within herself to hide,  
“ Modest and feeling as the plant  
“ The slightest touch that cannot bide ;
- “ Ah, how cou’d she the distant sneer,  
“ The barbed sting that mocks all cure,  
“ From happier Pride the taunt severe,  
“ Ah, how the Wanton’s curse endure !
- “ For Me incessant was her cry,  
“ By Me she pray’d to be forgiven,  
“ Then laid her down, and with a sigh,  
“ Her contrite soul resign’d to Heaven.

" Heart-rending thought !—No mother near,  
 " In that dread hour to close her eyes !  
 " To breathe her soul upon the bier,  
 " And make for both one grave suffice !

" Has not, O *Derville*, to your care,  
 " A sister gracious Heav'n assign'd ?  
 " On this reflect, then, murderer, dare  
 " To hope your crimes will mercy find.

" Can Man, by Heav'n all just and kind,  
 " Ordain'd our guardian, lover, friend,  
 " With coward heart and wiles refin'd,  
 " Destroy what *Nature* bids defend !

" The Tyger fawns not when he bears  
 " To certain fate his destin'd food ;  
 " The honest Wolf a foe appears,  
 " And boldly howls his thirst for blood.

" My days that erst so chearful past,  
 " Like autumn sun-beams, mildly bright,  
 " With wintry clouds are now o'ercast ;  
 " Ah ! when comes death and friendly night !

More she had said, but choaking sighs  
 Her fault'ring accents quite suppress ;  
 With broken heart she homeward hies,  
 Looks her last pray'r, and sinks to rest.

The LAMENTATION of a MOUSE  
in a TRAP.

- “UNHAPPY Maid! within this wiry cave,  
“ Death’s certain summons doom’d, alas,  
to wait !  
“ Shall curst *Grimalkin*’s guts prove *Muzzy*’s grave ?  
“ So young ! In pleasure’s spring to meet my  
fate !
- “ These jet-bead eyes that fir’d beholders’ hearts,  
“ This velvet skin, small ears, and needle claws !  
“ These whiskers (often stil’d Love’s keenest darts)  
“ Must they be crush’d within a murderer’s jaws ?
- “ Was it for this, with daintiest morsels fed  
“ From the scoop’d cheese, or bacon’s tasteful  
side,  
“ *Mamma* with tendernefs her *Muzzy* bred,  
“ Clasp’d me, and call’d me still her *Little Pride* ?
- “ Oft wou’d she cry—“ My dear, my best lov’d care,  
“ Touch not your prey, till well the place you scan;  
“ *Grimalkin* !—Of that monster, oh beware !  
“ And that more savage two-legg’d monster *Man*.”
- “ I—wretched I—unheedful of her love,  
“ My duty’s forfeit now untimely pay ;  
“ Be warn’d by me, nor thus rebellious prove,  
“ Ye Mice ! but ah ! your parents’ lore obey.
- “ To

- " To poor *Papa* had this sad hour been given,  
 " How wou'd the sight his tender bosom wound!  
 " But poor *Papa* (such the high will of Heaven)  
 " Last *April*-day was in a cream-bowl drown'd.  
  
 " Where now those gay coquettish breezes? where?  
 " That erst so many youthful hearts have won?  
 " In swarms to *Muzzy's* hole went to repair,  
 " And swear her beauties far outshone the sun.  
  
 " They call'd me Goddesses:—Said, " My frown  
     or smile  
 " Cou'd save or doom to death the nibbling breed;  
 " Ye mortal Goddesses of *Albion's* isle,  
 " Oh! think!—Ev'n Goddess *Muzzy's* doom'd  
     to bleed.  
  
 " And must I die? No more *Squeakero's* strain  
     (" *Squeakero!* loveliest youth of youthful mice!)  
 " Shall flatt'ring homage pay, in hopes to gain  
 " That heart whose worth, he swore, surpass'd  
     all price.  
  
 " His lengthen'd tail!—but, ah, that tail no more,  
 " Nor hero's form again shall bless my sight;  
 " His wit, which set the table on a roar,  
 " Poor *Muzzy's* soul shall ne'er again delight.  
  
 " How oft, *Squeakero*, have you vow'd, " No power  
 " On earth from your embrace shou'd *Muzzy* tear?"  
 " Let not *Grimalkin's* spiked jaws devour,  
 " But from this horrid cave your *Muzzy* bear.

" Me.



- " Methinks the fell devourer I espy,  
 " With eyes, like fiery suns, that flash forth  
 dread ;  
 " His tail, like threat'ning comet, rais'd on high,  
 " And giant paw prepar'd to strike me dead.  
  
 " No parent, lover, friend, at that sad hour,  
 " On lightning's wings to fly with vengeful aid !  
 " And can ye—can you let the fiend devour,  
 " Ah me ! your darling ! your poor *Little Maid* ?  
  
 " The bait, which but a few short minutes past,  
 " So tempting !—now how hateful to mine eyes !  
 " Repentance oft attends a liquorish taste ;  
 " From *Muzzy's* fate learn, maidens, to be wise.  
  
 " A certain judgment (such Heaven's wise decree)  
 " Attends the wretch who not a parent hears ;  
 " But hark—the dreadful latch is rais'd !—and see !  
 " Have mercy, Heav'n ! a two-legg'd fiend ap-  
 pears."

She said, and trembling sweeps the wires ! when lo !  
 Murd'rous *Grimalkin*, darting baleful fires,  
 Enters the room :—*All Nature feels the blow ;*  
 Poor *Muzzy* squeaks, and with a nip expires.

*The LAST SPEECH and DYING WORDS of*  
*WILLY, a PET-LAMB,*

Who was executed by the Hands of a Common Butcher,  
*For tearing and murdering one of Miss D——'s lac'd*  
*Ruffles.*

(QUIS TALIA VANDO, TEMPERET E LACHRYMIS?)

“ **A**ND must I die? Must your poor *Willy* bleed?  
 “ From Life, nay more, from *You* un pity'd  
 cast!

“ Oh, spare your little Lambkin, and indeed  
 “ This my first witless crime shall be my last.

“ That ornament, around your ivory arm,  
 “ So often grac'd, I saw,—and with a glee

“ Extatic kiss'd; perhaps I was too warm,  
 “ *My lips tho' guilty, yet my heart was free.*

“ With my wild gambols pleas'd, can you forget  
 “ How oft the fleeting hour you've smil'd away?

“ Kiss'd me, and call'd me your *newn* little Pet,  
 “ And vow'd my breath was sweet as new-mown  
 hay?

“ Have you forgot how oft-times by your side  
 “ Fearless along the plain I joyous sped?

“ Have you forgot with what a conscious pride  
 “ I baa'd, whene'er you patted *Willy's* head?

“ When

- “ When *Cupid* bark’d, with Envy stung and spite,  
“ To you I ran to save me from my foe ;  
“ You, instant, banish’d *Cupid* from your sight,  
“ And kissing, call’d me your sweet *Willio*.  
“ How oft upon your knee my head I’ve laid !  
“ Proud from your hand to take my destin’d food ;  
“ Favours from others were in vain display’d,  
“ No sweets, save from your hand, I counted good.  
“ Let Innocence and Love for mercy plead ;  
“ For mercy on my marrow-bones I fall ;  
“ *Tho’ some few errors to my share’s decreed,*  
“ *Look in my face, and you’ll forget them all.*  
“ Can black revenge lodge in so fair a breast ?  
“ Can such a trifle warp an angel’s mind ?  
“ How must each sighing Lover prove distressed,  
“ To find such sickleness and beauty join’d !  
“ Bak’d in my blood, convuls’d in every part,  
“ Quivering in death cou’d you poor *Willy* view ?  
“ And from my breast torn forth my little heart,  
“ That heart, whose latest throbblings beat for  
You ?  
“ Cou’d you behold my mangled carcase rise,  
“ Smoaking upon your board to tempt the taste ?  
“ The Tear, I’m sure, wou’d straight impearl your  
eyes ;  
“ You cou’d not on your murder’d *Willy* feast.

“ If

" If I must die, Oh, grant this last request,  
 " Let form of gloves my little lamb-skin grace;  
 " Then shall poor *Willy* ev'n in death be blest,  
 " To think your dear-lov'd arms he shall em-  
 brace.

" And from the wool that curls o'er *Willy's* skin,  
 " Wou'd you two snowy posied garters make;  
 " This favour too, dear Lady, let me win,  
 " Wear 'em, ah, wear 'em for poor *Willy's* sake.

" Each day and night when these remains appear,  
 " Shou'd to your memory rise my hapless shade,  
 " And your relenting heart give one kind tear,  
 " My sufferings will be more than overpaid.

" But see! The murderer whets his bloody knife,  
 " Eager he grins, as ready for the blow;  
 " If nothing can atone but *Willy's* life,  
 " Ah, let my Lady's hand the stroke bestow.

Distant and deaf to *Willy's* plaintive moan,  
 Madam, distressful, o'er her Ruffle stood;  
 The Butcher plung'd his knife; and with a groan  
 Poor *Willy's* life came rushing in a flood.



## GODWIN and LUCY.

THE midnight bell had freedom knoll'd  
To ghosts, an hour or more,  
When sad Despair to *Lucy's* tomb  
The youthful *Godwin* bore.

Scarce sixteen springs the lovely Maid  
Had seen bedeck the plains;  
Scarce twice ten summer suns had warm'd  
The blood in *Godwin's* veins.

All gentle she as is the dove,  
Not beauty's self more fair;  
In manly virtues with the youth,  
No youth might then compare.

Her cruel Sire—hard was his heart!  
Upon their passion frown'd;  
Poor *Lucy* pin'd, and soon she lay  
In shrouded vestment bound.

Can parents Being give, yet rend  
Their children's hearts in twain?  
Of parent Heav'n, ye parents learn,  
There Love and Mercy reign.

The cloister'd aile sad *Godwin* seeks,  
Where *Lucy* breathless lay;  
The cloister'd aile aloud repeats  
Poor *Godwin's* sad dismay.

Mid crowds of gliding pale-ey'd ghosts,  
 Fearless he moves along;  
 The screech-owl tunes her boding throat,  
 To hail the airy throng.

" Why thus with pitying looks a wretch  
 " Like *Godwin* do you view?  
 " A few short moments more, and I  
 " Shall be as one of you.

" My journey's end is *Lucy's* tomb,  
 " There by her clay-cold side  
 " I'll breathe my last, in death at least  
 " *Lucy* shall be my bride."

He saw his *Lucy* all bestrew'd  
 With flow'rs of fragrant breath,  
 Sweet tho' each flow'r, yet sweeter far  
 The lily cropt by Death.

In Fate's pale livery clad, yet still  
 She on her *Godwin* smil'd;  
 " Ah, cruel Sire, whose flinty heart  
 " Cou'd murder such a child!

" Cou'd you that face, where Heav'n was seen,  
 " All ghastly now behold?  
 " That breast, whose pulse for you beat warm,  
 " Now motionless and cold?

" Those eyes, which like the orient Sun,  
 " All mild, yet heav'nly bright,

" Cou'd

" Cou'd you, oh, cou'd you see them clos'd,  
" And set in endless night ?

" These lips, whence truth and sweetness flow'd,  
" Cou'd you without a groan  
" Here view ! and, like your flinty heart,  
" Not straight congeal to stone ?"

Trembling he knelt, where *Lucy's* corpse  
For worms a banquet lay ;  
He prest her lips, but felt 'em not  
Cold as the lifeless clay.

Her ling'ring soul, by Love detain'd,  
Still flutter'd round her heart,  
Loth from that spot, where *Godwin's* form  
Was graven, to depart.

Surpriz'd, again her lips he prest,  
To life renew'd she wakes ;  
She starts ; looks round :—Amazement wild  
In half-form'd accents breaks.

" Where am I !"—" Here in *Godwin's* arms,"  
The youth enraptur'd cries,  
And instant, from Death's dreary house  
Snatches his new-wak'd prize.

Low at her wondering parent's feet  
Next morning *Lucy* kneels ;  
And *Godwin's* constancy and love  
With tears of joy reveals.

- “ Oh, Mercy ! Mercy ! honour’d Sire,  
“ Heal your poor *Lucy*’s woes ;  
“ Nor let again the dark cold tomb,  
“ Your shrouded child enclose.”

Hanging on *Lucy*’s neck, her Sire  
Repentant now appears ;  
Eager he clasps her, and his joy  
Scarce speaks for gushing tears.

- “ Long, long may these time-bleached locks  
“ To native dust return,  
“ Ere on my *Lucy*’s second tomb,  
“ Her children’s children mourn.

- “ All good and duteous as thou art,  
“ How cou’d I prove unkind !  
“ How to your tears and prayers be deaf  
“ As the unfeeling wind !

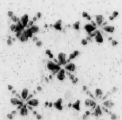
- “ To make my Darling henceforth blest,  
“ I’ll every wish confine ;  
“ *Godwin* is your’s, and you are his,  
“ And both——ye both are mine.”

With bended knees, and eyes uprais’d,  
He pour’d a grateful prayer,  
And to the sacred Altar waits  
The happy, destin’d Pair.



The hoary priest, who but yestreen  
  *Lucy's* sad *Requiem* sigh'd,  
With tears of joy his blessing pours  
  On *Lucy*, now a Bride.

Scarcely had the sun one circling course  
  Thro' the horizon sped,  
Ere *Lucy* deep intomb'd it saw,  
  And in her bridal bed.



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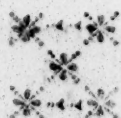
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## W O M A N.

AH! why with every charm is woman grac'd?  
 Why strongest feelings to our lot assign'd?  
 Like pageants why aloft by flattery plac'd?  
 Is it to make our chains more galling bind!

With hearts to give, and souls to taste delight,  
 Of Love and all the gentler passions fram'd,  
 Soft as young Pity, cheerful as the light,  
 Why at our Peace is Man's fell dagger aim'd?

If we are weak, 'tis for our souls are kind,  
 We ne'er suspect a guile our hearts disdain;  
 If we are frail, our passions like the wind,  
 From Us why crave what *Manhood* can't attain?

In childhood, when by Wisdom bent with care,  
 The supple twig to Virtue shou'd incline,  
 Merit, we're taught, consists in being fair,  
 Our study—Dress alone wherein to shine.

From school that cloister'd prison soon as freed,  
 Where birchen Pride rules with despotic sway,  
 To bonds more harsh our servile lot's decreed,  
 A jealous Sire or Guardian to obey.

Our souls tho' innocent, each word, each look,  
 The cheerful blood then dancing in our veins,  
 Dark *Calumny* within her venom'd book,  
 (The leaves of snake-skin form'd) makes foul with  
 stains.



As children painted butterflies pursue,  
Which caught, with wantonness they soon destroy,

Our fated sex thus men enraptur'd view,  
When won, our ruin all their boasted joy.

How can we shun, alas, those thousand snares,  
By artful Man for Virgin Pity wove?  
How shun those quicksands treacherous Love prepares?—

Man's Hate is far less dangerous than his Love.

Of every kind the Male protects his Mate,  
Whether on earth, in air, or thro' the main;  
While Woman! Ah, how wretched Woman's fate!  
Who *shou'd* protect, oft proves her greatest Bane.

At *Hymen's* shrine shou'd they announce their flame,  
Where mutual vows a mutual love attest,  
Unwarp'd fidelity from *Us* they claim,  
Of their own vows yet, scornful, make a Jest.

Fallhood from *Us*, tho' to our Lordlings due,  
In all its blackest dies is blazon'd forth;  
Fallhood from *Them* (how few, alas, are true!)  
The partial Tyrants colour o'er with worth.

Deny'd to taste what Learning's banquet shows,  
Or quaff the stream that Wisdom's fount supplies,

Yet for those very wants themselves impose,  
The tyrant Sex our hapless Sex despise.

No

No Sex bright *Genius* boasts : In *Us* it beams  
With equal glow when nourish'd at the roots ;  
Fed by the all-inspiring Muses' streams,  
Above the heavens the Female laurel shoots.

Of joy our little portion's but a gleam,  
A flash of sunshine in a wintry day ;  
That gone, we wake from our bewitching dream,  
And all around is darkness and dismay.

Unhappy Sex ! tho' here depriv'd of rest,  
Some future state will full reward extend,  
With Freedom's Manna where we shall be blest,  
And (Earth's black Ordeal past) Joys know no  
end.



## DAMON and SYLVIA.

FROM forth the Church, all blithe and gay,  
 The youthful *Damon* came,  
 Handing his bride in trim array,  
 A fair and wealthy dame;  
 While *Sylvia*, with "lack-lustre eye"  
 And lily'd cheek, stood lowly by.

"Oh, *Damon*, *Damon*, perjur'd youth!

"But for a moment stay,

"Are all your vows, your boasted truth,

"Like Gosmore blown away?

"Give, give me back my heart again;—

"You cannot,—for 'tis broke in twain.

"Did you not swear, for Me alone

"Each vow to Heaven did rise?

"Did you not swear a monarch's throne

"Without Me you'd despise?

"I, wileless, thought you true as dove,

"And *Damon's* weigh'd by *Sylvia's* love.

"But Wealth, that bane of Constancy

"Lur'd *Damon's* heart away,

"On swallow wings false riches fly,

"True love can ne'er decay;

"Had I the world to give,—you know,

"That world on *Damon* I'd bestow.

Was

- “ Was there a pain touch’d *Damon’s* breast,  
“ But *Sylvia* doubly knew ?  
“ Was there a joy to make *Me* blest,  
“ But took its rise from *You* ?  
“ Was there a wish—(why heaves this sigh !)  
“ Of *Damon’s*—*Sylvia* cou’d deny ?  
“ Behold the face you once so prais’d,  
“ With grief how pale ! how wan !  
“ Those eyes, on which you so have gaz’d,  
“ How dim ! how woe-begone !  
“ Cou’d you my inmost bosom bare,  
“ You’d *Damon* see,—and black Despair:  
“ But hold ! I came not to upbraid,  
“ I hither came to die ;  
“ Beneath the turf when *Sylvia’s* laid,  
“ Give but one tender sigh ;  
“ ’Tis all I ask, ’tis all I want,  
“ Happy if this small boon you grant.”

She said, and straight a dagger aim’d,  
Out rush’d her bosom’s gore ;  
That bosom, which with Love inflam’d,  
Despair had pierc’d before :  
Inconstant *Damon* felt the blow,  
And all his future days were Woe.



## O Z A.

WHERE *York* with pride her beauties, turret-crown'd,

Reflected views from *Ouse's* glassy stream,  
 There liv'd a King, in ancient song renown'd,  
*Ebor* yetep'd—bright Virtue's darling theme,  
 Ere haughty *Rome*, Freedom's detested bane,  
 Had o'er the prostrate world impos'd her galling chain.

First of the Fair that grac'd the courtly ring  
 Young *Oza* shone, of every charm possess'd;  
 Gentle of soul, and lovely as the spring  
 When opening to our view; but in her breast  
 Love had a hopeless flame illum'd—which, veil'd  
 By virgin Modesty, corroding lay conceal'd.

In soul a hero, yet with bosom fram'd  
 Of gentlest mould, the royal *Ebor* shone,  
 For every princely grace and virtue fam'd,  
 Within each subject heart he fix'd his throne;  
 Nor wonder *Oza's* feeling pulse shou'd beat  
 For one, whom heaven's best smiles had render'd  
 all compleat.

To hunt the tasked Boar, the javelin send  
 With winged vengeance to the monster's heart,  
*Ebor's* delight;—while thronging courtiers tend  
 In their lov'd Sovereign's pleasures to take part:—  
 Foremost amid the throng appear'd the maid;  
 Sweet manna to her soul *Ebor's* each look convey'd.

The

The post of danger still was *Ebor's* view ;  
 Out rush'd a monster of the largest size,  
 To where fair *Oza* was he wildly flew,——  
*Oza* unhors'd——Death snatches at his prize,  
 When *Ebor*, quick as lightning, aim'd the blow,  
 And with his saving arm transfix'd the monster low.

Unhappy *Oza* ! more unhappy made  
 By Gratitude, now adding flame to fire ;  
 Love singly had undone the ill-starr'd maid,  
 To Gratitude conjoin'd, it blaz'd still higher :  
 What can she do ?——Urg'd by Despair and Love,  
 She flies the busy world, and courts the hermit grove.

But when she heard that *Palma's* envied charms  
 (*Palma*, bright princess of *Iern's* domain)  
 Had *Ebor* circled in her wedded arms,  
 Madness enfever'd her unsettled brain ;  
 Such tidings, to a soul like hers, must raise  
 What erst was smother'd fire to a resistless blaze.

Dight in fantastic flow'rs thro' mead and grove,  
 Singing love ditties, devious wou'd she stray ;  
 Or mock the cooings of the turtle-dove,  
 Or with her sister lambkins harmless play :  
 Sometimes, close bosom'd by the circling wood,  
 Her eyes down rivetted, a speechless form she stood.

Her vest unzon'd, her tresses all unbound,  
 On *Ebor's* dear-lov'd name she oft would call ;  
 As oft wou'd Echo mock the pleasing sound,  
 And sigh for *Ebor* from her airy hall ;—

Poor Oza paints a rival in her mind;  
She flies, but flies in vain, the rival Fair to find.

Upon the river's bank with cowslips spread,  
Beneath a willow—*Ebor* still her theme,  
She chanc'd, with wandering tir'd, to rest her head,  
Intent her looks upon the passing stream;  
There as she lay reclin'd, wild Fancy drew,  
Rising from forth the flood, her *Ebor* full in view.

"See, see, my *Ebor* smiles—he wafts me o'er,  
"Drest like a bridegroom, to receive my hand;"  
She said—and plunged from off the flowery shore,—  
"My *Ebor*, stay—I soon shall reach the land:"  
The amorous tide incloses round the Fair,  
And her soul upwards bubbling, mixes with the air.

Of as the westward Sun saw, arm in arm,  
The Royal Lovers by the stream appear;  
A thousand rising thoughts would instant swarm,  
While from their bosoms stole the kindly tear;  
And public pity in remembrance gave  
The hapless Virgin's name to her pellucid grave.\*

\* The river, formerly *Oza*, now called *Ouse*.





No sound from forth your lips save *Lucio* came,  
Your fault'ring voice still dwelt on *Lucio's* name :  
Your parents, doubtful, trembling, begg'd my aid  
To save, if possible, their darling Maid ;  
From me one smile, they urg'd, but one kind word  
Might Hope recall, and lenient balm afford :  
Unnotic'd to that instant *Fulvia's* flame,  
A stranger to your beauty, rank, ev'n name ;  
Fortune had plac'd Me in a sphere above  
That humbler walk where You was wont to move  
Yet, pitying, quick I flew at their request,  
And whisper'd comfort to your labouring breast ;  
Pity first op'd the portal of my heart,  
When Love, triumphant entering, fill'd each part,  
Possess'd me all, enslav'd my very soul,  
And, Reason banish'd, sway'd without controul :  
I sooth'd, caress'd, recall'd your flitting life,  
Nay more, ungrateful, hail'd you *Lucio's* wife ;  
Before the sacred altar seal'd my vows,  
And thought me happy in so fair a spouse :  
Her throne deserted health once more resum'd,  
Your dying features with a glow relum'd ;  
What vows, with tears enrich'd, from *Fulvia* flew !  
" How grateful ! loving ! gentle ! kind and true !  
" My Saviour ! my Preserver ! " was your cry,  
The speaking moisture starting from your eye,  
" To you my life, yet more, my love is due ;  
" I owe 'em all—and much, much more to you ; "  
While, fondly credulous (each vow believ'd)  
I read you in myself, and was deceiv'd.

Ah! why will tears adown my furrow'd cheek,  
 Spite of disdain and rage, my weakness speak?  
 Why with a soul so feeling was I curst?  
 Why with soft Pity's milky streamlet nurs't;  
 Had *Lucio's* heart been callous as your own,  
*Fulvia* had dy'd unlov'd, unwept, unknown.

Was there a wish—Oh, let your heart declare,  
 If still that mark of human kind you bear,  
 Was there a wish, but lightning-like I flew,  
 Nor, till your wish enjoy'd, Contentment knew?  
 Was there a thought of mine but teen'd with love?  
 Joy was not joy, did *Fulvia* not approve:  
 Pass'd there a day, an hour throughout the year,  
 But brought new proofs my passion how sincere?  
 And when disease threw o'er your charms a shade,  
 Unnerv'd your soul, and made your roses fade,  
 Did I not weary Heav'n with constant pray'r,  
 And tend you with a more than nurse's care?  
 While you—Oh Heav'n! in 'witching softness dress'd,  
 Seem'd to repose your soul in *Lucio's* breast:  
 Upon Delusion's happy shore I stray'd,  
 Till Chance, in one curst hour, my flattering hopes  
                   betray'd.

Unus'd to absence from your Syren charms,  
 And dragg'd by hated business from your arms  
 A few sad days,—(how heavy then my heart!  
 From Love, from *Fulvia* destin'd to depart)  
 I, hapless, bade adieu: Your ev'ry look,  
 Your glist'ning eye, your broken accents spoke,

They

They spoke—yes, *Dalilah*, they spoke despair;  
 But oh! each word, each look, how unsincere!  
 Hanging upon my neck, how did you pray  
 From *Fulvia* short wou'd be her *Lucio's* stay!  
 How did you sigh! How did your bosom heave!  
 And to my trembling lips your kisses cleave!  
 How often call your *Lucio* back! Again  
 Your *Lucio* to your panting bosom strain!  
 Again, with lips close prest, (that balmy seat  
 Where, veil'd in roses, lurks the fiend deceit)  
 How beg, if *Fulvia* e'er your love possessest,  
 Quick my return to ease her widow'd breast;  
 Even to the last how did your eyes pursue,  
 While every straining look pronounc'd Adieu,  
 Till distance hid me from your aking view.

Oh, Woman! Woman! All your tears, your  
     sighs,  
 Your vows,—what are they but hyena-lies!  
 The curling smoke that as it mounts dissolves,  
 More stable than your love, more fix'd than your  
     resolves.

Each tedious hour of absence was a year,  
 No friend but Hope my anxious soul to cheer;  
 Ah, flattering smiling Hope, thus to deceive!  
 Ah, foolish Man, Hope's lurements to believe!—  
 When free, with wild impatience I reflow,  
 Lightsome as air, to fancied bliss and you:  
*Love* bore me on his wings, as if to show  
 How far *his* joys transcend all joys below;



But hurl'd from thence, with such dire force I fell,  
I burst earth's bounds, and plung'd to deepest hell.

'Twas early morn, night's shadows newly fled,  
To *Fulvia's* chamber when I eager sped;  
A master-key a ready entrance gave,  
And all was silent as the murky grave;  
My swelling pulse in quicker currents flow'd,  
My bosom with unusual transports glow'd,  
To think what joy in *Fulvia* wou'd appear,  
To see her "Bosom's Lord," her *Lucio* near;  
Or hear her, slumbering, *Lucio's* name repeat,  
Not *Philomel's* soft plainings half so sweet:—  
Gently on tiptoe to your bed I stole,  
Love, Hope, and Fancy sporting in my soul;  
I saw!—the dread remembrance wakes my pain,  
Stabs my poor heart, and fires my heated brain,—  
I saw my slave clasp'd in your warm embrace,  
In smiles while Pleasure wanton'd round your face;  
Upon your arm, that o'er his neck was thrown,  
A bracelet rich with eastern jewels shone,  
Which I, few weeks elaps'd, with sportive pride  
And thousand kisses, on your wrist had ty'd;  
No other use for treasur'd store I knew,  
Bewitching Sorcerers! but to pleasure You:  
The blasting sight my vital functions stop'd,  
My blood ran cold; I shiver'd, shriek'd, and drop'd.

Oh, had it pleas'd kind Heaven, of sense depriv'd,  
I ne'er to curst Remembrance had reviv'd,  
But *Fulvia*, Love, Ingratitude forgot,  
The friendly grave had been my happy lot;

I then



Then thro' death had peaceful sunk to rest,  
 From thought releas'd, that racking murderous pest !  
 But now no common misery's my share,  
 Even Fiends are strangers to the pangs I bear :  
 Far as Love's joys all other joys excel,  
 Love's torments distant throw the pains of hell.

By friends officious forc'd to hated light,  
 I heard, Adult'refs, of your hasty flight ;  
 Heard, that with jewels and with treasure fraught,  
 (Unhappy *Lucio* senseless, lifeless thought)  
 On Guilt's dark pinions far conceal'd you flew ;  
 But ah ! you cannot fly from Heaven's all-searching  
 view.

Madness ensu'd, while Reason fled her throne,  
 By intervals, alas ! now faintly known ;  
 No friend to share my grief, or soothe my care,  
 My sole companions Madness and Despair ;  
 When maddest, happiest ; Memory then in vain,  
 Lost in a labyrinth, darts the venom'd pain ;  
 Even Death, half-scar'd to hear my uncouth cries,  
 At distance grins, and friendly aid denies.

Oh, *Fulvia* !—but I pray not Heaven to pour  
 Upon your guilty head the vengeful shower ;  
 May you repent, and may—the pray'r how vain !  
 Sweet mercy's fount were gracious heaven to drain,  
 'Twou'd not suffice to wash away your stain. }

In every corner of my cell are view'd  
 The stabbing marks of your Ingratitude ;

A flock-stuff'd mattrafs now the only bed  
 Where wretchedness like mine can lay its head,  
 A window iron-bar'd, from whence a ray  
 But faintly gleams the promise of a day;  
 Walls plaster'd, odious made by filthy stains,  
 And streaming cobwebs where *Arachne* reigns.—  
 Are these returns for love like *Lucio's* due?  
 Yet these the only objects now I view,  
 Save to my grate when callous Fiends repair,  
 With savage cruelty to laugh and stare;\*  
 Ev'n midnight owls and dogs, more kind than they,  
 My shrieks with shrieks, and howls with howls repay;  
 Nay more, a wretch beneath my notice late,  
 With lash erect, now tyrant of my fate,  
 With barb'rous phrase, and yet more barb'rous hand,  
 And blows—ev'n blows enforcing his command.—  
 Can it be Justice, Heaven, on me to pour  
 Of vengeance such a complicated store?  
 'Tis Justice! and your wise decree I own;  
 My Crime,—for which I bend before your throne,—  
 Is Love to *Fulvia*: At the sound Fiends grin,  
 Half-pleas'd to find themselves outdone in sin.

Cou'd you, O *Fulvia*, cou'd you view these eyes,  
 That gloated on you with such extasies,  
 Now rolling fierce, with frightful wildness strain'd,  
 And in their blood-ring'd sockets scarce contain'd?  
 Cou'd you behold these lips, to yours when join'd,  
 On which our fluttering souls, you swore, entwain'd?  
 Could

\* Persons of all ranks, were formerly, on paying a trifle, admitted into the long Gallery at *Bedlam*, where they often made a cruel use of this indulgence.

Could you behold 'em quivering, fordid, pale,  
(Frothing wild rage) my gnashing teeth reveal?  
These hands, with *Judas'* tears so oft bedew'd,  
Tearing my shaggy beard, and stain'd in blood?  
Could you these farewell lines, this last Adieu,  
Without one sigh, one tear repentant view?  
The *Helen* smiles, with scorn she skims 'em o'er,  
Then, wanton, clasps her dirt-sprung Paramour:—  
Seize her, Infernals!—(*Desunt Catera.*)

---

NOT all that *Fancy's* rich creation feigns,  
Of grove-clad hills, and flow'r-enamell'd plains,  
Chrystalline streams, cool amaranthine bowers,  
Ambrosial fruits, and soft refreshing showers;  
Not music's warblings, nor a zephyr'd sky,  
Nor variegated scenes to feast the eye,  
Form'd the glad *Eden* of the primal pair;  
Where dwells *True Love* all *Paradise* is there:  
But ah! when banish'd *Innocence* and *Love*,  
No longer please, hill, dale, or tuneful grove,  
To *Be* torments; all Nature wears a gloom,  
And fell *Despair* and *Hate* the reins assume:  
No more with Heav'n's *first* joys our bosoms swell,  
What erst was *Paradise* becomes a *Hell*.





# MISCELLANEOUS.

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EVE'S LEGACY *to her* DAUGHTERS.

IN TWO CANTOS.

C A N T O I.

**E**IGHT Centuries and some odd years,  
(From Jewish *Talmud* as appears)  
*Eve* had with *Adam* led a life  
Of pleasure, pain,—Endearment, strife,  
When in the socket Nature's flame  
Expiring, hopeless lay the Dame;  
Around her couch a numerous brood  
Of daughters and grand-daughters stood,  
Wives, widows, maids: Tho' given to stray,  
*Eve* had been careful to obey  
That strict commandment sent from high,  
Which bids *Encrease* and *Multiply*;  
She sigh'd, she shook her palsied head,  
And thus in feeble accents said:

An



“ An ear observant, daughters, lend,  
And this my last advice attend,  
The only *Legacy* that *Eve*  
To her sweet Girls has power to give.

“ But what in *Eden* erst befel,  
By way of Prologue let me tell;  
*Much may in Little be express’d,*  
*Few words to me seem always best.*

“ My life, since first I tasted air,  
Has been a life of toil and care;  
No sooner scoop’d from *Adam’s* side,  
At once his Daughter and his Bride,  
But I was taught without delay,  
’Twas his to *Govern*, mine *Obey*:  
A note so harsh, so vastly queer,  
At first struck oddly on my ear;  
“ All things on earth, my Goodman said,  
“ Were for *his* use and pleasure made,  
“ And I, it seems, among the rest,  
“ But born to stoop to his behest;  
“ My province, he averr’d, was home,  
“ While lordly Man at will might roam,  
“ Nor thou’d a faithful Wife appear  
“ Abroad, unlicens’d by her Dear.”  
Thus in the groves while he was walking,  
With angels gossiping and talking,  
My hours, insipidly content,  
No pleasure known, at home were spent;  
My sole employ to cull the fruit  
Which best his appetite wou’d suit,

Or

Or make of choicest flowers a bed  
Whereon to lay his worship's head,  
And which he thought it was but fair  
His bedmaker shou'd with him share.

“ One day, my toil domestic done,  
I stole abroad at setting sun  
To take the air;—Serene the sky,  
The wind a gentle lullaby  
Just breath'd, as sinking down to rest,  
The birds their ev'ning hymn address;  
The beasts their wanton frolics play'd,  
Thirftless of gore, along the glade;  
The western sky around the sun,  
In azure, streak'd with crimson, shone;  
The breathing flowers along the mead,  
A soul-reviving fragrance shed;  
Groves, forests, vallies, wood-rob'd hills,  
Dales, fountains, slope-descending rills,  
All join'd, all grateful join'd, to pay  
Their thanks in Nature's sweetest lay,  
While music with enchanting sound,  
Re-echo'd harmony around;  
And Angels, hov'ring on the wing,  
The Concert join'd in airy ring.

“ A deep impression on my mind  
This farewell scene has left behind;  
Such scenes we now no longer boast,  
With Paradise such scenes are lost.

“ Enraptur'd as I mov'd along,  
I join'd the universal song,

When Destiny—or God knows what—  
 Brought me to that sequester'd spot  
 Where Wisdom's tree majestic grew,  
 Loaded with fruit of golden hue ;  
 I, playful, with the mountain cat,  
 Beneath its spreading branches sat,  
 Not in the least, as God's my guide,  
 Suspecting what wou'd soon betide ;  
 When, all amazement and surprize !  
 Another *Adam* met my eyes,  
 But far surpassing my Good Man,  
 As to the Raven is the Swan ;  
 Tripping he came along the road,  
 His looks a passion straight avow'd,  
 He smil'd, he ogled, and he bow'd ;  
 Bow'd with an air and such a grace,  
 As flush'd the colour in my face ;  
 His tresses on his shoulders spread,  
 A wreath of flowers adorn'd his head,  
 His face !—in short no modern Beau  
 Does half so smart or tempting show ;  
 I wou'd have fled, but 'twas in vain,  
 What Nymph cou'd fly so sweet a Swain ?  
 He seiz'd my hand, and with a tongue,  
 Where more than angel-softness hung,  
 Thus spoke——\*

“ Fairest of creatures Heav'n e'er made,  
 “ In whom all beauty is display'd,  
 “ Perfection's Self ! For Heav'n in You  
 “ Blazon'd the utmost Heav'n cou'd do,

P

(And

\* *Eve* here explains what kind of a Serpent it was that tempted  
 her.



(And sooth to say, no Female since  
 To such like honour boasts pretence,  
 For *Eve* was then beyond compare,  
*Of all her Daughters the most fair ;*)  
 “ Did you, he smiling cry’d, but know  
 “ The raptures which from Knowledge flow,  
 “ Upon the fruit divine you’d feast,  
 “ And be a Cherubim at least :  
 “ Can Knowledge be a crime, fair *Eve* ?  
 “ How weak such Doctrine to believe !  
 “ ’Tis all a trick, my worthy Madam,  
 “ For selfish ends contriv’d by *Adam* ;  
 “ Here many a time, or I’m a sinner,  
 “ While you’re at home preparing dinner,  
 “ Silly he steals, I’ve seen him do’t,  
 “ To smuggle the Forbidden Fruit ;  
 “ Nor fear to die ; ’tis all a cheat,  
 “ Unhurt you see me safely eat.”

“ He said, and from the loaded tree,  
 (Whose arching boughs, with fragrancy  
 And golden apples spread around,  
 Kissing the wide-encircled ground)  
 Fearless of Death or future pain,  
 He pull’d—he eat,—and eat again :  
 Amaz’d I saw him still survive,  
 Yet scarce my senses could believe ;  
 For *Adam* oft with anxious look,  
 And dreadful threat’ning, thus had spoke ;  
 “ The *Fruit Forbidden* shou’d you taste,  
 “ That hour, O *Eve*, will be your last.”



His eyes now shone with heavenly fire,  
 Which mortal food cou'd ne'er inspire;  
 He look'd so kind, such wonders told,  
 I cou'd, in truth, no longer hold;  
 I thought 'twas hard! 'twas wond'rous hard!  
 From Knowledge *Eve* shou'd be debar'd,  
 While *Adam*, like a greedy elf,  
 Monopoliz'd the Fruit himself:  
 The Prohibition too to eat,  
 Made me more eager for the treat.—  
 Now tell me, Daughters, which of you  
 Wou'd not *have done*, or wou'd not *do*  
 The very same?—These words scarce spoke,  
 An universal chorus broke  
 Instant, from each bright Miss and Dame,  
 "Indeed, Mamma, you're not to blame,  
 "We all had done the very same."

"Who cou'd suspect so sweet a Youth,  
 So angel-like, devoid of truth?  
 In masquerade he came: Ye Fair  
 Of masquerading sparks beware;  
 I stretch'd my hand, but fell along,  
 Sure omen I was doing wrong;  
 A cackling hen, with furious cries,  
 Peck'd at her husband's comb and eyes;  
 Three times I sneez'd; and stranger yet,  
 The sun seem'd bloody as it set.

"Yet maugre all these omens sent,  
 An apple from the tree I rent,

And eat; sudden thro' all my frame,  
The passions shot with rapid flame;  
*Adam* forgot, I glowing ey'd  
The Youth, and wish'd to be his bride,  
When loud a clap of thunder straight  
(Dire signal of my fallen state!)  
Arous'd me:—At the awful sound,  
Th' impostor Fiend dropt on the ground,  
And lo! to my affrighted eyes,  
A Serpent roll'd of monstrous size,  
That breath'd forth flames, and blackest smoke  
From his infernal nostrils broke;  
Beneath the bushes straight he fled,  
Hissing, to hide his frightful head;  
I scream'd, and quick as light'ning flew,  
Instant the noise my husband drew,  
Who missing me, a case uncommon,  
Was searching for his poor lost Woman,  
His flutt'ring pulse beating alarm,  
As if foreboding future harm;  
Trembling I told the dismal tale,  
He, like a ghost, all wan and pale,  
Poor soul! a while as rooted stood,  
A speechless, senseless stick of wood;  
At length, heaving a woe-fraught sigh,  
And darting wild to heaven his eye,  
“Death is your doom, unhappy *Eve*,  
“Depriv'd of you I cannot live;  
“No second *Eve* my heart shall move,  
“My soul disdains another love.”  
Thus said, he pluck'd the fatal tree,  
And join'd to mine his destiny;

What from that hour to this befel,  
Your very Catechiz can tell.

“ ’Twas then from the broad fig-leaf’s shade,  
A decent covering first I made,  
To veil what now we’re taught to hide  
Till pretty Miss commences Bride ;  
Nor peacock cou’d more pride exprefs  
Than I in my new-fangled drefs :—  
With moft becoming air and tafte  
The leaves I planted round my wafte,  
And instant from my Fall, became  
A flaunting, jaunting, drefsy Dame.

“ But ah ! I find my ftrength decay,  
My eyes begin to fhut out day ;  
Brief, my dear Children, let me be,  
In giving my laft *Legacy* :

“ *Few words to Me feem always beft,  
Much may in Little be exprefst.*”



## C A N T O II.

“ **Y**E budding Virgins not full blown,  
 Who scarce a Century have known,  
 Whose little hearts now fluttering beat,  
 For what you barely guess at yet,  
 Tho’ nature-taught, you send Love’s dart  
 Up to the feather in Man’s heart,  
 Ere you to victory pretend,  
 First learn this lesson,——*To Defend.*

“ When Nature first begins a riot,  
 And naughty Man disturbs your quiet,  
 Assume the mask;—seem timorous, shy,  
 And what you wish, pretend to fly;  
 This seeming coolness will inflame,  
 ’Twill make Men eager for the game:  
 The Hen when by her Mate gallanted,  
 Screams, tho’ indulg’d with what she wanted;  
 The dappled Hind her Stag denies,  
 And, but to be o’ertaken, flies;  
 Thus Maidens, not averse to billing,  
 To draw Men on shou’d seem unwilling,  
 For Men, believe me, in their natures  
 Are contradictory strange creatures;  
 An easy conquest they disdain,  
 Pleasure must be enhanc’d with pain:  
 Yet fly not with so quick a pace,  
 To leave ’em distant in the race,  
 But dodge and double like a hare,  
 Till they are netted in the snare,

Then



Then to their prowess *seem* to yield,  
Yourself the victors in the field.

" Ye Wives, who've more experience got,  
And know for certain, what is what;  
Whose Curiosity appeas'd,  
Are with the thirst of Ruling seiz'd,  
Wou'd ye despotic power attain,  
Various the paths your wish to gain;  
For gudgeons, trout, and tyrant pike,  
At baits of different colours strike.

" *Love*, to enslave some Husbands' hearts,  
Must use a thousand little arts,  
While *Fear*, with all his spaniel train,  
Must others bend to wear the chain:  
By *Love* or *Fear* we fix our throne,  
Let not *Indifference* once be shown;  
From bed and board that Snow-broth banish,  
Or, rainbow-like, your power will vanish.

" When Misers, who shou'd never wed,  
Or take aught else save gold to bed,  
Usurp the Husband's honour'd name,  
Let wild profusion guide each Dame:  
When at the sacred altar ty'd,  
The Husband *worships* his fair Bride,  
And with *his worldly goods endows*  
(And fit he shou'd) his *lawful* spouse,  
Shall Man, with *lawless* rebel spite,  
Deprive his Sovereign of her Right?

No ;—let the miser earth-worm see  
 His *All* is yours by Heaven's decree ;  
 Teaze him at least, till he advance  
 His Dear a separate maintenance ;  
 If that shou'd fail, try every art  
 ('Tis just) to break his reptile heart,  
 And give him back to that vile earth,  
 From whence his Gold and He took birth.

“ If fulkiness your Mates display,  
 To teaze such teazers, still be gay ;  
 Nor when Sir *Mule* is in the pet,  
 Your features by *his* visage set ;  
 Laugh, dance, and sing, and with disdain  
 Treat all his arts to give you pain :  
 If humor'd, soon he'll grow past bearing,  
 Whene'er *he* fulks—take *you* an airing.

“ Shou'd Heav'n a husband, fraught with sense,  
 In kindness to your share dispense,  
 His knowledge, wit, and parts admire,  
 You fool him to his heart's desire,  
 (The wisest Men, or they're bely'd,  
 Have, maugre Wisdom, their blind side)  
 Tickle the trout, he's in your hand ;  
 Seem to obey, and you command :  
 Who figure first in Wisdom's schools,  
 Are Women's most distinguish'd fools.

“ Or shou'd it prove your hapless fate  
 To meet with an inconstant Mate,  
 One who his bosom'd Wife can leave,  
 That Wife to whom Heav'n bids him *cleave* ;

If, spite of Justice, he dare ramble,  
You too abroad can frisk and amble,  
For 'tis but fitting Men receive  
A kind return for what they give.

“ When drest in winning smiles and tears,  
Beauty Omnipotent appears;  
If to their passions you apply,  
And drop the pearl, or heave the sigh,  
What heart of *Feeling* can deny!  
But, oh! to loving Mates alone,  
Such soothing Flattery be shown,  
For blocks with *pebbled* hearts, demand  
*Corrosive* Med'cines from your hand.

“ *Few words to Me seem always best,  
Much may in Little be exprest.*

“ Shou'd *Jealousy*, that baleful guest,  
Begin to squint in Hubby's breast,  
Where from a gnat of pigmy size,  
She causes giant hydras rise,  
(Not but that Women, by the bye,  
Sometimes, *perchance*, may tread awry):  
To clear her fame, each cunning elf  
Should rear the jealous flag herself;  
A few well season'd accusations,  
With fits, tears, swoonings, objurgations,  
Will stagger Goodman's cheated sense,  
His thoughts employ'd on self-defence,  
And *Cunning* with her Lynx's eye,  
Shall hoodwink peering *Jealousy*.

178 MISCELLANEOUS.

“ To rule in every age and station  
Is Female *Universal Passion*;  
Divided power is all a joke,  
Or We or They must bear the yoke;  
Then let dull Man the harness wear,  
While Woman drives as charioteer,  
“ For Husbands born to be controul’d,  
“ Stoop to the forward and the bold.”\*

“ Our fluttering souls restraint despise,  
We’re demi-tenants of the skies;  
Angels in every sense, had Heaven  
But angel-wings for fluttering given;  
We then had birds of passage flown,  
And made the universe our own;  
Like Swallows, thro’ each varied sphere  
Playfully darted here and there,  
While earth-chain’d Man, from his low station,  
Had humbly paid us adoration.

“ Your Angels, tho’ so highly priz’d,  
Are only Women spiritualiz’d.

“ In body too as well as mind  
Our angel-sex is more refin’d;  
Man, a meer earth-worm, owes his birth  
To a poor dirty clod of earth,  
While Woman, better bred, ’tis known  
Had for her fire good flesh and bone.

“ With what fervility they bend,  
And on the Fair One’s nod attend!

To

\* Waller has stolen this Couplet from *Eve*, and has made it his own, by changing the word *Husbands* into *Women*.



To lure us down to their embraces,  
 They call us Goddesses and Graces ;  
 But when we once so far demean us,  
 To throw aside the bar between us,  
 When to *their* level Females stoop,  
 The Things wou'd ride us cock o' hoop ;  
 Ungrateful wretches ! to forget  
 How infinite to Us their debt !  
 To Us, by gracious Heav'n appointed  
 Their Queens, and Sovereigns anointed.

*" Few words to me seem always best,  
 Much may in Little be exprest. -*

" Shou'd petty altercations rise,  
 Which contradiction still supplies,  
 Little avails the wrong or right,  
 Clamer, not Reason, wins the fight ;  
 Let not the hostile trumpet cease,  
 Till they petition for a peace ;  
 Cautious again to face your rattle,  
 Wisely they'll shun the field of battle :  
 The Cock from dunghill fairly beat,  
 Never provokes a fresh defeat,  
 But trembling sees his conquering foe  
 Clap his exulting wings and crow.

" Yet when no longer they contend,  
 When at your feet they lowly bend,  
 When humbly they avow obedience,  
 And to their Sovereigns swear allegiance,  
 For past offence pay tribute due  
 And what we *will* consent we do,

Let

Let mercy to the slaves be shown,  
 Mercy *shou'd* grace the female throne;  
 'Tho' Slaves, consider they are Men;  
 Smile on the *Creatures*—now and then.

“ These Recipes, to one 'tis ten,  
 At first will disagree with Men;  
 But Men, like Horses, may be broke  
 By *perseverance* to the yoke;  
 Forc'd, spite of struggling, to *submit*  
 (If wives prove Jockies) to the bit.

“ Ye Widows,—but to you as vain  
 Advice, as to the Ocean rain;  
 Suffice it that I only say,  
*Indulge* my Girls, while yet you may;  
 Old age brings on with hurrying pace  
 The hours of abstinence and grace.

“ A thousand things, alas, remain,  
 To teach, relate, advise, explain,  
 But ah! too late! for chilly Death—  
 (I feel the scoundrel)—stops my breath.

“ Adieu—farewell—my precepts scan,  
 And be as virtuous—as *you can*.”

With talking spent, life on her tongue  
 (Its dernier lodgment) faltering hung:  
 “ *Few words are always best*,” she cry'd,  
 She cou'd no more, but instant dy'd.

Her weeping Daughters,—all distress,  
 Flew,—to bespeak their Mourning Dress.

## E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this stone, now peaceful and at rest,  
 Lies *Eve*, the first of Mothers and the best;  
 A Wife so loving, meek, obedient, true,  
 Time ne'er again to Time's last hour shall view;  
 Her children and her husband all her care,  
 For them, more than herself, her daily pray'r:  
 No idle Curiosity possesst  
 The spotless mansion of her Angel-breast;  
 Free from all pride, her tongue was never known  
 To falshood, malice, or to slander prone,  
 But softest music on each accent hung,  
 To calm her husband's soul, with grief when stung;  
 Her form was beauty's self, through which refin'd  
 Shone, like a jewel chrystal-clos'd, her mind;  
 "Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 "And all her soul was love and dignity."  
 To count her numerous virtues were as vain,  
 As count the stars in yon ethereal plain;  
 But, ah!—e'er nine short Centuries were given,  
 Too good for earth, her soul was snatch'd to heaven.

Poor weeping *Adam* to her honour'd shade  
 Has caus'd this monument to be display'd,  
 As an Example to succeeding times,  
 That Truth shou'd reign in monumental Rhimes.

## ORIGIN of a METHODIST,

*With his MISSIONARY CHARGE.\**

A Madman, Knave, and motley Fool,  
 Downward once took their way;  
 To *Satan* brought, he ey'd them cool,  
 And thus was heard to say:

“ A thought just strikes my royal pate,  
 “ That these Three blended well,  
 “ Wou'd make a fiend as truly great,  
 “ As any fiend in hell.”

He *fang'd* 'em up with eager speed,  
 He blended 'em in haste,  
 Just as a pastry-cook wou'd knead  
 A parcel of puff-paste.

Of zealot Pride he added store,  
 To make the mass ferment;  
 Of dark Hypocrisy yet more,  
 And Temper violent.

When finish'd, on his face a gloom,  
 He stamp'd with black Despair;  
 Sure mark which *Demons* (such their doom)  
 Must ever, ever wear.

“ Hence,

\* This and the following Hymn were occasioned by a violent attack on the Stage in the *Leeds* papers, 1771, by a *Trio* of the *New-born*, who did honour to the learned professions of *Law*, *Physic*, and *Divinity*.



- Hence, hence, cries *Satan*, hence to earth,  
 " With winged Vengeance fly;  
 Sworn foe to Chearfulness and Mirth,  
 " *Reason* and *Truth* defy.
- Let Fear the hellish agent prove  
 " To awe the vulgar crew,  
 And paint the Power that rules above  
 " In my infernal hue.
- The *Sheeps' Obstetric* first proclaim  
 " Yourself, to aid *New-Birth*;  
 Then blind, and by the nose lead tame  
 " Those *Chosen Sheep* on earth.
- When Ignorance and Phlegm unite  
 " To muddify the brain,  
 " You may persuade 'em black is white,  
 " And Common Sense profane.
- Tell 'em, for You th' Almighty keeps  
 " His boundless vast domain,  
 " And all his other children sleeps  
 " In everlasting Pain.
- Their hides fleece well, and grunt and groan,  
 " As if your soul were sick;  
 " And give all worship but your own,  
 " A present to Old *Nick*.
- To make 'em favourite Pets on high,  
 " Tell 'em, 'twere always fit,

“ Some swinging Sin of blackest die,  
 “ They first of all commit.

“ That darker than the darkest night  
 “ ‘Tho’ all their deeds shou’d prove;  
 “ Say, *Faith* alone will wing their flight  
 “ To endless joys above.

“ But void of *Faith*, each deed tho’ pure  
 “ As e’er from Angel fell,  
 “ Their soul’s loss will the more ensure,  
 “ And deeper plunge in hell.

“ By Melancholy’s road allure  
 “ To Suicide mankind,  
 “ For few the torments can endure  
 “ Of a despairing mind.

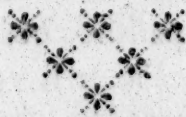
“ Yet Mirth and Laughter tho’ arraign’d  
 “ As glaring marks of Sin,  
 “ Let private Love-Feasts be ordain’d,  
 “ To draw new Converts in.

“ And from th’ unletter’d lank-hair Breed  
 “ Your Fellow-Labourers chuse,  
 “ For he who can nor write nor read,  
 “ More plain his mission shews.

“ How easier far for such to bawl  
 “ In coarse and vulgar phrase,  
 “ Within the Tabernacle’s wall,  
 “ Than cross-legg’d spend their days.

“ Let Females too, with zealot skill  
“ By Me inspir’d, dispute ;  
“ For sure those tongues that ne’er lie still,  
“ Must evermore confute. \*  
  
“ Gainst Balls and Concerts with wild rage  
“ And noise incessant cry ;  
“ But chief against our bane, the Stage,  
“ Zeal’s hottest battery ply.  
  
“ Veil’d in Religion’s mask, aloud  
“ Preach Brimstone, Fire, and Flame,  
“ And when you’ve poison’d all the crowd,  
“ Return—from whence you came.”  
  
So said, Old Nick with horrid grin,  
His *Janus* Darling kist ;  
Dub’d him Ambassador from Sin,  
And hail’d him METHODIST.

\* *Tor/bire*, I suppose, is not the only place in the kingdom where Lady-Errant Apostles may be met with, who travel the country in search of Adventures, and who preach, exhort, dispute, labour in the Vineyard, combat the Flesh, and overthrow the Fiend.



## A NEW HYMN,

*In Imitation of WESLEY'S Inimitable Hymns.*

**B**EHOLD thy Sheep, thy *Chosen* Train,  
 Assembled here to bleat to Thee;  
 Our Bleatings, Lord, do not disdain,  
 But listen to our Harmony.

Careless of all that *Satan* can,  
 Armies of Fiends we will not fear,  
 While Marshall *Whitfield* leads our Van,  
 And General *Wesley* guards the Rear.

Full well we know that *Zion's* Keys,  
 The Keys of *Zion's* Gate\* are given  
 To Us, to let in whom We please,  
 Thro' the *strait* Turnpike-Gate of Heaven.

Where all who *Shibboleth* can say,  
 With accent orthodox of *Judah*,  
 Admitted are without delay  
 To sing Eternal *Hallelujah*.

Give Us, O Lord, thy *Chosen* Sheep,  
 Rich meads and pastures here on earth,  
 But in Misfortune's Pickle steep  
 All who are strangers to *New-Birth*.

And

\* Repetitions of this kind are frequent in the Hymns of Modern Apostles.



And for those Reprobates who go  
To see lewd Plays,—their eyes put out.  
And at Assemblies Mercy show,  
In giving all who dance—the Gout.

Behold thy Sheep, thy *Chosen* Train,  
Assembled here to bleat to Thee;  
Our Bleatings, Lord, do not disdain,  
But listen to our Harmony.

A S K E T C H.

**NIPWEIGHT**, a Grocer of the *Chosen* Few,  
At night from shop and worldly cares withdrew,  
And having, for his Soul's Edification,  
A Chapter por'd thro' in the *Revelation*,  
He clos'd the book, unspectacled his nose,  
And calling to his 'Prentice as he rose,  
"Have you the Currants treacled well, good  
" *John*?"  
"Yes, Sir."—"The Sugars floured too?"—  
" 'Tis done."—  
"Tobacco wet?"—"I have;"—"Then come  
up stairs,  
" And like good Christians let us go to Prayers."

## IN SESE VOLVITUR.

“ **W**ITH sprightly mien and visage bland,  
 “ In order first throughout the land,  
 “ **SPRING** smiling comes, and where she treads  
 “ With sweets revives the sickly meads,  
 “ Strews flowers as she sports along,  
 “ And blossom’d sprays resound the song:  
 “ Playful as kids, amid her train,  
 “ Are seen the village maid and swain;  
 “ The fields with daisies are bespread,  
 “ Each bush, each tree’s a nuptial bed,  
 “ While man, beasts, birds, and fish combine  
 “ In praise of genial *Valentine*:  
 “ The *Loves* and *Graces* at her sight,  
 “ Whom *Winter*’s chill had put to flight,  
 “ From Heaven, accompanied by *Mirth*,  
 “ Again revisit *Spring* and Earth;  
 “ And *Nature* with a gladsome eye,  
 “ Beholds her Darling passing by.

“ Next with that majesty and pride  
 “ By which *Jove*’s Queen is dignified,  
 “ **SUMMER** succeeds; whose powerful sway,  
 “ Earth, seas, and kindling air obey;  
 “ A crown upon her head she bears,  
 “ And Nature’s richest garment wears,  
 “ While hills, dales, groves and woods around,  
 “ *All hail, great Queen*, with joy resound:  
 “ The Sun from *Cancer* darts his rays,  
 “ Pouring an all-commanding blaze,

“ Im.

Impregns with life, the fruitful Earth,  
 And all Creation bursts to birth :  
 Upon her left, with glowing face,  
*Heat* slowly moves ;——With gentle pace  
*Favonius* on her right is seen,  
 Impress'd by whom the melting Queen  
 Produc'd fair *Health*, a lovely maid,  
 In Nature's richest bloom array'd ;  
 Courted by all, man's favourite toast,  
 When absent, still belov'd the most :  
 Blessings enjoy'd, we oft despise,  
 Want stamps a value on the prize.

Onward she passes :—In her rear  
 AUTUMN, sheaf-crown'd, behold appear ;  
 In garment drest of motley hue,  
 His aspect grave, yet pleasing too ;  
 While *Plenty* with a buxom face,  
 And *Cheerfulness* with smiling grace,  
 Dance hand in hand, and o'er the plains,  
*Trip to EUPHROSYNE's light strains* :  
 Their treasur'd wealth the fields display  
 In stacks, straw-bonnetted, of hay,  
 And sheaves like marshall'd armies stand,  
 Embattled o'er the stubble land,  
 Memento blest, that God t'adore,  
 Who guards from hostile rage our shore :  
 With echoing horns the hills resound,  
 The hare flies o'er the shaven ground,  
 The loaded waggons strip the fields,  
 The circling flail the thresher wields,

The

" The peasant fills the flowing bowl,  
 " And *Pleasantry* inspires each soul,  
 " O'er harvest-suppers gay presides,  
 " And, mirthful, shakes his lusty sides;  
 " While *Spleen*, self-banish'd, takes her flight,  
 " Conceal'd in darkness, gloom, and night.

" From the bleak North, in fables dress'd,  
 " Crawls WINTER last, with age oppress'd;  
 " Blear-ey'd, his back ybent like bow,  
 " His bald-head deeply capp'd in snow;  
 " With shrunk-in cheeks, and frightful beard  
 " Of Icicles:—His voice is heard  
 " In howling tempests, and his train  
 " Compos'd of fogs, winds, snow, and rain,  
 " With scanty light obliquely given,  
 " From the remotest part of Heaven:—  
 " His visage wrinkled, dark, severe,  
 " Strikes *Nature* with a chilly fear;  
 " Languid her pulse and spirits beat,  
 " And backward to her heart retreat:  
 " Where'er he moves, wild Horror reigns,  
 " He spreads destruction thro' the plains,  
 " Till *Hope* once more, on Cherub wing,  
 " Points the return of youthful *Spring*,  
 " At whose approach the tyrant flies  
 " To cheerless *Patagonian* skies;  
 " While, as before, in order due,  
 " The passing Seasons we review.

" Thus *Nature* annual life resumes,  
 " And with a new creation blooms;



" But all the changes mortals know,  
 " From one poor single round must flow ;  
 " For wounded once by *Winter's* sting,  
 " Man never hails return of *Spring*."

Beneath a spreading shade reclin'd,  
 Thus *Lucius* sung with pensive mind ;  
 When blest with Music's sweetest lay,  
 A heavenly voice was heard to say :  
 " Can Man, ungrateful, thus despair !  
 " Man, who is Heaven's peculiar care !  
 " Reason and Revelation show,  
 " That Man, Heaven-favour'd Man, shall know  
 " Another Spring above the skies,  
 " There *Phoenix*-like again to rise,  
 " Where gloomy *Winter*, never comes,  
 " But *Spring* unfading always blooms ;  
 " And He who *Virtue's* mount can climb,  
 " Defiance bids to murdering Time :—  
 " The Seasons that in orbits run,  
 " The Earth, and Heaven's great eye, the Sun,  
 " Yon azure Vault, yon starry Host,  
 " Shall fade,—again in Chaos lost ;  
 " Even Time itself shall be no more,  
 " While *Virtue* shall immortal soar.

" The stream of *Virtue* never dies,  
 " Which God's eternal fount supplies."

## The FISHERMAN.

**U**NKNOWING and unknown to Fame,  
 An honest Clown—*Dorus* his name,  
 With fraudulent line and baited hook,  
 Near the sea-shore his station took,  
 In hope the cravings to supply  
 Of a large helpless family :  
 But Fortune, who not often sheds  
 Her smiles upon deserving heads,  
 On *Dorus* glanc'd with scornful spite ;  
 No prize?—not even a single bite :  
 Tir'd with ill luck, he now despairs,  
 And for a hungry home prepares ;  
 When to his joy and great surprize,  
 He feels a prey of happy size,  
 (So flatters smiling Hope)—when, lo !  
 Fortune again appears his foe ;  
 He draws on shore with cautious pull,  
 A fish?—ah no——a Human Skull ;  
 A ghastly sight!—Forbidding food !  
 Amaze and horror chill his blood :  
 What's to be done?—Shall he again  
 Commit his capture to the main ?  
 But here Humanity assails,  
 And league'd with Piety prevails ;  
 “ Who knows,” cries *Dorus* with a sigh,  
 (A heart-sprung tear in either eye)  
 “ But this might once a portion be  
 “ Of some poor spouse or fire like me ;  
 “ On whose endeavours a large brood  
 “ Of little ones might hang for food ;

“ Ship-

" Shipwreck'd perhaps in sight of land,  
 " Or murder'd by some villain's hand ;  
 " My duty and my feelings too  
 Strongly evince what I shou'd do ;  
 " The kindness which to him I show,  
 " Perhaps to others *I* may owe."

So said, the skull he distant bears,  
 And in the woods a grave prepares ;  
 He digs,—his heart dilates with pleasure  
 To find a Heaven-sent golden treasure ;  
 A treasure to his utmost wishes,  
 Superior to ten thousand fishes,  
 With which he joyous marches home,  
 The skull bequeathing in its room.

*Those hearts that with humanity distend,  
 In Providence are sure to meet a friend :  
 And the same love we to our brethren show,  
 Or soon, or late, Heaven will on us bestow.*



*The* PEASANT *and* MASTIFF.

**W**HERE *Nile*, the King of Floods, bestows  
 His genial blessings as he flows,  
 A widow'd Peasant, who with care,  
 Foster'd a darling infant heir,  
 The only offspring of a wife  
 Dearer, when living, than his life,  
 His cottage left at early day,  
 The babe in cradle sleeping lay ;  
 His faithful *Towser* left behind,  
 The Child and House's Guard design'd.

Ended his business, soon the swain  
 Returns to his lov'd charge again ;  
 He lifts the latch, his little cot  
 Nor other bar nor fence had got ;  
 The dog unusual joy expresses,  
 Curving with eager fond caresses ;  
 But oh ! the parent's vast surprize !  
 Besmear'd with blood he *Towser* spies,  
 Whose clotted jaws, all drench'd in gore,  
 Suspicious marks of murder bore ;  
 The frighted parent looks around,  
 No little darling's to be found,  
 The cradle overturn'd, the rest  
 By fear and wild despair was guess'd ;  
 The infant's fate each object shews,  
 The murderer in his dog he views ;  
 He rag'd, his hair he wildly tore,  
 And with a hatchet that he bore,

Dealing



Dealing a blow revengeful, straight  
 Consign'd the Mastiff to his fate ;  
 Then headlong to the cradle flies,  
 Which rais'd, (amazement all !) he spies  
 His smiling treasure on the floor,  
 Asleep, uninjur'd, and secure ;  
 And not far distant from the child,  
 A monstrous Serpent, newly kill'd  
 By faithful *Towser*, to prevent  
 The murder of his Innocent ;  
 While in the fray, so says the Fable,  
 Were overset both child and cradle.

*If to the Moral you attend,  
 You'll ne'er unheard condemn your friend.*



## SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN *Nature* to *Athens* and *Rome* bade adieu,  
 To *Britain* the Goddess with extasy flew;  
 So blooming she look'd, so alluring her charms,  
*Jove* quitted his sky, and indulg'd in her arms.

On *Avon's* fair banks, now the subject of Fame,  
 She brought forth a boy, *Willy Shakespeare* his name;  
 Not egg was to egg more alike, than in feature  
 The sweet little rogue to his parent dame *Nature*.

Of all her young prattlers she lov'd *Willy* best,  
 She nurs'd him, and smil'd as he hung at her breast;  
 And when he grew older she nothing conceal'd,  
 But all, all her secrets to *Willy* reveal'd.

She fed him with honey from *Hybla's* rich store,  
 The same which had feasted her *Homer* before;  
 A Swan on the *Avon* first taught him to sing,  
 While the Loves and the Graces danc'd round in a  
 ring.

An Eaglet from *Jove's* feather'd hobby was given,  
 On which the young Songster oft frolic'd to Heaven;  
 And when *Willy* chaunted, the Deities swore,  
 They ne'er heard such warblings, such wild notes  
 before.

With

With Envy just bursting, and impotent Lies,  
 Old *Momus* bespatter'd the Bard of the skies,  
*Jove* kick'd the foul Critic from heav'n's azure  
 Round,  
 And, venting his spleen, now at *Ferney* he's found.\*

To govern, and lead as he pleas'd, in a string,  
*Jove* gave him the Passions; they hail'd *Willy* king:  
 The Muses, as handmaids, were doom'd to attend  
 him,  
 And *Phœbus* with Wit's brightest ray did befriend  
 him.

A pow'r to create *Jove* to *Willy* assign'd,  
 This pow'r was to Fancy's bright regions confin'd,  
 Or *Willy* all Chaos with life had endu'd,  
 And *Jove* for Creations had wanted new food.†

*Jove* next gave the boy from his thunder a shaft,  
*Will* grasping it, fearless play'd with it, and  
 laugh'd;  
 Not *Jove* cou'd his lightning dispatch with more art,  
 Nor send the wing'd vengeance more sure to the  
 heart.

The Goddeses show'd their fond love for the boy,  
*Minerva* gave Wisdom, and *Venus* gave joy;  
 But *Juno* quite jealous, with insolent pride,  
 To *Jove*'s love-begotten all favours deny'd.

R 3

Fresh

\* *Moltair's* Seat near *Geneva*.

† In the Heathen Mythology *Jove* was supposed to form Creation out of Chaos.

Fresh pluck'd from his wing *Cupid* gave him a quill,  
Which *Willy* long flourish'd with magical skill,  
He penn'd with it strains that enchanted the spheres,  
And drew from the soul of stern *Pluto* salt tears.

The harp when he founded, Vice instant grew pale,  
While Virtue triumphant rode high on the gale,  
Each note to our heart's inmost pulse found its  
way,  
Nor, like mortal notes, on the surface did play.

Young *Ammon* oft wish'd for new worlds to subdue,  
Young *Willy* created, and peopled them too;  
New Beings, new Wonders cou'd give to our eyes,  
And *Fancy's* wild progeny *naturalise*.

The light tripping *Fays* still awaited his nod,  
Oft with them he danc'd on the green-circled sod;  
*Sylphs*, *Demons*, and *Witches* straight flew at his  
call,  
And his Magic the Folk of the air cou'd enthral.

Ye bards of all ages, yield *Shakespeare* the bays,  
What star can be seen 'mid the sun's dazzling  
blaze?

Let *Britons* enraptur'd, their thanks swell on high,  
One *Shakespeare* on earth,—and one *Jove* in the sky.



The W R E A T H.

N EAR the *Castalian* Fount the God of Day  
Met *Shakespeare* warbling a melodious Lay,  
More trilling sweet than all those notes refin'd,  
*Gallia* can boast from *Art* with *Labour* join'd;  
Upon the Poet's Brow no Laurel shone,  
Yet blithsome as the Lark he journey'd on:  
The God stop'd short, amazement in his look,  
And, eager, thus his favourite Bard bespoke;  
"What sacrilegious Wretch has strip'd thy Brow?  
"Quick on the Fiend due vengeance let me show."  
Smiling the Bard replies, "The Laurel Crown  
"From my own brow I took,—nay never frown;—  
"And on my darling *Garrick's* Head have plac'd  
"Those Honors, by the Actor not disgrac'd."  
The God grew calm, and instant thus replies,  
"Your *Garrick* well deserves the hallow'd Prize;  
"And you, my other Self, wear this:—so said,  
With his own Wreath he crown'd the Poet's Head.

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P A R O D Y

Of *Pope's* EPITAPH on *Sir Isaac Newton*.

*K*nowledge and Truth lay hid in darkest Night,  
GOD said, "Let PRINTING Be," and There  
was LIGHT.

On

On Reading some EASTERN TALES,  
lately published.

THESE *Eastern Tales* so prettily express,  
Effusions from the Goose-quills of the *West*,  
These frigid Nothings, speak their mud-sprung birth,  
Their Parents mole-ey'd Gnomes, incor'd with  
earth,  
While *Hawksworth's*\* Eagle Genius soaring high,  
Wings to the Eastern Chambers of the sky,  
There the enraptur'd Bard the God inspires,  
And with his *Oriental Magic* fires;  
His Pow'r, Sprites, Demons, Genii, all confess:  
He paints, and *Fancy* wears her richest dress;  
The *Talisman* his pen that charms at will,  
Not *Salomon* cou'd use it with more skill:  
Invention glows,—while Virtue guides each line;  
We read,—we feel the Magic all divine:  
Ye paltry Scribblers hide your feeble rays,  
*Hawksworth* alone can pour the *Eastern* blaze.

\* Author of the *Adventurer*, in which the several *Eastern Stories*, particularly that of *Amurath and the Ring*, distinguish him among the first, (perhaps the very first) in that Line.



On Mrs B—'s safe DELIVERY of a DAUGHTER.

A MID his subject Gods as *Jove*  
Nectar Imperial quaff'd above,  
(For Deities can now and then  
Indulge and quaff as well as men)  
Petitions 'gainst the Trap-door,—thump !  
As if from cannon-shot came,—plump !  
And with such force, that *Jove* amaz'd,  
Order'd the Trap-door to be rais'd :\*  
Which done ; without the least decorum,  
Pray'rs jostling pray'rs, burst in before 'em,  
So wildly rude, they made *Jove* stare,  
He thought all *Billingsgate* was there ;  
For Mortals, in their pray'rs, 'tis said,  
Are often strangely underbred,  
Nor to the Gods that reverence show,  
That's due from clay-built folk below :  
Some pray'd for fame, some pray'd for Health,  
Some for a Title, some for Wealth ;  
Thro' fear of Hell some Wretches pray'd,  
Some pray'd—for praying was their trade ;  
For Wives some pray'd,—but well-a-day !  
More pray'd to take their Wives away ;  
Some pray'd for this, and some for that,  
And many—for they knew not what :—  
But some Petitions warmly prest,  
Struck *Jove* far more than all the rest ;

They

\* See the Story of *Menippus* in the *Spectator*, No. 391.—in which Prayers are said to enter Heaven through a Trap-door, occasionally opened and shut as *Jupiter* happens to be in the humour.



They spoke the Suppliants quite sincere,  
Which made him kindly lend an ear ;  
For *Jove* (fly rogue !) knows—from the tongue  
Or from the heart, if pray'rs are sprung.

“ Great *Jove*, (the Suppliants loud exclaim)  
“ Kindly assist the pregnant Dame,  
“ Guard *Bellamira* from disaster,  
“ And safely guide—or Miss or Master ;  
“ No common cause demands our pray'r,  
“ In *Bellamira* thousands spare.”

This and much more his Godship heard  
From many Suppliants prefer'd ;  
But none more clamorous seem'd than one,  
An odd droll-looking Simpleton,  
Who *Jove* in blundering terms address ;  
He own'd, This was his first request,  
And swore, if *Jove* wou'd kindly save her,  
He ne'er wou'd ask another favour.  
*Jove* smil'd, and casting down an eye,  
On marrow-bones did *Scrub* espy,  
Which plain as sun at noon-day, spoke  
Th' affair to *Scrub* had been no joke.

But what *Jove* thought was most observant ;  
Ev'n her own Spouse in pray'r was fervent ;  
For Husbands seldom now-a-day,  
For their Wives' preservation pray ;  
He long to peace had been a stranger,  
Joyless, his dearest *Bell* in danger ;

And



And wou'd have sacrific'd his life,  
 Unfashion'd thing ! to save his Wife :  
*Jove* smil'd, and thought it somewhat strange,  
 (For *Jove* himself is given to change)  
 That Mortals shou'd the Gods excel,  
 And from their betters bear the bell;  
 For be it spoken to *Jove's* shame,  
 Nor he, nor any of his name,  
 To *Dunmow* Fitch cou'd e'er lay claim.

}

To Constancy a perfect stranger,  
*Jove* in his heart's an arrant *Ranger* ;  
 In sly disguise he often quits  
*Olymp* to feast on mortal bits ;  
 And flesh and blood prefers, by'th' bye,  
 To all the beauties of the sky ;  
 For which Dame *Juno* scolds and hectors,  
 And pays him off with curtain lectures.

Yet *Jove* himself, tho' Buck complete,  
 As e'er frequented *Russel-street*,  
 To mortals has forbad such jokes,  
 And threatens all your naughty folks,  
 If they'll not mend and say their pray'rs,  
 Old *Nick* shall carry 'em down stairs ;  
 Hard case ! that *Jove* shou'd laws ordain,  
 Which *Jove* himself treats with disdain ;  
 But laws were made to rule the throng,  
 Your Gods and Kings are never wrong.

" My Friends, quo' *Jove*, stroaking his face,  
 " In troth this is no common case ;

" Thou-

" Thousands, you see, in sad contrition,  
 " For yon good Wife i'th' Straw petition;  
 " And *viva voce* all aver,  
 " Their Happiness depends on her:  
 " The knocker ty'd, the straw thick spread,  
 " The Nurses hobbling round the bed,  
 " The throbbing breast, the tearful eye,  
 " Speak grim-fac'd Danger to be nigh;  
 " Then instant fly, with utmost speed,  
 " To aid her in this hour of need;  
 " In B——'s shape, *Lucina*, shew  
 " All that *Obstetric* art can do;  
 " You, *Phæbus*, quick to *Hall* repair,  
 " Assume your brother C——'s air,  
 " And Med'cine's utmost skill impart,  
 " To soothe her pains, and cheer her heart;  
 " While I her lov'd Lord's anxious breast,  
 " With Hope's sweet balsam calm to rest.

" And now, hear *Fate*—hear *Destiny*;  
 " By *Styx* I swear! 'Tis *Jove's* decree;  
 " Soon shall a Cherub see the light,  
 " As *Venus* from the ocean bright;  
 " And with a wonder-working smile,  
 " Her fondling Mother's pangs beguile;  
 " Her welfare shall be Heaven's own care,  
 " As Father wise, as Mother fair;  
 " Like both in one, replete with spirit,  
 " Good-nature, Wit,—in short, all Merit.

" The Parents' virtues to requite,  
 " Wing'd be their days with true Delight;

" Health

“ Health shall her choicest blessings shed,  
“ The Loves shall crown their genial bed,  
“ Fortune with smiles shall still befriend 'em,  
“ And Heaven's best gift, Content, attend 'em;  
“ Blessing and blest, they long shall show  
“ Example to mankind below,  
“ That *Happiness is Virtue's prize,*  
“ *And to be good, is to be wise.*

“ And when Death summons, as all must  
“ From whence they came return to dust,  
“ One single grave, one friendly mould,  
“ In union shall their clay infold;  
“ Their souls as one shall still unite,  
“ And endless feast in Realms of Light;  
“ On earth their virtues too survive,  
“ And in their lovely Offspring live.”

*Jove* spoke, and awful gave the nod,  
While *Fate* submissive own'd the God.





*An EPISTLE to R—— B——, Esq.*  
*On TRIFLING.*

**F**OR want, good Sir, of something better,  
 I send you here a Trifling Letter.

The Man who's so amazing wise,  
 A little Trifling to despise,  
 Tho' for a *Solomon* he pass,  
 Is Trifle-better than an Ass,  
 That on dry prickly thistles mumbles,  
 And cheerless ever, brays and grumbles :  
 Without it what were Life ? a feast,  
 Where Man wou'd sit a humdrum guest ;  
 But Trifling, blithe and full of glee,  
 With Health to bear her company,  
 Enters ;—at once dispels our gloom,  
 And kicks Spleen headlong from the room.

Trifling to Wisdom's near ally'd,  
 Altho' by Pedants 'tis deny'd ;  
 And in Truth's maxims 'tis a rule,  
 The graver, still the greater Fool :  
 Like Master *Stephen*,\* Sons of Folly,  
 Are *vastly given to Melancholy*,  
 And wise Men oft thro' Trifling's road,  
 Arrive at Wisdom's snug abode :  
 Aided by that, they Truths discern,  
 And Mankind's inmost Passions learn.

The

\* A Character in *Every Man in his Humour*.



The greatest Men, relax'd and gay,  
With Folly's bells can trifling play.

*Cromwell*, although he was no Fool,  
Wou'd often romp like boy at school ;  
And *Prussia's* King sometimes descends  
To blind-man's buff among his friends :  
On Gravity when Monarchs trample,  
Courtiers will follow their example ;  
No longer *then* their thoughts they stifle,  
Men's souls are honest when they trifle ;  
Hypocrisy aside is thrown,  
And (wond'rous !) *Truth* sports round the throne.

*Scipio* the wise, in days of yore,  
Oft trilled on *Cumæa's* shore ;  
With *Lælius* laugh'd, indulg'd his freaks,  
And play'd (boy-like) at ducks and drakes :  
Great *Julius Cæsar* was, 'tis said,  
A first-rate Buck of the first head ;  
And Bucks, I'm sure, must be allow'd  
To van it in the Trifling crowd.

Ev'n *Solomon*, the man most wise  
That ever breath'd beneath the skies,  
Had long thro' *Pleasure's* magic rov'd,  
And all the joys of 'Trifling prov'd :  
When he had got his *quantum suff.*  
Or rather more than was enough,  
He wisely said, " That Life, alas !  
" Was *Vanitatum Vanitas* :"  
But when he conquer'd mawky Spleen,  
He wisely trilled on again,

In life's decline, as records show,  
 Keeping a large *Seraglio*;  
 And all the pleasures he found there,  
 Were *Trifling*, we may safely swear.

May I aver, without offence,  
*Trifling's* a thing of consequence !

Poets and grave Logicians own  
 That all the world's to *Trifling* prone ;  
 We see what crowds dispute and jar  
 On Politics, on Peace and War ;  
 Or give a positive decision  
 On *Patagonians*, or religion ;  
 On inward Grace, or *Cock-lane* ghost,  
 On *Nabobs*, or some favourite toast,  
 On Operas, or on matter's essence,  
 On Farces, or the soul's quintessence,  
 On *Chatham*, *Bute*, or patriot *Wilkes*,  
 On cookery, or price of silks,  
 On Faith, that anchor of salvation,  
 Or such-like *Trifling* disputation ;  
 What are they all but trifling jokes ?  
 (At least made so by trifling folks)  
 And yet those Trifles give enjoyment,  
 By finding *Trifling* minds employment.

Your Graduates of *Gresham* college,  
 Maugre their gravity and knowledge,  
 Have lately to the world approv'd  
 How very much they trifling lov'd ;  
 For Trifles they can scold and prate,  
 And fight like wives at *Billingsgate* :

Such

Such Trifling we'd excuse,—but when  
 They raise the death-denouncing pen,  
 Pluck'd from the boding Raven's wing,  
 It then becomes a serious thing;  
 "In pops grim Death, th' arresting Serjeant,  
 "With—" *Sir, your most obedient Servant.*"

Ev'n at St *Stephen's*, thus folks say,  
 Trifling maintains a powerful sway;  
 And yet I doubt the truth,—for who  
 A Trifling member ever knew?

Your ever-overwise appear,  
 At very best but very queer;  
 And gravity's a trifling veil,  
 That marks the folly 'twou'd conceal.

Love, by experience, we find,  
 Chief source of pleasure to mankind;  
 And Lovers' actions always prove,  
 Trifling's the very soul of Love.

Women are call'd, in ridicule,  
 The Trifling Sex by ev'ry fool;  
 But fools destroy their spleen's intent,  
 By paying them a compliment;  
 What gains our wonder and our praise?  
 Their thousand pretty Trifling ways:  
 By Trifling's magic they maintain  
 Their empire and despotic reign;  
 And female wit, which so surprizes,  
 From Trifling's *Je ne scai quoi* arises.



But of all Triflers under Heaven,  
Rhymsters are most to Trifling given;  
They spin in Trifles their poor brains,  
And get but Trifles for their pains;  
And what particularly shows 'em  
Coxcombs, to every soul that knows 'em,  
They boast, with more than fronts of brass,  
Favours from Misses of *Parnass*,  
When ev'ry living mortal knows,  
Each Muse is still an unpluck'd rose.

Rhymsters howe'er may boast their use;  
The Trifling Nothings they produce,  
Serve Triflers on a rainy day,  
To *while* an idle hour way.

The gossip press, for our repose,  
With Trifles daily overflows,  
And, gossip-like, it still supplies  
For every Truth a thousand Lies;  
Were it not for Romances, News,  
Museums, Magazines, Reviews,  
And others of that Trifling class,  
How tedious many an hour wou'd pass!

These few, in short, may serve as samples,  
Among ten thousand like examples,  
That Trifling is a real ingredient,  
And to our happiness expedient.

Yet after all, good Sir, I deem  
We shou'd not use it in extreme:



'Tis but a seas'ning at the best,  
 And gives to life a pleasing zest ;  
 But salt by mouthfuls taken, sure  
 No man of taste can well endure.

Thinking and Trifling help each other,  
 As friend helps friend, or brother brother ;  
 Ev'n as the human body tires,  
 And sleep's recruiting balm requires,  
 Trifling the same effect produces,  
 And fits the soul for noblest uses :—  
 In this the truest Wisdom lies,  
 " Still to be Merry and be Wise."

As Humor dictates, grave or gay,  
 Its various impulse I obey ;  
 Yet tho' I love the Muse as life,  
 She's but my Mistress, not my Wife ;  
 And with a Mistress, now and then  
 To trifle's common with most men.

Excuse, my Patron and my Friend,  
 Those Trifling Cramboes which I send ;  
 You're tir'd of Trifling by this time,  
 And so I'll end my Trifling Rhyme.

With love to friends, I'm your most Fervent,  
 Obedient, Trifling, Humble Servant.

---

May 6,—the day extremely fine,  
 Seventeen hundred sixty nine.

ALEX-



*The* CLEANLY SPARROW.

NEVER was Sparrow half so blest,  
 As lovely *Cloe's* fluttering *Phil*;  
 She gives her bosom for his nest,  
 Of pleasure to indulge his fill.

And when a cobweb veil of gauze  
 Covers the heaving lilled skin,  
*Philly* with eager bill and claws,  
 Unpins the shade, and nestles in.

Richer than nabobs, dukes, or kings,  
 He chirps from his *Elysium* thanks;  
 Expands his little quivering wings,  
 And shows a thousand wanton pranks.

The fond effusions of his heart  
 Sweet as the sky-lark's warblings prove,  
 For *Cloe* knows such sounds impart  
 True marks of gratitude and love.

Partaker of each choice repast,  
 The sugar'd tea well cream'd he sips;  
 Or pecks with *savoir vivre* taste,  
 The honey'd morsel from her lips.

But as he happily conveys  
 The prize more sweet than nectar'd pap,  
 He cocks his tail above her stays,  
 And drops a *Something* in her lap.

Be not offended, lovely Fair,  
*Phil* knows his home your downy breast,  
 And ancient proverbs well declare,  
*A cleanly bird ne'er fouls his nest.*

---

On our MODERN COMEDIES: 1769.

*S*Hakespeare and *Johnson*, with the learned corps  
 Of poets, much admir'd in days of yore,  
 From Nature drew their characters, like fools,  
 Our modern Play-wrights follow wiser rules;  
 Pictures from life they scorn to let you see;  
 Not Nature,—but what Nature *ought* to be;  
 'The Comic Muse, no more all life and whim,  
 They veil in sombre garb, and visage prim;  
 While doz'd with opiates yawns her Sister Queen,  
 Nor scarce a difference 'twixt the Two is seen.

Your low-liv'd humor, wit, and such poor stuff,  
 In times of ignorance did well enough:  
 In this *refin'd*, this novel-reading age,  
 They've banish'd all such nonsense from the stage:  
 No wonder Play-wrights swarm in these blest days,  
*Sermons*, they find, are easier made than *Plays*.



The DELICATE, or MODERN LULLABY.\*

O Muse, Inspirer of those placid Lays  
That charmin modern Novels, Odes, and Plays,  
Whose gently-soothing Opiates shou'd be read  
By sleep-imploring patients in their bed,  
Give to thy Poet's fashion-warbled strains,  
In lulling Lullabies to lull the brains  
Of pretty Misses, and of Miss-like Swains.

The Moon majestic moves her bright career,  
While Darkness from her presence thrinks for fear;  
Unrival'd now she journeys Heaven's vast plain,  
The subject Stars and Planets form her train,  
Her globose front now bares, of beauty proud,  
Now chastely peeps from forth a fleecy cloud;  
While silence tiptoe'd, cautious seems to creep,  
All Nature's feather'd tenants sunk in sleep,  
Save *Philomela*†—She, upon the thorn  
Her bosom pillow'd till returning morn,  
In plaintive trills to *Dian* swells her song,  
How plunder'd of her virtue and her tongue;  
The pitying Goddess listens to her moan,  
And dewy tears sheds from her silver throne;  
For, Goddess tho', her pow'r can ne'er restore  
The rose when pluck'd, to what it was before:

*Echo*

\* Written in 1768, about which time the Mob of Novel Writers, under the sanction of the words *Sentiment* and *Delicacy*, so well'd their own ignorance of drawing Characters, that many of their young Readers were tempted to build *Utopias*, which never did, will, nor can exist.

† A young Lady, who was ravished by her Brother *Tereus*, and afterwards, as *Ovid* relates, changed into a Nightingale.

## 216 MISCELLANEOUS.

*Echo*\* still love-sick for her fribblish Swain,  
 Repeats each warble to the list'ning plain;  
 The Rivulet in prattling concert floats,  
 The Grove remurmurs to the various notes;  
 And Zephyr wafting a piano breeze,  
 In softest music whispers thro' the trees.

The village clock had knell'd the midnight sound,  
 And shrouded Phantoms burst the sacred ground,  
 Beneath a druid oak when low reclin'd,  
*Strephon* woe-bosom'd, sighing to the wind,  
 Pour'd forth in chastest strains the chastest love,  
 Melting and soft as notes of cooing Dove.

“ Oh, *Lindamira*, quintessence of all  
 That Man can virtuous, fair, and lovely call,  
 Sweet as the sweetest flowers that grace the spring,  
 Soft as the down new drop'd from Angel's wing,  
 Comet of beauty, fountain of desire,  
 Who, cold yourself, can set the world on fire;  
 (Thus thro' an icy medium *Phæbus*' rays,  
 Collected to a point, bids nature blaze;)   
 Not rosy-finger'd *May* by *Flora* drest,  
 Not *Venus* to her wishes *Avarice* blest,  
 Breathes half those sweets, nor half the beauty shows,  
 On *Lindamira*'s cheeks that blushing glows:  
 Some smiling rays of pitying comfort shed,  
 'Tis yours to save or mark me with the dead.—  
 Witness, thou Moon, who oft hast heard my moan,  
 Witness ye Stars, who twinkle round her throne,  
 Wit-

\* A Nymph whose advances were slighted by a Lady-like Gentleman called *Narcissus*, who was enamoured to death of his own pretty Person.

Witness, ye echoing Hills, ye leafy Groves,  
 And—if awake—witness ye Turtle Doves,  
 No fair save *Lindamira* e'er possiest,  
 Nor shall—the faithful mansion of my breast."

He said, when lo! across the dewy mead,  
 A Nymph appear'd with silent cautious tread;  
 As she advanc'd, a Goddess seem'd to move,  
 Graceful and tempting as the Queen of Love;  
 His *Lindamira*'s form now shone confest,  
 Her garments loose, and more than half undrest:  
 Beneath a cloud the Moon withdrew, to shun  
 The sight of Charms superior to her own;  
 No Stars, save her bright Eyes, cou'd *Strephon* spy,  
 Her Eyes eclips'd the Twinklers of the sky;  
 The Lark, sweet Herald of the Morn, awakes,  
 And for the East th'approaching Fair mistakes,  
 While trembling ghosts to church-yards speed away,  
 Scar'd at the sudden burst of hated Day.

*Strephon*, amazement all, to see the Fair,  
 Thus brave the perils of the midnight air,  
 Exclaims, "Am I awake, Almighty Power!  
 Does *Lindamira*, at this dangerous hour,  
 To midnight damps expose her Angel breast,  
 A stranger to her pillow and to rest?  
 Some *Sylph* has surely whisper'd to the Maid,  
 Beneath this oak her love-sick Swain was laid;  
 Does she for me! Heav'n how the thought inspires!  
 And with a more than transport wildly fires!  
 I'll fly and breathe such raptures, that her heart  
 Shall in her blush announce a mutual smart;



## 218 MISCELLANEOUS.

I'll instant—hold, fond youth, and oh beware,  
Nor plunge thus rashly in Temptation's snare;  
Can you behold her loose attir'd, her charms  
(Such as might win a monarch to her arms)  
Scarce half conceal'd? soft! melting! warm! and  
then,

Can you forbear? alas, *Men are but Men*:  
'Twere prudence now to shun the doubtful field,  
*Desire* may conquer, and poor *Virtue* yield:—  
Forbid it *Chastity*, whom Hermits hoar,  
And Beaus, and *Josephs*, and *Old Maids* adore  
Forbid it, *Delicacy*, spotless Saint!  
Whose charms, all wond'rous, modern Novels paint:  
Forbid it *Sentiment*, with which the Stage  
So charms and lullabies this happy age:—  
Shall I, who *Kelly's* Drama so admire,  
E'er give a loose to *sensual* desire?  
I, who with *Lollius'* soothing music blest,  
Have oft, in Pain's despight, been lull'd to rest,  
(Thus nurses on *Hibernia's* coast are said  
With opiate notes to lull the aking head)  
Shall I not curb my passion with a rein,  
And tho' my heart shou'd break, my love restrain?  
I will:—Temptation's power I thus defy,  
And, flying, gain a glorious victory;  
Some distant hour my spotless hopes may crown,  
When, Honor-sanction'd, I my Love dare own."

Ended his plaint, poor *Strephon* stole away,  
Trusting the fortune of some future day;  
While virtuous *Lindamira* sought the grove,  
To meet a Swain——*less delicate* in love.



## T E M P E R A N C E.

THOSE Powers prolific that reside  
 In *Bladud's* stream, while crouds confess,  
 And Matrons with a grateful pride,  
 Their wonder-working magic bless,

No more a prodigy we deem,  
 When to *Olymp* our eyes we move;  
 Of TEMPERANCE there the crystal stream  
 Impregnated Almighty *Jove*.

By quaffing the nectareous sweet,  
 And bathing oft within its tide,  
 The God with Embrio grew replete,  
 And quicken'd like a three-months bride.

But when impregnate Gods become,  
 (Thus Bards inspir'd of old relate)  
 Conception's parsley-bed, the womb,  
 Is ever fix'd within the pate.

Nine months elaps'd,—in vigour full,  
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, a blue ey'd maid  
 Like lightning darted from his skull,  
 And *Wisdom's* Goddess stood display'd.

“To every quarter of the earth,  
 “Let *Fame*,” cries *Jove*, “aloud resound,  
 “To TEMPERANCE *Wisdom* owes her birth,  
 “In that clear spring is *Wisdom* found.

- " And thou, best treasure of my heart,  
 " Dear offspring ! Source of lasting joy !  
 " Thy blessings unto man impart ;  
 " Blessings like thine can never cloy :  
 " To mortals who for Wisdom kneel,  
 " (Without which life how vain a prize !)  
 " From TEMPERANCE fount some portion deal,  
 " Sweeten'd with Dew of EXERCISE.  
 " Health to the body and the mind  
 " This heavenly *Nostrum* will procure,  
 " While Folly and Disease *They'll* find  
 " Whom *Gluttony's* gross wiles allure."—

Bright *Wisdom's* Queen th' *Olympic* Corps  
 All hail'd,—save *Bacchus* and his Crew,  
 Who turn'd their backs, and reeling swore,  
 " With *Wisdom* they'd have nought to do."



*On Mr P——'s MARRIAGE with Miss H—c—le.*

" **M**AY Heav'n this boon in mercy grant,  
 " 'Tis all I wish, 'tis all I want,  
 " A youthful Bride to grace my bed,  
 " In Honor's strictest precepts bred;  
 " Sweet-temper'd, gentle as a dove,  
 " 'Till now an alien to love;  
 " With beauty to direct the dart,  
 " And virtue to secure my heart;  
 " Above coquetting, blest with sense,  
 " Whose ev'ry look is eloquence,  
 " From pride and scandal always free,  
 " And from disgustful prudery;  
 " In habit neat, in person clean,  
 " A stranger to corroding spleen,  
 " A voice to charm my soul to rest,  
 " Whene'er by worldly cares oppress;  
 " No fiery Zealot in Religion,  
 " A soul despising Superstition,  
 " Whose sense directs her how to blend  
 " The wife, the lover, and the friend;  
 " In ev'ry shape above disguise,  
 " Her soul depictur'd in her eyes;  
 " A fortune easy and secure,  
 " Tho' that shou'd be my smallest lure;  
 " Ent'ring my doors, I'd have her meet me  
 " Smiling, and still with welcomes greet me:  
 " Wou'd *Jove* in pity hear my pray'r,  
 " And bless my days with such a Fair,

" I'd never quit so rich a treasure,  
 " To roam abroad in search of pleasure,  
 " But use my every power and art,  
 " To win, and to preserve her heart."

Thus *P——d* pray'd ; and father *Jove*  
 Heard ev'ry syllable above.

Quo' *Jove*—" A modest, drole *quelque Chose*  
 " He'll nought for want of asking lose ;  
 " His boasted Faith suppose I try,  
 " And with the Youth's address comply ;  
 " He's been a loose young spark, I'm sure,  
 " Who knows but this may work a cure ;  
 " He don't want sense, he may amend,  
 " Long is the lane that knows no end :  
 " Here, *Hymen*, take your torch and fly,  
 " Quick—in the twinkling of an eye,  
 " Fly to Miss *H—c—le*, of *X—k*,  
 " You'll find her busy at her work ;  
 " She don't, like other ladies, kill  
 " Her time in Scandal or Quadrille,  
 " Or reading paltry dull romances,  
 " To fill her brain with foolish fancies ;  
 " Tho' blest'd with chearfulness and spirit,  
 " She scorns to misemploy her merit ;  
 " In useful sort her hours she spends,  
 " In working, chatting with her friends,  
 " Or reading, where she's sure to find  
 " A banquet worthy of her mind ;  
 " In walking, or at church in pray'r,  
 " (She's not ashamed of going there)

" Present



" Present her as a gift from *Jove* ;  
 " And you my little God of *Love*,  
 " Just at the instant take him slap,  
 " As you know how—beneath left pap,  
 " And on the Fair, with twanging bow  
 " The self-same compliment bestow."

" But shou'd the Youth ungrateful prove,  
 " And cease to *Cherish* and to *Love*,  
 " Tell him, with punishments I'll teaze him,  
 " A thousand pains and aches shall seize him ;  
 " And in *Terrorem* to bad spouses,  
 " I'll burn his pictures, books, and houses :—  
 " But hold! I'm rather too severe,  
 " To threaten thus ere faults appear ;  
 " For Gratitude with Sense and Truth,  
 " Have ever harbour'd in the Youth ;  
 " And Honor, cement to the whole,  
 " Is rooted in his very soul ;  
 " Tell him, in short, he may depend  
 " On *Jove*, if constant, as his friend."

The message giv'n, quick from the sky  
 To *Nork* the winged couriers fly ;  
 And to the wishing Youth convey  
 The yielding Maid, like fragrant *May*  
 Blushing and breathing sweets, her charms  
 When doom'd to her *Zephyrus*' arms ;  
 Kneeling, the blessing he receives,  
 And scarce his ravish'd sight believes :  
*Cupid*, fly Rogue ! with barbed darts,  
 Transfixes both the Lovers' hearts,

The *Gordian* knot while *Hymen* frames,  
 His torch ne'er sent forth brighter flames;  
 Nor has it since been trimm'd, they say,  
 But livelier burns each flitting day;  
 And *Jove* upon his honour swears,  
 (I mean, 'pon honor he declares)  
 He ne'er a happier Couple knew,  
 More kind, more loving, and more true.

---

N E C T A R.

*F*riendship & chaste *Desire*, two streams that flow  
 Than crystal purer, in the Realms above,  
 Mix'd and *sublim'd* by *Truth*, all sparkling glow,  
 And form that soul-enchanting NECTAR, *Love*,  
 To whom on earth some scatter'd drops are given,  
 Blest Mortals! antedate the Joys of Heaven!



## F I D E L I A.

THE rolling year again brought on the day,  
 That snatch'd from *Lucius* half his soul away;  
 That day on which he mournful vigils kept,  
 And o'er *Fidelia's* tomb in anguish wept;  
*Fidelia* gone! life is to him no more  
 "Than a lone walk upon a dreary shore."

Deep silence reign'd, the midnight hour was past,  
 And Darkness o'er the land her veil had cast;  
 In vain the peaceful bed allures to rest,  
 No room for peace in woe-fraught *Lucius'* breast:  
 Sigh follows sigh, and groan responses groan,  
 Joyless, from earth since his *Fidelia's* flown;  
 When sudden, quick as lightning, to his sight  
 (Darkness dispell'd) a Vision heavenly bright  
 Stands at his feet; the smiling form he knew,  
 And all *Fidelia* rises to his view;  
 His pulses fluttering beat, he wou'd have spoke,  
 But passions wild his half-form'd accents choke;  
 When thus, in sounds which long had bless'd his ear,  
 The Vision strives her *Lucius'* breast to cheer.

"Can sight of me," (the lovely Phantom said,  
 And smiling spoke) "in *Lucius* cause a dread?  
 "At my approach pleasure was wont to rise,  
 "And speak a bosom'd welcome thro' your eyes;  
 "In me the same *Fidelia* now you view,  
 "As loving, gentle, friendly, and as true.

That



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“ That hour, that long-wish’d hour, which kindly  
gave

“ My soul to heaven, my body to the grave,  
“ To hear the groans that rent your throbbing breast,  
“ (My pulseless clay yet warm with ardour prest)  
“ While fix’d on me your looks proclaim’d despair,  
“ My pitying soul, still hov’ring in the air,  
“ Almost reluctant flew to joys above,  
“ For *Lucius* shar’d with Heaven *Fidelia*’s love.

“ Your sighs, your pray’rs, by me convey’d to  
Heaven,

“ Have once again to earth *Fidelia* given,  
“ The healing balm of lenient Hope to pour,  
“ And Peace, long banish’d, to your soul restore.

“ Did mortals know their Maker, they’d revere,  
“ All adoration, love,—unknowing fear,  
“ That fear excepted, which with ardent glow  
“ From Gratitude’s warm spring must ever flow,  
“ Lest they offend that Power by whom they move,  
“ Their Being’s Author, Fountain of pure Love;  
“ No bugbear Tyrant thirsting after blood,  
“ But a kind Father, merciful and good.

“ How then can Man ungratefully presume  
“ To paint th’ Almighty with a Demon’s gloom!  
“ How can he impiously a Tyrant call  
“ That God who into Being smil’d us all!  
“ How with a jaundic’d eye to Heaven impart  
“ A cheerless picture from a cheerless heart!  
“ Or with mean selfish views the world deceive,  
“ And force with *Threats* weak votaries to *Believe*!  
“ When



" When Death my *Lucius* from his chains shall  
 free,  
 " And give him to immortal joys and me,  
 " (Oh! let not Death with shadowy terrors fright,  
 " Death is our Angel-guide to realms of light,  
 " Man's truest friend, whose ever-smiling face  
 " A cypreis veil conceals from *Adam's* race,)  
 " With love seraphic shall *Fidelia* tend,  
 " And lead (I trust) to joys which ne'er shall end;  
 " But what those joys, or from what fountains flow,  
 " Must never, so wills Heaven, transpire below;  
 " If known, mortals wou'd burst their chains of clay,  
 " And rush, unbidden, to the realms of day.

" Let *Lucius* then with resignation wait,  
 " Till Death shall free him from his ordeal state;  
 " And when Heaven summons to immortal birth,  
 " And bids release from pain, from cares, and earth,  
 " Boldly launch forth, nor future judgment fear;  
 " Who made man frail, will never prove severe."

She smil'd, she wav'd her hand, and sudden night  
 Conceal'd the lovely image from his sight:  
 Her words to peace his anxious soul restor'd,  
 And Heaven with gratitude he straight ador'd.

*On a ROBIN's singing near my Window in  
November.*

ON yonder bough, with trilling note  
The little *Red-breast* swells his throat,  
In silence while the feather'd throng  
Lift to his more melodious song ; \*  
Did not the sun the truth reveal,  
You'd swear it was the Nightingale.

Autumn's sweet bird ! From woods and groves,  
His Summer haunts, he now removes,  
To Man for friendly shelter flies,  
A pittance *Robin's* meed supplies ;  
Our warmest love he well repays,  
All grateful, with his melting Lays.

Upon my window's ledge each day,  
The scatter'd crumb shall court your stay ;  
Or shou'd the cold's unfriendly spell  
Within my fash your flight impel,  
A plenteous welcome shall be known,  
And boundless freedom still your own.

How oft wou'd my *Fidelia* bend !  
How pleas'd your soothing lay attend !  
Her soul, in tuneful softness drest,  
Congenial harmony express :  
Sing on, while listening to *your* strain,  
Entranc'd—I view *her* charms again.

M A Y.

\* Few birds, if any but the *Robin*, are heard to sing towards the close of Autumn.

## M A Y-M O R N,

## A PASTORAL.

THE Sun just peeping o'er the hills was seen,  
 The Birds all caroll'd, and the air was sheen;  
 Garlands of Daffodils and Tulips made,  
 With Cowslips gather'd from the unforc'd glade,  
 O'er ev'ry cottage door, in trim array,  
 Spoke a glad welcome to the wish'd-for *May* :  
 Dight in their gayest cloaths, each shepherd Swain  
 And village Nymphtrip'd o'er the green-sward plain;  
 While *Cupid* made such havoc among hearts,  
 His full-stor'd quiver scarce supply'd him darts :  
 In ev'ry breast joy revell'd this glad morn,  
 Save *Deborah's*; she, hapless Maid, forlorn,  
 With eyes brimful, beneath a Yew reclin'd  
 Sat, dulling with her sighs the passing wind;  
 When *Margery*, light tripping o'er the grass,  
 Stop'd short, and (hands uprais'd) accosts the Lads.

## M A R G E R Y.

Am I awake? Is't *Deborah* I see  
 With streaming eyes? Quite lost her wonted glee?  
 What, *Deb*! That erst so frolicksome was seen,  
 The blithest maid that danc'd upon the green!  
 Up, up, for shame, nor longer dowly fret,  
 Around the pole the Lads and Girls are met;  
 Blind *Giles* his fiddle scrapes in notes so sweet,  
 You'd think, for sure, he witch'd their puppet feet:  
 Have you forgot this is the First of *May*?  
 When dight in newest robes the fields look gay;

U

On



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On ev'ry hedge the scented Blossoms spring,  
The Birds their sweetest Carols joyous sing;  
The Cuckow, dumb till now, this morn essays  
In mellow notes his summer song to raise;  
Up, up, for shame, and to the sports repair,  
Our Sweethearts both, believe me, Girl, are there:  
Whence comes this change? what sad misfortune, say,  
Can cause these tears, and looks of wild dismay?

D E B O R A H.

Ah, *Margery*! when you my griefs shall hear,  
Too soon, alas, you'll answer tear for tear;  
*Tummas*, the lad to whom I gave my heart,  
*Tummas* and I for aye must henceforth part;  
He and thy Sweetheart *Hodge* both list'd are,  
And now to fight with *Frenchmen* must prepare.

M A R G E R Y.

You fright me, *Deborah*;—nay, dearest Maid,  
Joke you? or is it earnest what you said?

D E B O R A H.

Too true, alas, the news! for Farmer *John*  
Saw 'em with huge cockades strut proudly on,  
Their hats fierce cock'd;—he says, they swagger'd,  
swore,

And us'd strange words he never heard before:  
The Serjeant (woe-betide his ugly face!)  
In ruffled shirt, and coat bediz'd with lace,  
Last night entic'd 'em to the *Fox*, and there  
First made 'em drunk, and then!—they list'd were

M A R G E R Y.

My *Roger* list'd! *Margery's* undone,  
With *Roger* every joy and comfort's flown;

Was



Was it for this such sugar'd words you spoke,  
When the bent six-pence lovingly we broke?  
Was it for this, by Gypsies I've been told,  
That blest with *Roger's* love I shou'd grow old?  
Nor *Sieve* nor *Sheers* I'll henceforth e'er believe,  
Nor shall St *Agnes'* Fast again deceive;  
For all my hopes—woe's me! are overblown,  
Since Sweetheart *Roger* for a Soldier's gone.

D E B O R A H.

The bride-cake which I got when Farmer *Hale*  
Married the buxom Widow of the dale,  
Beneath my bolster plac'd in kerchief white,  
I dreamt of nought but *Tummas* all the night;  
I thought!—but *Margery* you oft have known,  
And well my dreams may guess at by your own:  
Nor dreams, nor bride-cake henceforth I'll believe,  
For dreams and bride-cake both alike deceive.

M A R G E R Y.

The dew, which I this morn with so much care,  
Gather'd from yon green field to make me fair,  
I'll fling away; nor henceforth, well I ween,  
This hapless face ought else save tears shall clean:  
For what avails a comely face to boast,  
Since all I prize, ah me! in *Roger's* lost.

D E B O R A H.

When *Tummas* cut his hand, upon the wound  
To stop the blood a cobweb straight I bound;  
Next day he told me I had heal'd the smart,  
And smiling, bade me heal his bleeding heart;

I blush'd,—he kiss'd me,—and with sugar'd words  
 And tongue as soft and smooth as unbroke curds,  
 He made me plight my troth, and on a book  
 Swear to be his: The oath we jointly took:  
 He swore my *True Love* he would live and die;  
 Are lovers true, who from their *True Loves* fly?

## M A R G E R Y.

Last *April*-tide—(I little thought so soon  
 Last *April*-tide, to part with my dear loon)  
 Like *Roger* none such matchless wit cou'd show,  
 Or make so many *April* fools, I trow.

## D E B O R A H.

A few days gone, (how tender *Tommas'* breast)  
 From a rude lad he sav'd a Linnet's nest;  
 He swore, and swore aloud, "It was a shame  
 To murder birds of any sort—but *Game*!"  
 How can a heart, so tender and so good,  
 Follow the Trade of shedding Christian blood?

## M A R G E R Y.

In Wrestling no one lad can *Hodge* excel;  
 At Cudgels too he always bears the bell;  
 And but last Wake, when a rude fellow swore  
 He'd have a kiss, and my lac'd kerchief tore,  
 I scream'd:—*Hodge* flew like lightning to my aid,  
 And at his feet the brute was quickly laid.

## D E B O R A H.

In dancing, who with *Tommas* can compare,  
 Or foot it on the green with such an air?

At church on Sundays none so loud can sing,  
 He shakes and quavers so, he makes all ring :  
 To hear him chaunt *Mad Tom*, bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Or *Marg'ret's* grimly ghost, what hours I've stood !  
 And when he whistles, *Margery*, I swear,  
 Nor flutes nor black-birds can with him compare.

## M A R G E R Y.

Hag *Marian*, who like Death all ghastly grins,  
 And makes young Children vomit crooked pins,  
 As o'er yon hill I sped at close of day,  
 Her prayers fast mumbling backwards, cross my way;  
 I knew some dire mischance wou'd soon befall,  
 But little dreamt of this, the worst of all.

## D E B O R A H.

The other night, to think on't makes me weep !  
 When cocks, hens, pigs, and christians were asleep,  
 Into our barn the crafty *Reynard* stole,  
 He made his way thro' yonder tiny hole ;  
 The hens, all fluttering, with a piteous cry  
 Proclaim'd aloud the murd'rous Fox was nigh ;  
 Wak'd with the noise, I started in my smock,  
 And scream'd aloud—"My cock! my ginger cock!"  
 I came too late—my ginger cock was gone ;  
 "My cock!" I cry'd,—and fell into a swoon :—  
 Crafty the Fox, the Serjeant craftier far,  
 Who in his clutches thus can *Tummas* bear ;  
 Another *Ginger* I may get again,  
 But never, never get so sweet a Swain.







*Miss SALLY and the RED-BREAST.*

BANISH'D by Winter's churlish sway,  
The feather'd songsters fly,  
Nor longer from each waving spray  
Resounds sweet melody.

To *W—lt—n Grainge*, with hunger pin'd,  
A *Robin* journey'd straight,  
Where *Hospitality* refin'd  
Sits smiling at the gate.

The window open, in he flew,  
Miss *Sally* ey'd her guest;  
Not *Robin's* self more sweetness knew,  
Nor a more spotless breast.

A cake well-plumb'd fair *Sally* eat,  
Playful upon her stool;  
Her little heart with wishes beat,  
To kiss the Red-breast fool.

With cautious hop and look askance  
The stranger ey'd the room,  
Till *Sally's* smiles bade him advance,  
And pick the scatter'd crumb.

Embolden'd now he comes more near,  
And feasts beneath her feet;  
From looks so kind what can he fear!  
Or Innocence so sweet!

That

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That "Fate oft gilds his baited snare,"  
 Wife was the man who said;  
 A Cat fierce springing from a chair,  
 Mark'd *Robin* with the Dead.

Miss *Sally* scream'd; the gushing tide  
 Pour'd down her Angel cheek;  
 Her little bosom heav'd,—she sigh'd,  
 As tho' her heart wou'd break.

Banish'd for ever from her sight,  
*Grimalkin's* doom'd to fly;  
 Nor favourite *Doll* can now delight,  
 Nor stop the rising sigh.

Such goodness, beauty, feelings, given,  
 Announce her from the skies;  
 How blest the Youth, to whom kind Heaven  
 Shall destine such a prize!

JOVE'S CHARGE to VENUS.

FROM Ocean's deep and coral bed,  
 When *Venus* first uprais'd her head,  
*Jove* snatch'd her to the skies;  
 The Gods with rapture all were seiz'd,  
 The Goddesses, not quite so pleas'd,  
 View'd her with jealous eyes.

But

But *Jove* within her every feature,  
 Marking a wild and shandy nature,  
 Summon'd the *Sister Graces*,  
 With orders on the Maid to wait,  
 Nor quit their charge at any rate,  
 On hazard of their places.

"Hence! to the earth with this bright train,  
 "And there with power despotic reign,  
 "With power full great as mine;  
 "Even Sages shall adoring bend,  
 "And hailing you the world's best friend,  
 "Fall prostrate at your shrine.

"But keep this strict command at heart,  
 "Nor from the *Sisters Three* depart;  
 "Shou'd e'er befall that day,  
 "Your reign's no more;—the Good and Wise  
 "Your wither'd influence will despise,  
 "And none but fools obey."

High seated on *Olympus'* throne,  
 His grand behest the God made known,  
 From whence lies no appeal;  
 His grand behest no sooner given,  
 Than *Fate*, Lord Chancellor of Heaven,  
 Fix'd to it the Great Seal.



*The UNFORTUNATE DAMSEL'S RESOLUTION.*  
A S O N G.

**N**EAR a beck-side, with willow fring'd,  
The mournful *Dolly* lay;  
And thus the nymph was heard to sing,  
Or rather heard to say:

" 'Twas here, on this accursed spot,  
" That *Tummas* of the Mill,  
" With speeches fine first stole my heart,  
" And got his wicked will.

" A thousand sugar'd vows he swore,  
" His *Dolly* he wou'd wed;  
" Ah, *Tummas*, keep those vows, or give  
" Me back my maidenhead.

" Upon this willow will I hang,  
" In pure revenge and spite;  
" And if the wretch dare lie alone,  
" I'll haunt him every night.

" Upon this willow will I hang,  
" Even here beneath this tree;"  
She said, and slit her garters twain  
From just above her knee.

The fatal noose poor *Doll* prepares;  
Her lover springs the beck:  
" Ah, *Tummas*, art thou there," she cries,  
And hangs——upon his neck.

From



From this example learn, ye Swains,  
Nor henceforth perjur'd prove,  
For girls *undone* are apt, you see,  
*To hang themselves for Love.*

---

*On seeing a LAW BOOK bound in uncolour'd Calf,  
and white Edges.*

WITH unstain'd edges, and in spotless calf,  
A Law Book bound must make a Stoic  
laugh;

For in that flattering emblem you may see,  
Not what Law *is*, but what the Law *shou'd* be :  
A Law Book thus in the Law Livery drest,  
Is like a Jesuit in a Layman's vest ;  
'Tis like a Strumpet cloath'd in spotless white ;  
'Tis like a bitter apple, fair to sight ;  
'Tis like a simple Quaker, plain and neat,  
That with his Yeas and Nays is apt to cheat ;  
'Tis like a pirate, that false colours shows,  
Or *Hecla's* flames conceal'd in virgin snows ;  
'Tis like—in short, 'tis like Dan *Milton's* Sin,  
Tho' fair without, yet wond'rous foul within.

*On Mrs POWELL's appearing in the Character of  
Rosalind, at York, 1767.\**

**T**HALIA ever drole and gay,  
Took an odd whim the other day,  
To fly from Mount *Parnass* to *York*,  
(Her Ladyship's as light as cork)  
Strange things she'd heard from Madam *Fame*  
Of *Powell*, a young lively Dame,  
The Sock who lately had put on,  
And with *Eclat* uncommon shone;  
*Fame* swore,—“She beat ev'n *Barry*† hollows  
“She heard it vouch'd so by *Apollo*.”

But Miss *Thalia* knew full well  
That *Fame* would sometimes fiblets tell;  
And therefore thought it far more wise  
To credit her own ears and eyes:  
To *York* like lightning thro' the air  
She darts, and having call'd a chair,  
Straight to the Muses' Temple goes,  
Where crowds of sprightly Belles and Beaux  
With graceful ease, chat, curtsy, bow,  
As well-drest Folk in churches do.

When seated till the Play began,  
She nodded, smil'd, and play'd her fan;

So

\* This Lady, by too intense an Application to the Stage, brought on a Disorder which a few years after occasioned her death.

† The present Mrs *Crawford*.

So sensible, and smart her look,  
 For pretty *Sterne*\* she was mistook,  
 And each pert Beau and Buck around her,  
 She with her wit struck flat as flounder;  
 For what are Beaux to such a sly Lafs?  
 No more than was to *Herc'les Hylas*.  
 That night, as luck wou'd have it, *Powell*  
 Who like a man can strut or bow well,  
 The breeches was ordain'd to wear,  
 And *Rosalind*'s fair semblance bear:  
 Her first appearance when she made,  
*Thalia* with amazement said,  
 "A noble form as I'm a sinner,  
 "There's something vastly clever in her,  
 "Tall, well-shap'd, handsome, debonnaire,  
 "A fine complexion, charming hair,  
 "A voice most pleasing, and a grace  
 "That speaks her of no vulgar race."—  
 Attention all, she lent an ear,  
 And scarce refrain'd the falling tear  
 To see poor *Rosalind*'s distress,  
 (What gentle bosom cou'd do less!)  
 For chiefly tho' to mirth inclin'd,  
*Thalia* has a feeling mind;  
 And *Powell*, with her magic art  
 A fluttering rais'd in Miss's heart:—  
 "Pooh! pooh! (she cry'd) I plainly see  
 "Her favourite walk is Tragedy;  
 "To you grave Sister, I resign  
 "A treasure, wholly, solely Thine."

X

But

\* *Trifram*'s fair Daughter; now the ingenious Mrs *Medalle*.



But when with manly grace and mien  
 She saw her variegate the scene,  
 With all that whim and spirit blest,  
 That mirthful *Pritchard* e'er possest,  
 Join'd to the graceful form and ease,  
 In *Woffington* so wont to please,  
 She smil'd, she laugh'd, she clap'd amain,  
 She clap'd, she smil'd, and clap'd again;  
 Her sex forgot, she even swore,  
 She ne'er was better pleas'd before,  
 " *Shakespeare* a *Powell* had in view,  
 " 'Tis plain, when *Rosalind* he drew;  
 " Mark her but now, she shines confess  
 " Like *Venus*, by the *Graces* dress;  
 " Again behold her, and you'd take  
 " My female *Proteus* for a Rake;  
 " In short, in petticoats or breeches,  
 " With thousand charms she still bewitches;  
 " Voluble, lively, whimsy, smart,  
 " The Part fits her, she fits the Part:"  
 And when the Epilogue was ended,  
 Which she with rapturous looks attended,  
 She join'd the universal roar;  
 " Bravo! Bravissimo! — *Encore*."

" Let *Fame* (she cry'd) her wings expand,  
 " Like lightning fly thro' every land,  
 " And trumpet loud to all mankind,  
 " *Powell's* my favourite *Rosalind*."



The C O N T E S T.

A V I S I O N.

AS late in *Morpheus'* arms I folded lay,  
 And Fancy govern'd with unbounded sway,  
 Methought I stood near *Helicon's* fam'd stream,  
 The Poet's daily wish, his nightly dream,  
 Where *Tragedy*, with slow and stately Pace,  
 And keen-ey'd *Comedy* with smiling Grace,  
 Two Sister Muses,--seem'd in warm debate,  
 Which best deserv'd Pre-eminence of State.

" With *Jove's* own Bird as well the Wren may  
 " vie,

" And vainly hope to perch beyond the sky,  
 " (*Exclaims Melpomene*) as You with Me  
 " Contest presume in Rank and Dignity :  
 " Courts, Heroes, Kings, *my* Verse sublime require,  
 " You distant gaze, nor dare so high aspire :  
 " Within the secret chambers of the soul,  
 " The fiercest Passions own *my* vast controul,  
 " And to his cost, *Vice*, Sire of *Demons*, knows  
 " I combat with success Man's worst of foes ;  
 " While *You* in lightsome strains, with tickling smart,  
 " Play round the head, but seldom touch the heart :  
 " In a superior Orbit, lo ! I shine ;  
 " Think not, vain Girl, *your* Merit equals *mine*."

" Cloud-hawling Sister, quit your high abode,  
 " And, if you can, descend to Reason's road,"

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(Cries *Comedy*, and curtsied as she spoke)  
 " My Laughter, not my Anger, you provoke ;  
 " Our stations Father *Jove* fix'd here below,  
 " In Virtue's cause to combat every foe;  
 " Our Mirrors to erect, and teach mankind  
 " Self-knowledge in the portrait of the mind ;  
 " *Vice* to unmask, and *Folly* to expose,  
 " And shew them as from Hell they naked rose :  
 " Your province *Vice*,—mine *Folly*,—our success  
 " The different aspects of our foes confess :  
 " Courts, you avow, is *your* peculiar sphere ;  
 " What mighty wonders has your glass wrought there ?  
 " Are Kings and pension'd Courtiers more inclin'd  
 " To Virtue than the rest of humankind ?  
 " Ah, Sister, if the world I truly read,  
 " Courts are unfriendly soils for Virtue's seed :—  
 " To no one sphere confin'd, I hunt my game,  
 " Or City, Country, Court—to me the same ;  
 " 'Tis mine, with this keen lash of Ridicule,  
 " Tickling to probe each folly-govern'd fool ;  
 " Ev'n in the *Verge*, where *Vice* with front of brass  
 " Laughs at her own black image in the glass,  
 " Shou'd rainbow *Folly* there assail my eyes,  
 " The smarting monster from th'encounter flies,  
 " Nor can, tho' veil'd in *Wisdom's* garb, escape ;  
 " I strip him, and the world beholds an Ape.—  
 " Equal with you too, thro' the vaulted sky,  
 " On sounding pinions, at my will I fly\* ;  
 " Yet never soar so high, to Reason true,  
 " But land-mark Nature still I keep in view :  
 " Your vain Pre-eminence, sweet Girl, resign ;  
 " If any—that Pre-eminence is mine."

ALL

\* *Interdum Vocem Comedia tollit.*

All this sly *Opera* heard, and with a trill  
Which *Echo* answer'd from *Parnassus'* hill,  
Her claim prefer'd : " In vain your pow'rs ye boast,  
" Know, Sisters, that 'tis *Opera* rules the roast ;  
" Mortals by me possést, now laugh, now cry,  
" Expire, revive,—and all they know not why :  
" On Music's wings my Votaries are caught  
" To heav'n, freed from the galling chain of thought.  
" That *Music's* charms can soothe a savage breast,  
" Among your favourite *Britons* stands confest ;  
" Let your own Fanes, *Drury* and *Covent* tell,  
" Whether or You or *Opera* bears the bell :  
" The mountain-nurtur'd *Swiss*, whose callous souls  
" Not all Your *Pathos*, nor Your *Wit* controuls,  
" To Me submissive, humblest homage pay,  
" And live or die obedient to my sway ;\*  
" But what my influence proves beyond compare,  
" *Castrates* now are Favourites of the Fair ;  
" They warble, trill, enchantment wafts the sound,  
" And in that charm, all other charms are drown'd.†

*Melpomene*, with looks of cold disdain,  
(Looks, which yet more than words, her thoughts  
explain)

X 3

Just

\* As a striking instance of the power of Music, the *Swiss*, who are not a people of the quickest sensation, are said to have at this time a tune, which when play'd upon their Fifes, inspires them with such a desire of revisiting their native country, that if prevented, they languish and die of grief. This tune is therefore, under severe penalties, forbidden to be play'd by the *Swiss* regiments in foreign service, as it would infallibly cause them to desert.

† *Tenducci's* marriage with a young Lady happened a few months before this was written.



246 MISCELLANEOUS.

Just glanc'd contempt, nor farther deign'd repl  
 When, smiling, thus retorts brisk *Comedy* :  
 "Thou meer Vacuity ! Thou Thing of Air !  
 "In Merit shall *Sol fa* with Us compare !  
 "Hence ! learn thyself to know ; and thank kind  
     Heaven,  
 "If in our train an humble lot is given :  
 "At best, the outward flourish you dispense,  
 "To deck and ornament Dramatic Sense ;  
 "Shall Truth and Nature"—

More she had said, but *Phæbus* from his throne,  
 Thus stopt debate and *Jove's* high will made known.  
 "Sisters, for shame ! your ill-judg'd strife forbear,  
 "Muse against Muse is most unnatural war :  
 "To combat giant *Vice*, to mend the heart,  
 "To draw forth *Virtue's* tears, and joys impart  
 "Which none but generous, feeling souls can  
     know,  
 "Be yours *Melpomene* :—While *Folly's* foe  
 "Thalia stands confests ; and heart and head  
 "Frees from those weeds, too apt to overspread  
 "The human soil : Oft-times the richest ground  
 "Will, if neglected, most in weeds abound :  
 "Large and alike extensive either field,  
 "Equal the mutual benefits they yield ;  
 "Equal be then your rank :—"Tis *Jove's* decree,  
 "Henceforth ye live in kindred Amity,  
 "Nor either claim unjust Precedency.

"By

\* Duncce against Duncce is most unnatural war.

Pope.



" By *Sense prepar'd*, to raise the soul on high  
 " To Heav'n, upon the wings of harmony,  
 " *Opera*, that task be Yours: But *Unprepar'd*  
 " By *Sense*, in vain the strain delusive's heard;  
 " For Music, void of *Sense*, to all intent  
 " Is but a sweetmeat without nourishment;  
 " Whereas the mirror'd Sisters, to the mind  
 " Banquets present, salubrious and refin'd:  
 " Your province is to see your pleasing aid  
 " Dependent, at your *Sisters'* call display'd;  
 " By you assisted, sooner they controul,  
 " And pour the balm of *Virtue* in the soul;  
 " But for the *Lead!*—to that drop all pretence,  
 " *Sound* still must yield Precedency to *Sense*;  
 " The palm to you shou'd *Wit* and *Pathos* yield,  
 " *Folly* wou'd soon *Taste's* magic sceptre wield:  
 " Friends all! henceforth like brethren kindly love,  
 " And Heav'n and Earth the union will approve."

To *Jove's* award the Sisters lowly bow'd,  
 And close embracing, mutual friendship vow'd;  
 Link'd like the *Graces* hand in hand they sped,  
 The Watchman call'd the hour,—the Vision fled.



*The Q U A C K.*

**J**OHN *Bull*, a Squire of eminence and worth,  
 Employ'd a *Quack* Physician from the North  
 To cure his corns;—they gave him wond'rous pain,  
 And made his Worship hobble and complain:  
 To shoes and boots full tight those corns were due,  
 Which to remove, *Quack* thus advis'd to do:  
 “The more of pain from those vile corns you find,  
 “In shoes and boots more tight the Rascals\* bind;  
 “'Gainst sense of feeling soon 'twill make 'em proof,  
 “And callous as an unshod asses' hoof.”  
 This new prescription drove his Worship mad,  
 “Not hell's worst pains (he vow'd) were half so bad;”  
 He roar'd, he grinn'd, he show'd his teeth in spite,  
 He show'd his teeth (poor soul!) but cou'd not bite.  
 The *Quack*, at length determin'd to make sure,†  
 And corns against in future to secure,  
 Cut both his patient's legs off, and then swore,  
 “He ne'er made like a bonny *Keuve* before.”

Had poor *John Bull* worn shoes and boots less tight,  
 His legs had still remain'd, and all been right.

\* Some incorrect copies read, *Rebels*.

† A favourite phrase with the abettors of severity, folly, and injustice, in 1775.

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*On reading an Account of the Affair at Bunker's Hill, 1775.*

**B**RITANNIA's conquering arms to grace,  
 While shouting crowds appear,  
 The Goddess turns aside her face,  
 To hide the falling tear.

WHO'S

## W H O's A F R A I D.

A S Father *Time*, in his career  
 Flits swiftly onward, in my ear  
 He whispers,—“ Youth's delights are flown,  
 “ Life's flowery *Spring* no longer known,  
 “ When sportive innocence bears sway,  
 “ And pleasure hails each coming day ;  
 “ When even *Grief*, a stranger rude,  
 “ Shou'd he unseasonably intrude,  
 “ His transient stay but serves to show,  
 “ In brighter tints wild *Pleasure's* glow,  
 “ As in the Spring soft pattering showers  
 “ Enrich the fields with sweets and flowers :—  
 “ For scenes less pleasing now prepare,  
 “ A family and household care,  
 “ Where Joy is chequer'd deep with Sorrow,  
 “ And Prudence teazes with—*To-morrow.*”—  
 Kind *Hope* now taps me on the shoulder,  
 “ Pleasures encrease as you grow older,  
 “ Enchanting Beauty, sparkling Wine,  
 “ With Friendship shall their roses twine,  
 “ Your active power have ample play,  
 “ And Nature pour her kindest ray ;  
 “ Encircled by a crowd of joys,  
 “ *Variety*, that never cloy,  
 “ In rainbow vest adorn'd, invites  
 “ To ever-pleasing new delights :”—  
 While thus cheers *Hope*, in smiles array'd,  
 To *Time* I'll echo—“ WHO'S AFRAID ? ”

Another



Another visit pays old *Time* ;  
 " You've pass'd the noon-day of your prime,  
 " You now descend Life's destin'd hill,  
 " (I never let my glass stand still)  
 " Grey hairs and wrinkled age apace  
 " Move on, to stare you in the face."—  
 Blithe *Hope*, who never quits my room,  
 Prompts me to smile at faded bloom ;  
 " You've had of Manhood's summer-store  
 " A *Quantum suf.* or rather more ;  
 " Who feast on Pleasure till replete,  
 " To others shou'd resign their seat ;  
 " Your Autumn days, serenely bright,  
 " Shall calm, yet cheerful, wing their flight,  
 " Nor longer passions lead astray,  
 " But bend to Reason's milder sway ;  
 " In that kind season, Wisdom's root  
 " Still yields its happiest, richest fruit,  
 " Which less maturer days in vain  
 " May wish, but seldom can obtain :"—  
 While thus cheers *Hope*, in smiles array'd,  
 To *Time* I'll echo—" WHO'S AFRAID ?"

Once more comes *Time*,—" My good old friend,  
 " You're verging to your latter end,  
 " Chill Winter freezes in your veins,  
 " Nor health, scarce memory remains ;  
 " No longer now you flit the wing  
 " Like wild Papilios in the Spring ;  
 " Nor like the Summer eagle fly,  
 " To dare the Sun with tearless eye ;

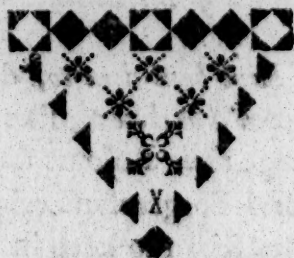
" Nor



“ Nor like th’ autumnal red-breast move  
“ With plaintive tales of former love ;  
“ The moulting season now is come,  
“ You soon must drop the jaded plume,  
“ Within the grave your shell to rot,  
“ Uncertain of your future lot ;  
“ From children, friends, and all you love,  
“ Alas ! how irksome to remove ! ” —

Here *Hope*, my constant Cheerer, cries,  
“ That old dry Nurse’s Threats despise ;  
“ Who wou’d not wish a journey’s end,  
“ To meet a Father and a Friend,  
“ Whose loving Kindness will bestow  
“ Those joys we vainly seek below ? —  
“ Who knows Man’s weakness will, I trust,  
“ To Man be *Merciful*, tho’ *Just*.”

While *Hope* thus comforts, undismay’d  
In Death I’ll echo — “ WHO’S AFRAID ? ”



## P R E J U D I C E.

**T**HE *Popish* Priest, with candle, book, and bell,  
 Consigns each *Puritan* to burning Hell;  
 While in return, the *Puritan*, as civil,  
 Gives *Pope* and *Popery* to the horned Devil.

The Patriot\* *Whig* calls every *Tory*, " KNAVE;  
 " *Tories* (he swears) Old *England* wou'd enslave."  
 The loyal *Tory*,\* with an earnest heart,  
 Vows " Every Rebel *Whig* deserves a Cart."

How widely different to men's eyes  
 Objects (the very same) appear!  
 While Juggler PREJUDICE supplies  
 The different Spectacles we wear.

\* Epithets the two different Parties assume.

To PROTESTANTS of Intolerant Principles, 1780.

**N**OT as you *have been done to*, do to others,  
 But as you *wou'd be done to*, like kind Brothers;  
 If Cruelty and Rage *their* Bosoms stain,  
 In *yours* let Pity and Forgiveness reign;  
 Such bad Examples scorn to keep in view,  
 What's *wrong* in *Them*, can ne'er be right in *You*.

## On WIT and HUMOUR.

To a young Lady who wished to know the difference between WIT and HUMOUR.

'T WIXT *Wit* and *Humour*, pretty Miss,  
The difference, I opine, is this:

Bright as the Sun, and light as air,  
Shines *Wit*, a sparkling meteor fair;  
The daughter of gay-skirted *Iris*,  
*Phæbus*, that flashy God, her Sire is:—  
*Humour*, a drole young wag, all glee,  
First-born of Miss *Euphrosyne*  
By *Phæbus* eke; in masquerade  
He so bewitch'd the sportive maid,  
That she resign'd her unzon'd charms,  
All-joyous, to his rakish arms.

Half-sister she, and he half-brother,  
They're oft mistaken for each other;  
And yet, however near ally'd,  
In many things they differ wide.

*Wit*, like a sweetmeat at repast,  
Gives a delicious pungent taste;  
*Humour*, a standing dish, more plain,  
Invites with—*Cut, and come again*;  
The one a *British* roast-beef treat,  
The other *Cayenne* to the meat;  
Depriv'd of their enlivening aid,  
In vain *Thalia's* feast's display'd,

Y

Zestless



## 254 MISCELLANEOUS.

Zestless each dish, the beverage queer,  
And spiritless as dead small-beer,  
While all the guests are yawning seen,  
Infected with *November* spleen.

*Wit*, like *Jove's* lightning from the skies,  
Flashes unspeakable surprize,  
Pleas'd we behold with admiration,  
From Chaos rise a new Creation;  
She gives to our delighted eyes  
Things het'rogenous, in guise  
So similar, that you wou'd swear,  
Like *Socias* they were made to pair.

*Humour*, a cheerful steady blaze  
O'er laughing fields and meads displays  
With phiz *Cervantic* holds a glass,  
Where Nature's flitting objects pass;  
From crowds of pleas'd spectators draws  
(Himself tho' grave) roars of applause;  
But *Wit*, tho' smiles her visage beams,  
Of coarser joy knows no extremes;  
To the congenial mind alone  
*Her* more resplendent flash is known,  
Thus *Memnon's* harp to *Phæbus'* rays  
Re-echo'd sympathetic lays.

*Wit* most delights in halls and courts;  
While *Humour*, her half-brother, sports  
'Mong Nature's artless offspring, where  
Unschool'd excrescencies appear;  
'Tho' *Humour* sometimes may be seen  
At court, and *Wit* upon the green.

*Humour*



*Humour* on character depends,  
Depriv'd of that, his Being ends;  
Whereas from Lady, Peer, or Cit,  
What's *Wit* in *one*, in *all* is *Wit*.

Mark'd by some whim, some oddity,  
Or some peculiar pleasantry,  
*Humour* (like stays) shou'd always fit  
The character he wears; while *Wit*  
With pliant ease, like outside cloak,  
Fits you a thousand different folk.

*Humour* and *Wit*'s chief recreation,  
Their favourite game is *Affectation*;  
'Tho' *Vice* obliquely to the heart  
They often pierce with stinging dart.—  
Like *Swift* they sometimes fight for pay,  
And *Vice*'s dark commands obey;  
But when their talents they misplace,  
Their Sire condemns them to disgrace;  
Their arrows blunts, or backward wings  
To their own hearts the barbed stings.

In *Congreve*, *Butler*, *Wicherley*,  
Of *Wit* the greater share we see,  
While *Vanbrugh*, *Addison*, and *Gay*  
More *Humour* far than *Wit* display:—  
Sometimes so lovingly they join,  
They seem, like man and wife, but *One*;  
Thus *Shakespeare*, *Swift*, and *Sterne* are found  
In equal portions to abound:—

256 MISCELLANEOUS.

This certain rule we may admit,  
Where *Humour* is oft flashes *Wit*;  
And where *Wit* strikes us, not far distant  
*Humour* attends, as *Wit*'s assistant;  
For sister-like and loving brother,  
'They're vastly fond of one another.

Living example wou'd you find  
Where *Wit* and *Humour* are combin'd?  
(Search not our present Bards among)  
'Their *sans-fouci*'s Miss *Charlotte*'s tongue.



*The FAIRY VISIT.*

NEAR *Bootham Walk*,\* where City Belles and  
Beaux

On Sundays flock, to show themselves—and cloaths,  
At that still hour when thro' Heav'n's concave space,  
The Moon had, cloudless, journey'd half her race,  
When midnight chimes to Spectres freedom hail'd,  
And Sleep's dark mantle half Creation veil'd,  
Upon a neighbouring Green, the Fairy crew,  
Instant as polar lightning flash to view ;  
Erect the Queen, superior to the rest  
In look, mien, garb, a royal worth confess :  
Her crown a topaz, powder'd from the sky,  
With sparkling treasures of the galaxy ;  
Her robe the down of unfledg'd doves supply'd,  
Wove in the Moon, and in the Rainbow dy'd ;  
The shining drops that in her ear-rings play'd,  
Of tears from fam'd *Lucretia's* eyes were made,  
Which *Chastity* with icy fingers froze,  
Memento of her honor, truth and woes ;  
A Moth's meal-silver'd wing a Fan bestow'd,  
To cool her beauties when her visage glow'd ;  
Of finest Gofmore was her linen made,  
Her chariot by six humming birds convey'd,  
Not such as in *Columbus'* climes are bred,  
But fledg'd on *Pindus*, and by *Fancy* fed ;  
And threescore Fays, to guard her, lances bore  
Which fierce Grimalkins erst as whiskers wore ;

Y 3

Guards

\* Adjoining the City of York



258 MISCELLANEOUS.

Guards more for dignity than service known,  
A guard each subject to secure her throne.

Upon a cowslip bank, reclin'd at ease,  
Whence odours wafted with each passing breeze,  
*Bona* (while smiles benevolent her face  
Play'd round) beheld her sportive loyal race:  
In mazy tanglings some trip o'er the plain,  
And foot it to the cornpipe's lively strain;  
In martial tournaments some take delight,  
On insect coursers waging harmless fight;  
Arm lock'd in arm, here faithful lovers rove,  
No hearts than Fays more soft, or fram'd for Love;  
Some from the bees comb'd store, or clover sweet,  
And Heav'n-still'd dew indulg'd a nectar'd treat,  
While tow'rd the lunar orbit some advance,  
And round the Moon a circling Halloo dance.

To see her train thus innocently blest,  
*Bona* indulg'd the patriot in her breast,  
When flitting thro' the air, before her queen  
A Maid of Honor bow'd with graceful mien,  
*Totty*, than whom no Fay was more belov'd,  
Or more for try'd fidelity approv'd;  
When *Bona* thus——

“ To yonder mansion (where a lovely train  
Of budding virgins own a matron's reign,  
Whom, lustrems shewn, her pupils will revere,  
And *Hesletine* when nam'd, the grateful tear  
Shall drop)—I sent you lessons to impart,  
And plant in dreams fair Virtue round the heart;  
We



We Fays our midnight visits gladly pay,  
 To rouse young maids when Passions warp astray,  
 And win 'em back to honor's radiant way;  
 Say, what is done?—The matron and the fair  
 Young Bevy, trusted to her guardian care,  
 Have long (her goodness claims it) been possess'd  
 Of a warm place within our royal breast."

With lowly reverence *Totty* bent the knee,  
 And thus address'd her *Sacred* Majesty:

T O T T Y.

To yonder favour'd dome I trip'd,  
 And thro' the key-hole nimbly skip'd,  
 Silent was the bedded house,  
 Silent as the tread of mouse,  
 Save where house-maid *Bridget* keeps  
 Snoring orgies as she sleeps,  
 While the cricket's slender throat  
 Gives a shrill unvaried note:  
 All was neat and all was clean,  
 Neither dust nor cobweb seen;  
 Pleas'd, a tester (tribute due)  
 Soon I dropt in *Bridget's* shoe;  
 Thence to *Lucy's* chamber sped,  
 Perching on the fair one's bed,  
 Where the little Nymph compos'd,  
 Cherub-like most sweetly doz'd;  
 On her toilet standing nigh,  
 Lay a wingless Butterfly,

*Lucy*

*Lucy* the preceding day,  
 Had caught, destroy'd, and thrown away :  
 To arouse within her breast,  
 What, but want of thought suppress,  
 (For within her dwells a mind,  
 Soft as Dove, as pity kind,)  
 And the deed in genuine view  
 To impress, this scene I drew.

Fancy again the spot renew'd,  
 Where the Papilio first she view'd,  
 Struck with its Rainbow wings, the Fair  
 From flow'r to flow'r with watchful care  
 Eager pursu'd, till with a blow  
 The wish'd-for prize she levell'd low ;  
 The prison'd flutterer now she views,  
 Enraptur'd with its brilliant hues,  
 When with a plaintive, piteous moan,  
 Its griefs the insect thus made known.

“ Ah, gentle Maid, your looks bespeak  
 A bosom merciful and meek,  
 What crime to me, alas ! is laid,  
 That thus a captive I am made ?  
 From flow'r to flow'r I harmless flew,  
 Their sweets my food, my drink the dew ;  
 In you my fancy strong display'd  
 A bright Papilio Sister-Maid ;  
 Fearless of injury or wound,  
 As you pursu'd I flutter'd round,  
 Till from that angel hand, a blow  
 Like lightning sped, and laid me low.

Cou'd cruelty impel the deed ?  
 From want of thought it must proceed ;  
 For cruelty in one so kind,  
 So gentle, ne'er can dwelling find.

“ We insects feel—in sooth we do,  
 Pain's pungency as keen as You ;  
 The loss of leg or mottled wings  
 To Us sensation painful brings,  
 And gives as racking an alarm,  
 As loss to You of leg or arm.

“ To see a Chick or Sparrow slain,  
 Your feeling bosom throbs with pain,  
 The sight of blood, or tragic tale,  
 Can lily-spread your cheek with pale ;  
 Why to Papilios deny'd  
 That pity shown to all beside ?

“ 'Twas beauty caus'd my hapless fate ;  
 What woe does beauty not create !  
 Think, think, dear Nymph, how soon, alas !  
 What's mine may prove your destin'd case :  
 Beauty ! th' alluring favourite game,  
 At which destructive Men take aim ;  
 You the Papilios they pursue,  
 Ensnare, and wantonly undo ;  
 When gain'd, the treasure they despise,  
 And languish for some newer prize :  
 Then, as you hope yourself to find  
 A fate more fortunate and kind,

Such



Such mercy to your flutterer show,  
From Heav'n as you wou'd wish to know."

Young *Lucy* heav'd a pitying sigh,  
And freed the captive Butterfly :  
She wak'd ;——her eyes soft pity dew'd,  
Her sighs repentant feeling shew'd ;  
And deeply rooted in her brain,  
That long this lesson may remain,  
Resolv'd she is with speed to trace  
Upon her sampler's various face,  
A Butterfly of richest hue,  
Her *Feelings* daily to renew.

From *Lucy* to her kindred fair  
I sped, and with a friendly care  
(To check those failings which we find  
Apt to seduce the youthful mind,  
When passion unexperienc'd steers,  
Sad pilot, for such tender years !)  
To *Fancy's* vision scenes display'd,  
Will rouse, I trust, each thoughtless Maid,  
And thro' the flowery maze of youth,  
Guide her to honor, peace and truth,

B O N A.

Well have you done, my Fay,—But lo ! a ray  
From *Phæbus'* car peeps o'er yon eastern way ;  
Assemble all,—your Queen will lead you on,  
Far to the westward from the garish sun ;  
In distant climes to sport the hours away,  
And by the Moon's enlivening radiance play.

Hence,



Hence, my merry sprites, away!  
 Thro' the welkin sport and play!  
 Fiends at our approach, through fear  
 Skulk as *Phæbus*' self were near;  
 Ravens black and shrieking owls,  
 Hide within their dreary holes:  
 Hark! the Hornet trumpet sounds;  
 Hence, o'er yon wide liquid bounds,  
 Where her full-orb'd charms with pride  
*Dian* views within the tide,  
 While the seamen on their watch  
 (Shipmates hammock'd 'neath the hatch)  
 Athwart the Moon's orb as we glide,  
 Westward deem the cloudings ride:  
 O'er green *Neptune*'s briny flood,  
 And his scale-arm'd *Tritons* scud  
 To Savannah's smooth—where soon  
 We shall orgye to the Moon,  
 And to other Nymphs, in dreams  
 Breathe fair *Virtue*'s pleasing themes;  
 Fask delightful! Angel food!  
 Thus to feast in doing good:—  
 Sleep's recruit we not implore,  
 Wasted spirits to restore;  
 Sleep! for earth-shell'd sons intended,  
 Beings daily to be mended:—  
 Ever wakeful, ever gay,  
 Let us cheerful sport and play,  
 Hence! my merry Sprites, away.

}  
 }  
 }

## R E F L E C T I O N S.

**T**HOU Cherub with a smiling face,  
*Religion*, child of heavenly grace,  
 What Demons, wrapt in horrid gloom,  
 Thy name blasphemously assume,  
 Filling the world with hatred, jarrs,  
 Confusion, murders, civil wars,  
 In room of joys supreme, refin'd,  
 By thee held forth to bless mankind!

Thro' jaundic'd eyes Enthusiasts see  
 The Image of the Deity,  
 A portrait false, held up to view  
 By a designing, impious crew;  
 But no *Tartuffe*, no strolling widgeon  
 Shall be *my* caterer in religion;  
 By Reason's chart for Truth I'll steer,  
 Nor *Gorgons* nor *Chimæras* fear.

In spite of *Whitfield* and of *Rome*,  
 I'll laugh at superstition's gloom;  
 For modes of *Faith* will ne'er dispute,  
 Nor damn a man for his furtout;  
 Deist or Atheist let them call me,  
 And with Cathedral pellets maul me,  
 Threaten with brimstone, fire, and hell,  
 My cry is—*Vive la Bagatelle!*

When nerves relax'd are weather-shaken,  
 Spleen for Religion's oft mistaken;

Then

Then comes *Despair* with *Stygian* frown,  
 Impelling fools to hang, or drown :  
 But *true* Religion sooths the breast,  
 And makes her willing votaries blest :  
 Conducts them with a chearful air,  
 And banishes the fiend *Despair*.

Our heavenly Father never fram'd  
 Children, *elected* to be damn'd ;  
 Wou'd *earthly* Parent thus decree ?  
 Can God ?—the thought were blasphemy ;  
 That God, whose goodness unconfin'd  
 Smil'd into Being all Mankind ;  
 Whose Mercies never will condemn  
 For frailties frail *Papilio* Men,  
 Nor for crimes finite preordain  
 Infinitude of growing pain ;  
 But knaves and fools paint the Almighty  
 A *Mumbo Jumbo*\*, to affright ye.

The heav'ns above, the earth below,  
 One great benign Creator show,  
 Author of life, our parent, friend,  
 Without beginning, time, or end,  
 Whose Works our awe and reverence move,  
 Whose goodness fills our hearts with love ;  
 Blest revelation ! unconfin'd,  
 And legible to all mankind ;  
 Not given to a *petted* few,  
 But shed on *All*, like Heaven's rich dew :

Z

Who

\* The Name given by the Negroes on the Coast of *Guinea* to their frightful Image of the *White Devil*, whom they worship through Fear.



266 MISCELLANEOUS.

Who *partial* paint the power supreme,  
Our universal Sire blaspheme.

From hence a second axiom springs,  
Which Hope presents on angel-wings;  
If God there is, as *God must Be*,  
It speaks Man's immortality;  
For cou'd the Author of our fate  
A Being rational create,  
An *Alfred, Newton, Socrates*,  
With others similar to these,  
Into existence but to *peep*,  
And drop into eternal sleep!  
'The thought were weak, absurd, infant,  
'Twere Heaven's high justice to arraign,  
'Twere Vice triumphant to enthrone,  
While Virtue at her feet lies prone.

*Infants* when born, what are we more  
Than *Children* when we Death explore?  
The longest lives but flit away,  
Papilios of an *April* day,  
Whose motley minutes, changeful, show  
Joy's sunshine, and the rain of woe;  
Like meteors into life we start,  
"As shadows come, and straight depart."  
Ere we acquire the art to live,  
Our farewell summons we receive,  
While a like helpless infant race  
Some few short days supplies our place:  
Blest proof! Great moral certainty  
Of a more ripe futurity!

Where



Where *Manhood's* bloom we shall attain ;  
*Wisdom* can ne'er create in vain.

All Nature's works this lesson give,  
 " We live to die, and die to live."

But while we sport on this side *Styx*,  
*Children* shou'd ne'er play naughty tricks,  
 Or fitting 'tis correction due  
 For disobedience should ensue ;—  
 Such as a *Parent* would confer,  
 But not an *Executioner*.

God's Will can never be conceal'd,  
 Religion *Natural* is *Reveal'd* ;  
 And *Mystery's* a cloud-rapt sprite,  
 That shrinks from *Truth's* refulgent light.

All *Zealots*, differing tho' in name,  
 Are but in fact the very same ;  
 Like Trav'lers, who on setting out,  
 Take back to back a different route,  
 Yet in a circle wandering, soon  
 Meet face to face in unison,  
 In one point *Zealots* thus agree  
 To damn each other heartily :  
 Whether they persecute or die,  
 God's *Glory's* evermore the cry ;  
 'Thus *Cornishmen* (so trumpets *Fame*)  
 A *God-send* every shipwreck name.

*Enthusiasts* a *Postulatum*  
 Loudly demand, on which, *fi datum*,

268 MISCELLANEOUS.

A superstructure they upraise  
More puzzling than *Dedalian* maze ;  
Shou'd you their *Postulate* disown,  
Their *Pandemonium* tumbles down.

Whether with articles or beads,  
Or Orthodox denouncing Creeds  
*Enthusiasm* wings,—the fiend  
Bloodshed and murder still attend ;  
'Tis he who in th' Assassin's hand  
Fixes the dagger and the brand ;  
Whose fav'rite doctrine is,—*Compel* ;  
Who aims at Heaven by serving Hell :  
Happy the Realm where *Civil* Law  
Keeps the fell pestilence in awe ;  
In social bonds makes man unite,  
Nor suffers fools to scratch and bite.—

Did not the Heavens more mercy show  
To man, than men on men bestow,  
Where thro' creation shou'd we find  
Beings so wretched as mankind ?

Tho' charitable, kind, sincere,  
Tho' moist your eye with Pity's tear,  
Tho' social Virtue shines confess'd,  
And warms the mansion of your breast,  
Should you some Tenet disbelieve,  
Which honest Reason can't conceive ;  
That *saving Nostrum* shou'd you lack,  
To flames eternal you must pack :—  
This Creed by zealot knaves is fram'd ;  
Who doubts,—undoubtedly is *damn'd*.

Oh,

Oh, *Charity*, thou Heav'n-born Maid,  
 In garb of purest white array'd,  
 Within whose eyes, impearl'd with tears,  
 Pity, in smiles adorn'd, appears;  
 Whose greatest joy is still to see  
 On earth, Peace, Love, and Unity;  
 And who, to no one Sect confin'd,  
 Like Heav'n's great Concave *clasps* mankind,  
 Thy feeling beams into my heart,  
 With all thy heav'nly influence dart,  
 For what, by thee unblest'd, were life?  
 A scene of hatred, gloom, and strife.

Happy the Man, whose feeling breast  
 Hails soft *Benevolence* a guest!  
 Oh, grant, I never may forget  
 From man to man that social debt,  
 Nor Mercy's Manna, ev'n in thought  
 Or wish, confine to one small spot;  
 For this I hold Religion's test,  
 (The distance *Infinite* confess)  
*Who most resembles Heav'n, serves Heav'n the*  
*best.*

}

Nor should *Benevolence* alone,  
 A debt from man to man be shown;  
 The tenants of the field and air,  
 Birds, beasts, and insects claim a share;  
 To them, as brethren of the dust,  
 Man shou'd be merciful and just,  
 Not tyrant-like, destruction deal,  
 But still remember *All can feel*;



Shou'd ev'n in death, some pity show,  
 And lightning-like direct the blow:  
 What spleen must in that bosom reign,  
 That can delight in giving pain!

Our earliest *Faith* we shou'd, if wise,  
 Most critically analyse;  
 For with our Mother's milk too oft  
 We take in Error's poisonous draught;  
 While Habit, partial, warps the mind,  
 And makes to Truth and Reason blind:  
 Our *Bodies* free we boast in vain,  
 Our *Souls* in *Prejudice's* chain.

If *Faith* to Heaven's the only road,  
 How shall we find the way to God?  
 A *Flamen* finger-post with hands  
 Uplifted, at each entrance stands,  
 Denouncing, "Every other way,  
 "To fire and brimstone leads astray:"  
 With them, against high Heaven 'tis treason  
 To use or common sense or reason.

That *Faith* where Reason fails to lead,  
 Is *Faith* miscall'd:—'tis *Folly's* creed.

Implicit *Faith*, from parent Heaven  
 Can never be commandment given;  
 The same dull argument may do  
 For *Pagan*, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Jew*:  
 It proves, no matter how absurd,  
 The *Alcoran* God's holy word,



The Pope *infallible*,—nay more  
Proves him an *antiquated Whore* :  
*Implicit Faith* ! 'Tis Falshood's fence  
'Gainst the attacks of common sense ;  
The specious trick of coz'ning knaves,  
To make mankind their bridled slaves ;  
To make fools *fancy* they *believe*,  
And their own consciences deceive :—  
Reason discarded, straight the soul,  
Unlighten'd, grovels like a Mole ;  
Thus snuffling *Jack\**, with custard fed,  
'Gainst post and pillar ran his head,  
Blaspheming Heav'n with impious lies,  
Because the blockhead shut his eyes :—  
Endarken'd thus, no wonder we  
For *Faith* shou'd hail *Credulity*.

That fear which Heav'n commands to know,  
From Gratitude's fair spring must flow,  
Lest by our actions we offend  
Our God, Preserver, Father, Friend ;  
And not that servile fear which frights  
With brimstone, flames, and horned sprites ;  
Or such as in the culprit cart,  
The wretch feels rankling at his heart :  
What meanness must debase that breast,  
Where Fear, not Love's the cherish'd guest !  
With zealot fools the fear of God,  
Is but the fear of *Satan's* rod.

Some hold a fiddle or an organ  
Fit music for a *Demigorgon* ;

The

\* See *Swift's* Tale of the Tub.

The play-house *Belzy's* fishing net,  
 Where gudgeon finners are beset ;  
 The Players all (dark spawn of evil)  
*Recruiting Serjeants* to the Devil ;  
 And *Shakespeare, Otway, Congreve, Rowe,*  
 They gridiron on the coals below,

Mere works of supererogation  
 Some hold the turnpike of salvation ;  
 Some fast on Saint days, some confess,  
 Some think Religion's seen in dress,  
 Their pray'rs devoutly numbers chaunt,  
 And quav'ring, *sol-fa* all they want ;  
 Some kneeling pray,—some sit, some stand,  
 And some gain Heaven by flight of hand.

To *sublunary* kings abodes,  
 What great variety of roads !  
 From East, West, North, and South they tend,  
 Yet all in central union blend ;  
 Shall *We* then (partial) judge, but one  
 Must *Worlds* conduct to *Heaven's* high throne ?

With sweet *Benevolence* our guide,  
 On future bliss we may confide ;  
 May, unabso'lv'd, attend our fate,  
 And Death's grand summons smiling wait ;  
 On Heaven's mercy fix reliance,  
 And set Old *Nick* at bold defiance.



## EPIGRAMS, &c.

WITH folded hands and lifted eyes,  
“Have mercy, Heaven,” the parson cries,  
“Upon our sun-burnt, thirsty plains  
“Thy blessings send in genial rains :”  
The sermon ended, and the prayers,  
Sir *Cassock* for his home prepares ;  
When with a visage drest in smiles,  
“Thank Heaven ! it rains,” cries Farmer *Giles* :  
“Rains ! quo’ the Parson,—sure you joke ;  
“Rains !—*Heaven forbid—I ha’n’t a cloak !*”

---

*On two remarkable Orators, who exhibited Lectures on  
Elocution alternately the same Night, at Beverley Theatre.*

WHILE *Fatuous* like a madman rants and raves,  
And sleeping spectres rouses from their graves,  
*Crassus*, with dull, unvaried, nurse-like strain,  
Most kindly lullabies them back again.

---

*On a Physician and Man-Midwife.*

PHYSICIAN and Man-Midwife join’d in One !  
Both Life and Death his power unbounded own ;  
This hand to life inducts us from the womb,  
The other gives us, Pill-struck, to the Tomb,

---

FROM feasting on *Garrick* how oft do we find  
Fools feast upon *Harlequin* more to their mind !  
Thus flies, ’tis observ’d, from a taste as absurd,  
On honey first feed ;—then,—indulge on a t—d.



TWO Singers of late in contention were warm,  
 Which most, when they tun'd up their wind-pipes,  
     cou'd charm ;  
 To a Master of Music they jointly apply'd,  
 This often-contested affair to decide ;  
 They quaver'd, they snak'd, and such graces were  
     shown,  
 That each took for granted the prize was his own :  
 " Indeed, my good friend," cries the Judge to the  
     first,  
 " Of all earthly Singers, I think *You're the Worst* ;  
 " But as for you, friend," turning round to the  
     other,  
 " *You can't sing at all* — so must yield to your Brother."

---

ENTHUSIASTS, Lutherans, and Monks,  
 Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and Punks  
     *Voltaire* an *Atheist* call ;  
 While he, unhurt, in placid mood,  
 To prove himself a *Christian* good,  
     Kindly *forgives* them all.

---

*On seeing BUFO in the Character of Young BEVIL.*

A PUFF'D-UP Painter, so says ancient story,  
 Aim'd to pourtray an Angel in full glory ;  
 After *much toil* bestow'd on what he drew,  
 A special Devil stood expos'd to view :—  
 Thus *Bufo*, in his portrait of Young *Bevil*,  
 Transform'd *Steele's* CHRISTIAN HERO to a *Devil*.



## A CHARACTER.

THE generous impulse of his heart,  
*Francisco's* frequent gifts display;  
 This truth by all must be confest,  
 He *loves* to give, but *hates* to pay.

---

## On an odd-temper'd GENTLEMAN.

"NEVER was man like *Macro* blest,  
 "Learn'd, witty, fortunate, carest,  
 "Rich too in worldly pelf:"  
 "Indeed, friend *Will*, you're much mista'en,  
 "A *Trifle* gives him endless pain,  
 "That *Trifle* too, *Himself*."

---

## On two beautiful Female Friends.

FAIR *Cloe* and *Phillis* are never asunder,  
 The wonderful beauty, and beautiful wonder;  
 Such wonderful beauties those wonders can boast,  
 We wond'ring behold, and in wonder are lost:  
 When wonders so wond'rous against us conspire  
 No wonder the world shou'd in wonder expire.

*Peter Wonderful.*

---

CLEORA's breasts two hillocks are of snow,  
 On which two little fragrant rose-buds grow;  
 Between those hills lies *Cupid's* down-smooth vale,  
 Where *Jove* himself enraptur'd might regale;  
 And lodg'd within a treasur'd heart is known,  
 Form'd like her sister *Medicis'*—of Stone.

MIMICS

MIMICS like Mirrors, we must own,  
 Hold shadows oft to view;  
 Like Mirrors, when the shadow's flown,  
 Mere blanks they're often too.

---

GREAT *Homer's* thunder, old *Anacreon's* wit,  
 The *Mantuan's* blaze, and all that *Plato* writ,  
 With *Horace*, and a thousand worthies more,  
 Whose pens immortaliz'd the days of yore,  
 Had now—(be humble, *Genius*, and be wise,  
 Nor dare even *Folly's* offspring to despise)  
 Had now, in dark oblivion lain asleep,  
 But for *Wit's* truest friends, the *Goose* and *Sheep*.\*

\* Alluding to the *Goose* furnishing Quills, and the *Sheep* Parchment.

---

### WIT and RICHES.

"THE Man who store of *Wealth* can boast,  
 "In *Wit* will ever rule the roast,  
 "His claim who dares dispute?  
 "Plutus can purchase *Wit*, 'tis true,  
 "Can *Phæbus* purchase *Riches* too?  
 "Truth blushes—and is mute."

---

### A RECIPE.

"To fix Ladies married, and saw them all out!  
 "By what lucky chance came this wonder about?"  
*Tom* smiling replies,—“Sir, I ne'er in my life,  
 "Or in look, word, or deed contradicted a wife;  
 "Let them do what they please, what they wish let  
     them have,  
 "And their follies will soon lay them snug in the  
     grave.”

“I

" I NE'ER cou'd keep within due bounds,"  
 You often said, when bent to rail;  
 How you're mistaken, *Jack!*—for zounds!  
 I'm close confin'd within a jail.

---

To Mr W——n, on his Edition of Shakespeare.

WHEN *Shakespeare's* tow'ring genius  
 Up to the Heavens wou'd shoot,  
 You pull him from his *Pegasus*,  
 And make him walk on foot.

---

WHEN *Willy* with toying and playing his jokes,  
 A fluttering in each Female bosom provokes,  
 Tho' pliant we seem, he ne'er ventures to kiss us;  
 We thought him *Adonis*, but find him *Narcissus*.

---

GREAT *George*, whose virtues well are known,  
 Our *Father* we with reverence own,  
*Britannia* is our *Mother* :  
 But Truth impartial must declare,  
 The *Mother's* claim, the *Mother's* share,  
 More certain than the other.

---

" HOW fine the Spring! How gay the Meadows  
 show !

" From forth the ground, all Nature starts to  
 Life :"

" Forbid it Heav'n, cries *Simo*, for you know,

" But three days since I buried my dear Wife."

A a

THUS



## CARELESS WILL.

THUS to a Dun, with careless look,  
 Cries careless *Will*, and careless spoke;  
 "How can you, Master *Dodd*, thus fret,  
 "And fume about a paltry debt?  
 "You want the *Principal*; at least,  
 "You wish I'd pay the *Interest*?—  
 "'Tis not my *Interest* at all,  
 "Good Sir, to pay the *Principal*;  
 "Nor is't my *Principle*, by G—d,  
 "To pay the *Interest*, Master *Dodd*."

---

"SHOW me a poorer Object, if you can,  
 "Than a poor Beggar?"—"A poor Gentleman."

---

A NEW Disguise *Trophonius*\* wears,  
 The world to entertain;  
 His cave a temple now appears,  
 Himself the Great *Romaine*.

\* *Spectator*, No. 599.

---

"WHAT's fashionable I'll maintain,  
 "Is always right," cries sprightly *Jane*:—  
 "Ah, wou'd to Heav'n, cries graver *Sue*,  
 "What's right, were fashionable too."

"THIS



" THIS splendid dress was made for me,"  
 Cries Monsieur *Sugar-Plumb* the Cit;  
 His neighbour answers, " That may be,  
 " But you were never made for it."

---

## B R I T O N S.

Who fain wou'd himself a good *Englishman* prove,  
 Must be a good *Scotsman* and true,  
 While each bonny *Scot*, who his country does love,  
 Shou'd be a good *Englishman* too.  
 Let *English* and *Scots* be henceforward but One,  
 All foes they'll oblige to knock under;  
 Whom heaven has join'd ('tis an adage well known)  
 No mortal shou'd dare put asunder.

---

Like *Dian Mira*'s blazon'd o'er with charms,  
 Like her she shines, like her too—never warms.

---

On a Company of *LIGNUM VITÆ* Performers.

*P*—*T* found 'em *Puppets*, and he made 'em *Men*;  
*B*—*e* made 'em *Puppets* with a *TOUCH* again.



# E P I T A P H S.

On Mrs T—R.

THE Heart that felt for others' woe,  
That warm'd with Virtue's sacred glow,  
Is *Cold! Clay cold!*—No more her eyes  
*Virtue's* pure fount with tears supplies;  
All *Cold* and silent too that tongue  
Where soft persuasion ever hung;  
Those lips, where sweetness still repos'd,  
(*Truth's Portals*) now are ever clos'd;  
The Mother!—may to bless mankind,  
Children unborn such Mothers find;  
The tender Wife! (but words are weak,  
The Husband's tears her worth must speak)  
Here lies:—  
Be humble, Mortals, learn your doom,  
'To this *Cold* bed we all must come:  
Since *Virtue's* Favourite lies here,  
'Twere Virtue now to shed a Tear.

---

On an *Honest poor* FARMER.

LET not the Great indulge a scornful frown,  
When told, "Here lies, what *was* an honest  
Clown!"  
Tho' humble, yet his pride was often seen;  
He scorn'd, tho' low, to stoop to what was mean:  
To Virtue if reward above be given,  
This *Clown* on Earth, *Ennobled* is in Heaven.

On

On F I D E L I A, 1764.

ENTOMB'D here mould'ring lies a Female Shell,  
Where Beauty, Wit, and Goodness joy'd to dwell;  
Sweetness of soul upon her visage glow'd,  
And what her features spoke, each action show'd:  
*Truth* ne'er a lovelier trait of Virtue drew,  
Than in the Muse's glass she held to view,  
While Elegance with Ease and *Pathos* shone,  
And her soul's *feelings* every glance made known:  
When those bright eyes she often taught to shine  
With Pity's dew behold her funeral shrine,  
The grateful tear will straight empearl their eyes,  
And all *Fidelia* to their minds arise;  
Ere life's decline to quit the stage she pray'd;  
Heav'n smil'd,—and Cherubims to Bliss her soul  
convey'd.

---

On Mr F R O D S H A M.

FAREWELL Horror, Rage, and Love,  
Farewell all the soul can move,  
Farewell Humour, Wit, and Joke,  
*Nature's Mirror* here lies broke.

---

On Mr F I T Z M A U R I C E.

IN quiet may his dust repose  
Beneath this friendly stone,  
Who living, best was lov'd by those,  
To whom he best was known.

---

*Written on the Tombstone of a very proud Man.*

AN Infant born, a Child he died,  
Tho' aged Sixty-three;  
Reader, beware,—thro' foolish *Pride*  
Lest this *your* lot shou'd be.

On



*On the Rev. Doctor WILLIAM ROBERTSON,  
late of Wolverhampton.*

**W**ITHIN, the relics of a Churchman lie,  
The good man's friend, and no man's  
enemy;

Learn'd, humble, pious, cheerful, mild; his breast  
A mansion pure, by *Charity* possess'd:  
To ALL benevolent, and less inclin'd  
To serve himself than benefit Mankind;  
To that he sacrific'd each worldly view,  
For what his heart condemn'd, he durst not do:  
Tho' scant of wealth, rich in the truest sense,  
Rich in a conscience void of all offence;  
And to man's natural rights a friend sincere,  
Or in a *Civil* or *Religious* sphere.—  
In him, as in a glass, the world might see  
What Teacher, Husband, Father, *Man* shou'd be.

To *Truth* a constant friend, he liv'd and died;  
*Truth*, in return, this Epitaph supply'd.



*Spoken*





# PROLOGUES, &c.

---

## PROLOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr WILKINSON, on opening the York Theatre under the Sanction of his Majesty's Patent.*

**T**OO long the *Thespian* Muse, an alien deem'd,  
By *Stealth* alone on *YORK* her influence  
beam'd;

Her wings curtail'd,—by Law forbade to roam,  
And proud *Augusta* doom'd her partial home;  
Scorning restraint, yet driven to submit,  
And forc'd, alas! to *smuggle* sense and wit;  
But still the Muse was *lawless* and disguis'd,  
Hated by fools,—or worse,—by fools despis'd;  
*York's* ancient Genius griev'd the sight to view,  
His pride, his honor rous'd, like lightning flew,  
*Indignant* flew, and kneeling at the Throne,  
To *Britain's* Sovereign made his sorrows known:  
*Ebor's* complaint our Sovereign soon redrest;  
Our Sovereign reigns, to make his subjects blest:  
The Muse exulting clapp'd her magic wings,  
And, after bending to the best of Kings,  
Swell'd her prophetic raptures, while around  
*Ebor's* exulting vales re-echo'd the glad sound.

“ On

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" On these bright plains, belov'd by every Muse,  
 " Which *Phæbus* daily blesses as he views,  
 " The sister Muses patronis'd by Laws,  
 " Shall pour their Magic in fair Virtue's cause;  
 " Their Mirror and their Lash aloft shall rear,  
 " While Vice and Folly cringe with dastard fear;  
 " And *York*, as Second in *Britannia's* Isle,  
 " Shall with *Augusta* share the genial smile.

" Nor shall the grateful Muse forget what's due  
 " To King, to Laws, to Country, and—to You.  
 " Henceforth each circling year, on this glad day,  
 " *Citharon's* Groves shall swell the festive lay,  
 " And every Flow'r and Sweet *Parnassus* yields,  
 " The Muse shall plant in *Ebor's* smiling fields,  
 " Garlands of which, compos'd from Taste's rich  
     bed,  
 " She'll weave in wreaths to grace each Patron's  
     head."

Long have I wish'd for, what with joy I see,  
 The Muse once more restor'd to liberty:  
 My little All I ventur'd in her cause,  
 And the reward I wish is——your applause;  
 On your known candor chearfully depend,  
 And hope a sanction from each generous friend.

An EPILOGUE.

ACTORS are grown religious now-a-days,  
And Epilogues are Graces after Plays :  
I hope our *Opera* prov'd a decent treat,  
And Grace, you know, shou'd follow after Meat.

Quite tir'd with singing, cou'd I but prevail,  
Instead of Epilogue, you'd hear a Tale ;—  
Thank ye, I read your looks, content they seem ;  
A tale I'll give, and Music be my theme.

Springing from earth, a Lark had new begun  
To hail with Mattins the uprising Sun,  
When a huge boar, just tumbling from his sty,  
Thus grunted to the warbler of the sky :  
“ Zounds ! what a hideous noise ! that screaming  
note !  
“ I wish Old *Nick* was dancing down your throat ;  
“ You see me wallow quiet in my dung,  
“ I eat my puddings, and I hold my tongue :  
“ Why can't you *stuff* like me ?—*Cram*, and be wise ;  
“ In *cramming*—ugh !—the greatest pleasure lies.”

The Lark his music for a moment ceas'd,  
And thus address'd the flap-ear'd grunting beast :  
“ Peace, growling wretch ! unfeeling of those joys,  
“ Which thou, and savages like thee, call noise :  
“ Thoughtless of earth, I warbling, upwards rove  
“ Tow'rd's Heaven, the seat of music and of love :  
“ Or



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" Or if, perchance, my eyes to earth I bend,  
 " My carols for a moment I suspend ;  
 " Pitying, I view the *half-enliven'd* throng,  
 " To *Music* callous and the trilling song ;  
 " Music ! A sense additional, by Heaven  
 " To favour'd man and feather'd songsters given :  
 " Where Music's felt, we taste the bliss of Gods ;  
 " Without it Larks, like Boars, were breathing  
     clods ;  
 " Roll in your filth, grunt on, nor dare decry  
 " Beings superior,—Tenants of the sky."

So said, the little warbler upward sprung,  
 And left the carping Boar in filth and dung ;  
 While the gross Savage, from his kindred mud,  
 Stood gaping, nor one warble understood.

Tho' Boars sometimes the human form disgrace,  
 Such never yet, thank Heav'n, were seen within  
     this place.





*An* EPILOGUE,

*In the Character of Lady BRUTE.*

**A**S Criminal on Gibbet high suspended,  
A dreadful warning-piece to All's intended,  
Poor Lady *Brute's* uncomfortable fate,  
Seems to proclaim—"Beware the Married State."

But judge not, Ladies, that a wedded life  
Is a perpetual fund of hate and strife;  
When *Hymen* smiles, his blessings are divine,  
Friendship and Love their sweetest flowers entwine;  
Believe me,—for of both I've stood the Test,  
A single life is but *half* life at best.

Some Sir *John Brutes*, I own, ev'n now are  
found,  
But, Heav'n be prais'd, those monsters don't a-  
bound;  
Yet when to such in wedlock we are given,  
Are we not kind to send the *Brutes* to Heaven?

Search the world thro', in general you'll find,  
That marriage is a draught of the *mix'd* kind,  
A cordial Bitter-sweet, a pleasing pain,  
An *April*-day, now sunshine, and now rain;  
'Tis, in the Jockey's phrase, a *Give-and-Take*,  
Where each some small allowances shou'd make.

The

288 PROLOGUES, &c.

The matrimonial tree all tastes can suit,  
It yields at once both sweet and acid fruit ;  
The sweet, too luscious, oft-times is amended  
When with a little dash of acid blended ;  
And sure the acid were a sad repast,  
Did not the blended sweet correct the taste ;  
With genuine spirits mix'd in *Hymen's* bowl,  
A pleasing draught they make to glad the soul.

But oh, this caution let me beg you'd take ;  
Be sparing of the acid for Love's sake :  
A little acid gives a pleasing zest,  
But *Much*—the Cholic breeds, and don't digest.

From Sir *John's* fate learn, Husbands, to be wise ;  
Govern you may, but ne'er should tyrannize ;  
If you would have Us *Honour and Obey*,  
To *Love and Cherish* is your wisest way,



*An* EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Mrs POWELL in the Character of* HYPOLITA, *in* She Wou'd, or She Wou'd Not.

**T**Here's something surely in this dress inspires,  
And with unusual glee and courage fires;  
For thus accoutred, rat me! Who's afraid  
Of blustering Blood or Buck, or ev'n Cockade!  
For a cool Lunge if any are inclin'd,  
Let 'em approach, (*draws*)—in Me their Man  
they'll find;  
Their Man I say;—More Title I can show  
To *Man*, than many a puny, trifling Beau.

Were it a rule, a rule by all agreed,  
That none shou'd pass for Men, but Men indeed,  
How, mighty Sirs, wou'd your large numbers  
dwindle!  
And Swords be chang'd to Distaff and a Spindle!

At public Places with my Opera Glafs,  
I cou'd shine out a Buck of the First Class:  
"A fine Piece that, my Lord, a damn'd fine Face!  
"She's quite the Thing! *Bon Soir*, a Girl's the case:  
"A Bagnio and a Supper:—She's my own:  
"She has me in her eye—*Tres humb.*—I'm gone."

[Sings, *Love and Wine give, ye Gods, or take back, &c.*]

Suppose, in time of war, a Female band  
Shou'd, for the honor of their native land,  
In Regimental Uniforms appear,  
(Come, come, good Sirs, you need not laugh and sneer)

B b

A



290 PROLOGUES, &c.

A *British Amazonian Band*, if led  
By Major-General *Powell* at their head,  
Not *Prussia's* King, the Hero of the age,  
With us, brave as he is, wou'd dare engage.

And at Reviews, there we shou'd doubly shine;  
When drest and powder'd, we shou'd look divine:  
How graceful to the Fife shou'd we advance!  
Keep time—and step by step—half march—half  
dance:

[*Hums a minuet tune, and takes 'em off in their marching.*]

We'd charge, prime, cock, discharge, recharge—  
then shoulder;  
And like Militia men look bold—nay bolder;  
Now to the Right—now to the Left—and then!—  
We're quicker in our motions far than Men.

If, my good Female Friends, with me you'll join,  
And a petition to this purpose sign,  
The Parliament now sits;—in *York* fair City,  
We could of Heroines, tho' brave yet pretty,  
A regiment raise:—Perhaps, as a reward,  
The King may chuse Us for his Body-Guard;  
And if he shou'd—(may heaven's best love attend  
him!)  
We'd proudly lay our Lives down to defend him.



# PROLOGUES, &c. 291

## EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Master BILLY POWELL, a Child in his fifth Year.*

LADIES and Gentlemen, the other day,  
 My Aunty question'd me, if I cou'd play;  
 Not like the little Boys of my own age,  
 But like a Man,—act parts upon this Stage:  
 Lord, Aunty, said I, I can act or sing,  
 Can play a Hero, Lover, or a King;  
 With plume of feathers on my head, I'd strut,  
 And look as fierce as King of *Lilliput*:  
 Both *Wilkinson* and *Frodsham* I'd excel,  
 At least, I think, I cou'd do full as well:  
 Your Heroes are not always six foot high,  
*Garrick's* a little Man, and so am I:  
 In *Richard* I cou'd cry, with thund'ring force,  
 A Horse! a Horse! my Kingdom for a Horse!  
 In *Romeo* dash against the flinty stones!  
 Careful, however, that I break no bones;  
 Rave like *Othello* in my jealous fit,  
 Nay—on a pinch, I cou'd a Rape commit:  
 And in your Comic Parts, you soon should see  
*Oram* and *Robertson* both yield to me;  
 I'd try in Justice *Woodcock* that old Cat,  
 To make *Rosetta* do—You all know what:  
 And then in *Scrub*!—[laughs]—Oh, lud! I'd make  
                     you split,  
 About my Lady's Water—and the Jesuit.

292 PROLOGUES, &c.

Now, Gentlemen and Ladies,—that's ill bred,  
Ladies and Gentlemen, I shou'd have said;  
If you encourage my fine growing Spirit,  
You'll soon find out, that I'm a Lad of Merit;  
And wou'd you make my little heart rejoice,  
You'll all unite in one applauding Voice.

---

*Spoken by Master BILLY POWELL as Hymen, in a  
Pantomime Entertainment, call'd*

HARLEQUIN *from the MOON.*

QUICK on a Moon-Beam have I hither flown,  
From yon bright Orb where *Fancy* fills the  
Throne,

In *Hymen's* flowery Bondage to entwine  
Our Moon-sprung *Harlequin* and *Colombine* :  
Thus I unite ye, [*joins their hands*]*—*may ye ever  
know

Those raptures which from Love and Fancy flow;  
Joys as superior to what Mortals prize,  
As to your Earth are our enlighten'd skies;  
And may your Loves produce a numerous race  
Of little *Harlequins* with dingy face,  
Who long with magic Lure shall *Britons* sway,  
And giddy Millions happily obey :  
With song and dance their union celebrate,  
While Earth, Moon, Genii, Fays, shall hail their  
happy state.

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr POWELL at the Opening of the New Theatre in HULL, October 3, 1768.*

TO check the Growth of Folly o'er the Mind,  
 To banish Vice, and to reform Mankind,  
 The *Muse*, descending from her native skies,  
 Bade her best favourite Gift, the Stage, arise :  
 In *Greece* and *Italy* those happy climes,  
 For Arts and Wisdom fam'd from earliest times,  
 Her mirror with success the *Muse* display'd,  
 And Virtue's precepts happily convey'd ;  
 But when with *Gothic* Ignorance o'erspread,  
 Fair Science droop'd, and Learning veil'd her head,  
 The *Muse*, with them, to Heav'n resum'd her flight,  
 And all was darkness and chaotic Night ;  
 Her banners *Superstition* wide display'd,  
 And *Ignorance* with leaden sceptre sway'd.—  
 Some ages thus elaps'd, the *Muse* again  
 (Pathos, Wit, Learning, Science in her train)  
 From Heav'n returning, beam'd her sunny head,  
 And *Superstition's* Night-Owls trembling fled ;  
 Then Nature's boast great *Shakespeare*, and a throng  
 Of Heav'n inspir'd, pour'd forth th' enchanting  
     song,  
 While all that *Italy* and *Greece* cou'd boast,  
 Were doubly shed on *Britain's* happy coast.



294 PROLOGUES, &c.

" In *Hull*, this favour'd foil, whence *Mars*  
     "sprung,  
 " Where first (sweet Bard!) her native *Mason* sung,  
 Thus to her *Levites* did the *Muse* declare,  
 (We Players, be it known, her *Levites* are)  
 " In this beloved spot a temple raise  
 " Sacred to *Phæbus* and the *Muses'* lays;  
 " With elegance and splendor let it shine,  
 " The Stage my Altar, and each Scene a Shrine;  
 " Here oft the *Muse* shall bid the Passions rise,  
 " While every feeling breast shall sympathise;  
 " Here *Tragedy* in all her pomp of woe,  
 " Shall teach the generous heart-sprung Tear to  
     flow;  
 " Here *Comedy* shall use her pleasing art  
 " To weed up Rainbow-Folly from the heart:  
 " By proxy cur'd, Men shall grow cheaply wise,  
 " And their own faults, in others stamp'd, despise.

Obedient to the *Muses'* high commands,  
 Behold the rising Temple graceful stands;  
 Our Manager no Merit claims as due;  
 The pow'r to raise the Temple—sprung from You:  
 The many, many Favours you have shown,  
 Grateful he owns, and will for ever own;  
 And if your Approbation now he gains,  
 He's more than overpaid for all his Pains.



An EPILOGUE,

By ARAMINTA, in the Confederacy.

OUR Poet, tho' for Wit and Humour fam'd,  
For want of Moral has been sometimes blam'd;  
Unjustly fure: The Characters he paints,  
I own, resemble Sinners more than Saints;  
But Sinners shou'd be brought upon the Stage,  
(For such there are, ev'n in this *Blessed* age)  
Or how shou'd We, so virtuous and so good,  
Learn to avoid the snares of flesh and blood:  
Vice, here expos'd as Vice, is fully shown;  
Old Nick by his club-foot is always known.

Ye naughty Husbands, and ye naughty Wives,  
From what you've seen, learn to amend your lives;  
But chief, ye *Gripes*, and *Moneytraps*, for You  
Our moral Bard his moral lesson drew;  
Be *Generous*; nor abroad for pleasure roam,  
Hunt not for game which you may start at home;  
Consider, Wives forsaken can with ease  
Repay you—Tit for Tat—whene'er they please;  
While you intrigue abroad, devoid of grace,  
A *Cicely* may fill your vacant place;  
For loving Wives take it extremely ill,  
When Husbands smuggle grist to a strange mill.

If in the Matrimonial Knot we're bound,  
The obligation mutual shou'd be found:  
For *Bills of Rights* our Lordly Mates contend,  
We too have *Rights* and *Charters* to defend;

On

296 PROLOGUES, &c.

On slow *Petitions* They their hopes may build,  
We'll boldly dare *our* rulers to the field,  
Where face to face, shou'd they our prowess try,  
Poor souls! we'd cool their courage presently :—  
Let us at least an equal power maintain,  
And like King *Will* and *Mary* jointly reign.

Ye mighty Sirs, who aim at fovereign sway,  
Who think poor Wives are born but to *Obey*,  
If you wou'd have us true to honor's race,  
Be you *our* Guides,—we'll follow in the chace :  
Dare not yourselves on Marriage Vows to trample,  
We'll do our best—to follow *your* Example.



A DIALOGUE-EPILOGUE.

[Enter Master BILLY POWELL and PROMPTER.]

B I L L Y.

**N**OT speak it by myself!—I'm sure I can;  
I'd have you know, Sir, I'm almost a Man.

*Prompt.* Dare you then venture?

*B.* Yes, good Sir, I dare,

So pray be gone!

*Prompt.* Be sure now take great care. (*Exit.*)

*B.* Take care! Shou'd I be out, pray where's  
the wonder?

I've known your grown-up Actors sometimes blunder;

And if the Prompter gives the word, *my* ears,

I warrant you, will be as quick as theirs:—

Yonder's my little Sweetheart *Frodsham*:—She

Is vastly fond of Love-sick Tragedy:—

*Miss Frodsham!* Hark! [*Miss enters.*]

Suppose, that You and I

To act a Love-Scene on the Stage shou'd try.

*Miss F.* I act a Love-Scene and with you, Sir!—

No;

You are too young, too childish, and too low;

I'll have one taller to make love and kifs.

*B.* I'm near as tall as you, my frumpish Miss,  
And so your Servant— (*going*)

F,

298 PROLOGUES, &c.

*F.* Master *Powell*, stay ;—  
I was but joking,—Don't you go away ;  
What Love-Scene shall we act ?—Lord, you're so  
slow !

*B.* You shall be *Juliet*, and I *Romeo*.

*F.* Well then begin :—Why, sure the Boy's  
asleep !

*B.* I'm feeling for a handkerchief to weep. [*Takes*  
You're up in the Balcony, Miss,—and I, [*it out.*  
Stand in this attitude amazedly.

“ It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun :

“ Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,

“ Who is already sick and pale with grief,

“ That you, her little Maid, art far more fair than  
she.”

*Miss F.* Oh, *Romeo ! Romeo !* wherefore art  
thou *Romeo !*

“ Give me my *Romeo*, and when he dies,

“ Take him and cut him out in little stars,

“ And he will make the face of Heaven so fine,

“ That all the world shall be in Love with Night,

“ And pay no worship to the garish Sun.”

*B.* So far so good ;—Who knows but some years  
hence,

We may act Love-Scenes with a warmer sense :

I'll be your *Romeo*, and secure from harms,

My *Juliet* shall find safety in those arms. [*kisses her.*

*F.* You shou'd not be so boist'rous, Master *Billy* ;  
Lord, what a 'fright you've made me !—'Pshaw,  
'twas silly.



PROLOGUES, &c. 299

B. Why, wou'd you have me kifs you, you queer  
Tony,  
As if I were a fribblish Maccaroni ?  
Just to falute the tip-end of the ear,  
And then draw back ?—No, no, my pretty Dear,  
When *I* make Love, you always shall discover  
The genuine marks of a bold *British* Lover.

F. Oh, you're a sad young Buck. (*Tapping him.*)

B. My pretty Pet, (*Chucks her under the Chin.*)  
And what are you ? A little wild Coquette.

F. Come, come, be modest, Child,—don't play  
the fool ;  
Read Novels, Boy, they're Decency's best school :  
But joking now apart, 'tis time I vow,  
To close the Scene, and make our lowest bow.

B. (*advancing*) If, Gentlemen, my *Juliet* you  
approve,  
I hope a loud applause will speak your love.

F. And, Ladies, in return, I hope you'll show  
The same indulgence to my *Romeo*.



# 300 PROLOGUES, &c.

An EPILOGUE on HOBBY-HORSES, 1783.

**D**RYDEN observes, and he was wond'rous wise,  
Men are but children of a larger size,  
And honest *Shandy*, that odd whimmy Droll,  
On Hobbies, thro' Life's journey makes us stroll;  
Children, some six feet high, rich, poor, high, low,  
Thro' thick and thin we helter-skelter go,  
While some, on wilful, headstrong tits who light,  
Are often thrown, and left in woeful plight;  
For Hobbies, sometimes, are hard-mouth'd and  
stubborn,  
And difficult (almost) as wives to govern.

Your great men's favourite Hobby is a *Place*,  
Their Hobbies oft fall lame, and lose the race;  
Your Soldiers' Hobbies, in the time of Wars,  
Are battles, sieges, ambuscadoes, scars;  
In time of peace, how different their trade is!  
In peace, the soldiers' hobbies are—the Ladies.

The Ladies!—aye, the Ladies—now and then  
Can get astride their Hobbies like the men,  
And then, lud! bless us!—nought can stand  
before 'em!

Churches or five-bar gates—whip! they fly o'er 'em!  
But what's more strange, in every age and clime  
They'll ride you several Hobbies at a time;  
Like *Pegasus*, their Hobbies range the sky,  
Not *Staveley's* Air Balloons mount half so high; \*

\* Two brothers; very ingenious young Gentlemen, who more than once entertained the Ladies and Gentlemen of York with Balloons.

They

# PROLOGUES, &c. 301

They change so often too, their sister Moon  
Changes not half so often, nor so soon;  
Cards, Operas, Fashions, as they start to view,  
For ever changing, and for ever new;  
In short, to name their present Hobby's vain,  
Ere you can say it,—whip!—'tis chang'd again.

Court Hobbies have of late acquir'd a trick  
So strange, you'd think them govern'd by Old Nick;  
The jockey mounts; ere seated well, he's thrown,  
And a new jockey calls the seat his own:—  
*He* mounts; scarce seated ere *he's* thrown; *encore*,  
*Another* mounts,—is thrown like those before:  
Such Ups and Downs! such Downs and Ups!  
we're sure  
Their Hobbies must be mad, or Riders wondrous  
poor.

Clients are lawyers' Hobbies, and their curse is,  
Law jockies always gallop hard for purses;  
Onward they whip and spur, and never stop  
Till their poor founder'd Hobbies breathless drop:  
On Hypochondriacs grave Physicians ride,  
And dull Fanatics the dull crowd bestride;  
Patriots mount Hobbies, fam'd for resty tricks,  
And Fiddlers ride—upon their Fiddlesticks.

Our *Patentee*, he too must take a dance,  
And, jockey-like, upon his cock-horse prance;  
His Hobby—('tis a noble beast)—look round,  
His Hobby in this Theatre is found;  
A stately Nag;—and to attain your praise,  
He tries his Hobby-horse a thousand ways;

302 PROLOGUES, &c.

So far I own he's right,—but *entre nous*,  
He rides his Hobby,—and his Actors too;  
Keeps them full gallop, nor once looks behind him,  
And a damn'd *spurring* jockey we all find him.

From whistling *Hodge* to my Lord Duke at Court  
Most men have favourite Hobbies of some sort,  
And those who mount not Hobbies, may be said,  
To be mere lifeless, listless—lumps of lead;  
But let this maxim ever be our guide,  
With a curb-bridle that we constant ride,  
For shou'd we slack too much, each soul of whim  
Will soon perceive his Hobby ride on *Him*.

[*The following couplet by a person in a stage balcony.*]

“ And pray, good Sir, who are so wond'rous free  
“ With others, what may your own Hobby be?”

My Hobby always is,—may it prove clever,  
Sound wind and limb, a grateful warm endeavour  
To gain,—what most I wish,—your patronage  
and favour.





PROLOGUES, &c. 303

A FAREWELL EPILOGUE,

*Spoken at York, Jan. 16, 1779.*

FULL many a time, by your indulgence plum'd,  
Have I *Thalia's* motley sock assum'd;  
Full many a time with eager wishes strove  
The chearful Smile, or Heart-sprung Laugh to  
move;

But now those days are flown, and waning age  
With Health declining, warn me from the Stage,  
*My hour of Strutting past\**, the Farce is o'er,  
Doom'd henceforth to perform on a less bustling  
Shore.

Yet tho' the Muses' Livery I resign,  
My Heart's best wishes to the Stage incline;  
Oh, may it long, improv'd by polish'd sense,  
Encreasing pleasure to the world dispense;  
May Pathos, Wit, and Nature long unite  
To make the mirror'd Sisters give delight;  
While Superstition, Vice and Folly fly,  
And *Io Paans* hail the Muses' victory.

Like an old Race-horse, at the Trumpet's sound  
Whose Spirits rise, and fain wou'd skim the ground,  
But finds his Strength decay'd, his Spirits fail,  
(Where Strength is wanting, Spirits small avail)  
Ev'n so, worn out by stealing time, must I  
To younger Coursers leave the Race to try.

C c 2

While

\* Who struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,  
And then is heard no more.—(MACBETH.)

# 304 PROLOGUES, &c.

While life's warm currents in this bosom flow,  
 With Gratitude my heart will always glow ;  
 'Tis to your generous smiles, whose kindly ray  
 Ev'n now beams warmth to cheer my Eve of Day,  
 I owe the power to banish dark Despair,  
 And hope a gentle close, unmark'd by pining care.

Oh, cou'd my wish avail !—on every Friend  
 Within this circle, joy shou'd still attend ;  
 Health, Wealth, and sweet Content, with smiling  
     Peace  
 And Chearfulness, shou'd every hour encrease :—  
 But Words to speak my Gratitude are faint,  
 Your own kind Hearts will best *my Feelings* paint.



EPILOGUE DERNIER.

**T**O this wild Farrago, where *Crambo*\* displays  
 A motley assemblage of sparrow-wing'd lays,  
 Tales, Fables, Songs, Epigrams, with not a few  
 Resembling a *Pandour* irregular crew;†  
 Before the book's dropt,—or in metaphor phrase,  
 (For that's all the mode in these Rhyme-spinning  
 days)

Ere Curtain Theatric descends, and the Play  
 Just finish'd, (Spectators now hurrying away)  
 By way of an Epilogue, may I presume  
 To hope you'll with tenderness settle the doom  
 Of a lowly Attendant, who waits on the Muse,  
 Who writes too unguarded to 'scape from abuse,  
 And who still, as Fancy points onward her way,  
 The impulse electric is sure to obey:  
 I own she's a whimsical, unpolish'd rattle,  
 Who'd sooner bolt nonsense than stop her wild  
 prattle;  
 Yet sometimes in spleen you may find her half  
 drown'd,  
 And then she's as dull as a horse in a pound.

Those

\* Vide *Miss Crambo*, p. 120. † Miscellaneous.

## 306 PROLOGUES, &c.

Those Critical Wits who in snarling delight,  
 To Peace so averse, with their shadows who fight,  
 Those overwise *Pococurantes* in grain,\*  
 Those chaff-hunting Gents may *cut up* and arraign,  
 Here's plenty of food for such Yelpers, 'tis true,  
 Where-ever they dip, they may instant fall to:—  
 But such shou'd with rev'rence this Adage receive,  
*Who wou'd be Forgiven, should wish to Forgive.*

\* A Character in *Voltaire's CANDIDE*.

F I N I S.



## E R R A T A.

Page 9,—*Dele* Comma (in the last line) after Court  
 Page 15, L. 9,—*for A few!* read—*if few,*  
 Page 112, L. 11, *for* Fortune brought, *read*—Chance had led  
 Page 203, *Dele* Lines 14 and 15.





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